THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VIII. and Last.



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MDCCXV.


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AUG



TO

William Honeycomb, Eſq;

THE Seven former Volumes of the *Spectator* having been Dedicated to ſome of the moſt celebrated Perſons of the Age, I take leave to Inſcribe this Eighth and Laſt to You as to a Gentleman, who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the beſt Company.

You are now wholly retired from the buſie part

of Mankind, and at leiſure to reflect upon your paſt Atchievments; for which reaſon, I look upon You as a Perſon very well qualified for a Dedication.

I may poſſibly diſappoint my Readers, and your ſelf too, if I do not endeavour on this occaſion to make the World acquainted with your Virtues. And here, Sir, I ſhall not compliment You upon your Birth, Perſon, or Fortune; nor any other the like Perfections, which You poſſeſs whether You will or no: but ſhall only touch upon thoſe, which are of your own acquiring, and in which

which every one muſt allow You have a real Merit.

Your janty Air and eaſie Motion, the Volubility of your Diſcourſe, the Suddenneſs of your Laugh, the Management of your Snuff-Box, with the Whiteneſs of your Hands and Teeth (which have juſtly gained You the Envy of the moſt polite part of the Male World, and the Love of the greateſt Beauties in the Female) are entirely to be aſcribed to your own perſonal Genius and Application.

You are formed for theſe Accompliſhments by a happy

py Turn of Nature, and have finiſhed your ſelf in them by the utmoſt Improvements of Art. A Man that is defective in either of theſe Qualifications (whatever may be the ſecret Ambition of his Heart) muſt never hope to make the Figure You have done, among the faſhionable part of his Species. It is therefore no wonder, we ſee ſuch multitudes of aſpiring young Men fall ſhort of you in all theſe Beauties of your Character, notwithſtanding the Study and Practice of them is the whole Buſineſs of their Lives. But I need not tell You that the free

free and diſengaged Behaviour of a fine Gentleman makes as many awkward Beaux, as the Eaſineſs of your Favourite *Waller* hath made inſipid Poets.

At preſent You are content to aim all your Charms at your own Spouſe, without further Thought of Miſchief to any others of the Sex. I know You had formerly a very great Contempt for that Pedantick Race of Mortals who call themſelves Philoſophers; and yet, to your Honour be it ſpoken, there is not a Sage of them all could have better acted up to their Precepts in one of the moſt important

portant points of Life: I mean in that Generous Diſregard of Popular Opinion, which you ſhowed ſome years ago, when you choſe for your Wife an obſcure young Woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient Family, but has certainly as many Forefathers as any Lady in the Land, if ſhe could but reckon up their Names.

I muſt own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the Moment that you confeſſed your Age, and from eight and forty (where you had ſtuck ſo many years) very ingenuouſly ſtep'd into your Grand Climacterick.

Your

Your Deportment has ſince been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed, You make a regular Appearance every Quarter-Seſſions among your Brothers of the *Quorum*; and if things go on as they do, ſtand fair for being a Colonel of the Militia. I am told that your Time paſſes away as agreeably in the Amuſements of a Country Life, as it ever did in the Gallantries of the Town: and that you now take as much pleaſure in the Planting of young Trees, as you did formerly in the Cutting down of your old ones.

In ſhort, we hear from all Hands that You are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty Acres, and have not too much Wit to look into your own Eſtate.

After having ſpoken thus much of my Patron, I muſt take the Privilege of an Author in ſaying ſomething of my ſelf. I ſhall therefore beg leave to add, that I have purpoſely omitted ſetting thoſe Marks to the End of every Paper, which appeared in my former Volumes, that You may have an opportunity of ſhowing Mrs. *Honeycomb* the Shrewdneſs of your Conjectures, by aſcribing every

very Speculation to its proper Author: though You know how often many profound Criticks in Stile and Sentiments have very judiciously erred in this Particular, before they were let into the Secret. I am,

SIR,

Your most Faithful

Humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

THE Bookſeller *to the* Reader.

IN the Six hundred and thirty ſecond Spectator, *the Reader will find an Account of the Riſe of this Eighth and Laſt Volume.*

I have not been able to prevail upon the ſeveral Gentlemen who were concerned in this Work to let me acquaint the World with their Names.

Perhaps it will be unneceſſary to inform the Reader, that no other Papers, which have appeared under the Title of Spectator, *ſince the cloſing of this Eighth Volume, were written by any of thoſe Gentlemen who had a Hand in this or the former Volumes.*

THE

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VIII.

N° 556. *Friday, June* 18.

Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina paſtus,
Frigida ſub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc poſitis novus exuviis, nitiduſque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit ſublato pectore terga
Arduus ad ſolem, et linguis micat ore triſulcis. Virg.

UPON laying down the Office of SPECTATOR, I acquainted the World with my Deſign of electing a new Club, and of opening my Mouth in it after a moſt ſolemn Manner. Both the Election and the Ceremony are now paſt; but not finding it ſo eaſy as I at firſt imagined, to break through a fifty Years Silence, I would not venture into the World under the

Character of a Man who pretends to talk like other People, 'till I had arrived at a full Freedom of Speech.

I ſhall reſerve for another time the Hiſtory of ſuch Club or Clubs of which I am now a Talkative, but unworthy Member; and ſhall here give an Account of this ſurpriſing Change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an Accident as any recorded in Hiſtory, ſince that which happened to the Son of *Cræſus*, after having been many Years as much Tongue-tied as my ſelf.

UPON the firſt opening of my Mouth, I made a Speech conſiſting of about half a Dozen well-turned Periods; but grew ſo very hoarſe upon it, that for three Days together, inſtead of finding the uſe of my Tongue, I was afraid that I had quite loſt it. Beſides, the unuſual Extenſion of my Muſcles on this Occaſion, made my Face ake on both Sides to ſuch a Degree, that nothing but an invincible Reſolution and Perſeverance could have prevented me from falling back to my Monoſyllables.

I afterwards made ſeveral Eſſays towards Speaking; and that I might not be ſtartled at my own Voice, which has happen'd to me more than once, I uſed to read aloud in my Chamber, and have often ſtood in the Middle of the Street to call a Coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

WHEN

WHEN I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own Voice, I laid hold of all Opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to ſpeak much by my ſelf, and to draw upon me the whole Attention of thoſe I converſed with, I uſed, for ſome time, to walk every Morning in the *Mall*, and talk in Chorus with a Parcel of *Frenchmen*. I found my Modeſty greatly relieved by the communicative Temper of this Nation, who are ſo very ſociable, as to think they are never better Company than when they are all opening at the ſame time.

I then fancied I might receive great Benefit from Female Converſation, and that I ſhould have a Convenience of talking with the greater Freedom, when I was not under any Impediment of thinking: I therefore threw my ſelf into an Aſſembly of Ladies, but could not for my Life get in a Word among them; and found that if I did not change my Company, I was in Danger of being reduced to my primitive Taciturnity.

THE Coffee-houſes have ever ſince been my chief Places of Reſort, where I have made the greateſt Improvements; in order to which I have taken a particular Care never to be of the ſame Opinion with the Man I converſed with. I was a Tory at *Button*'s and a Whig at *Childe*'s; a Friend to the *Engliſhman*; or an Advocate for the *Examiner*, as it beſt ſerved my Turn: Some

fancy me a great Enemy to the *French* King, though, in reality, I only make uſe of him for a Help to Diſcourſe. In ſhort, I wrangle and diſpute for Exerciſe; and have carried this Point ſo far, that I was once like to have been run through the Body for making a little too free with my Betters.

IN a Word, I am quite another Man to what I was.

——*Nil fuit unquam*
Tam diſpar ſibi——

MY old Acquaintance ſcarce know me; nay I was asked the other Day by a *Jew* at *Jonathan*'s, whether I was not related to a dumb Gentleman, who uſed to come to that Coffee-houſe? But I think I never was better pleaſed in my Life than about a Week ago, when, as I was battling it acroſs the Table with a young Templar, his Companion gave him a Pull by the Sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old Prig would talk him to Death.

BEING now a very good Proficient in Diſcourſe, I ſhall appear in the World with this Addition to my Character, that my Countrymen may reap the Fruits of my new acquired Loquacity.

THOSE who have been preſent at publick Diſputes in the Univerſity, know that it is uſual to maintain Hereſies for Argument's ſake. I have heard a Man a moſt impudent Socinian for Half an Hour, who has

has been an Orthodox Divine all his Life after. I have taken the ſame Method to accompliſh my ſelf in the Gift of Utterance, having talked above a Twelve-month, not ſo much for the Benefit of my Hearers as of my ſelf. But ſince I have now gained the Faculty, I have been ſo long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right Uſe of it, and ſhall think my ſelf obliged, for the future, to ſpeak always in Truth and Sincerity of Heart. While a Man is learning to fence, he practiſes both on Friend and Foe; but when he is a Maſter in the Art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right Side.

THAT this laſt Alluſion may not give my Reader a wrong Idea of my Deſign in this Paper, I muſt here inform him, that the Author of it is of no Faction, that he is a Friend to no Intereſts but thoſe of Truth and Virtue, nor a Foe to any but thoſe of Vice and Folly. Tho' I make more Noiſe in the World than I uſed to do, I am ſtill reſolved to act in it as an indifferent SPECTATOR. It is not my Ambition to encreaſe the Number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wiſe and good Men; and I could heartily wiſh there were not Faults common to both Parties, which afford me ſufficient Matter to work upon, without deſcending to thoſe which are peculiar to either.

IF in a Multitude of Counſellors there is Safety, we ought to think our ſelves the ſecureſt Nation in the World. Moſt of our Garrets are inhabited by Stateſmen, who watch over the Liberties of their Country, and make a Shift to keep themſelves from ſtarving, by taking into their Care the Properties of all their Fellow-Subjects.

AS theſe Politicians of both Sides have already worked the Nation into a moſt unnatural Ferment, I ſhall be ſo far from endeavouring to raiſe it to a greater Height, that, on the contrary, it ſhall be the chief Tendency of my Papers, to inſpire my Countrymen with a mutual Good-will and Benevolence. Whatever Faults either Party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by thoſe Reproaches, which they caſt upon one another. The moſt likely Method of rectifying any Man's Conduct, is, by recommending to him the Principles of Truth and Honour, Religion and Virtue; and ſo long as he acts with an Eye to theſe Principles, whatever Party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good *Engliſhman*, and a Lover of his Country.

AS for the Perſons concerned in this Work, the Names of all of them, or at leaſt of ſuch as deſire it, ſhall be publiſhed hereafter: Till which time I muſt entreat the courteous Reader to ſuſpend his Curioſity, and rather to conſider what is written, than who they are that write it.

HAVING

HAVING thus adjuſted all neceſſary Preliminaries with my Reader, I ſhall not trouble him with any more prefatory Diſcourſes, but proceed in my old Method, and entertain him with Speculations on every uſeful Subject that falls in my Way.

March 18th from Swanſtead

Nº 557. *Monday, June* 21.

Quippe domum timet ambignam, Tyrioſque bilingues.
Virg.

THERE is nothing, ſays *Plato, ſo delightful, as the hearing or the ſpeaking of Truth.* For this Reaſon there is no Converſation ſo agreeable as that of the Man of Integrity, who hears without any Intention to betray, and ſpeaks without any Intention to deceive.

AMONG all the Accounts which are given of *Cato,* I do not remember one that more redounds to his Honour than the following Paſſage related by *Plutarch.* As an Advocate was pleading the Cauſe of his Client before one of the Prætors, he could only produce a ſingle Witneſs in a Point where the Law required the Teſtimony of two Perſons; upon which the Advocate inſiſted on the Intregrity of that Perſon whom he had produced; But the Prætor told him, That where the Law re-

quired two Witneſſes he would not accept of one, tho' it were *Cato* himſelf. Such a Speech from a Perſon who ſat at the Head of a Court of Juſtice, while *Cato* was ſtill living, ſhews us, more than a thouſand Examples, the high Reputation this great Man had gained among his Contemporaries upon the Account of his Sincerity.

WHEN ſuch an inflexible Integrity is a little ſoftned and qualified by the Rules of Converſation and Good-Breeding, there is not a more ſhining Virtue in the whole Catalogue of Social Duties. A Man however ought to take great Care not to poliſh himſelf out of his Veracity, nor to refine his Behaviour to the Prejudice of his Virtue.

THIS Subject is exquiſitely treated in the moſt elegant Sermon of the great *Britiſh* Preacher. I ſhall beg Leave to tranſcribe out of it two or three Sentences, as a proper Introduction to a very curious Letter, which I ſhall make the chief Entertainment of this Speculation.

'THE old *Engliſh* Plainneſs and Sincerity, that generous Integrity of Nature, and Honeſty of Diſpoſition, which always argues true Greatneſs of Mind, and is uſually accompanied with undaunted Courage and Reſolution, is in a great Meaſure loſt among us.

'THE Dialect of Converſation is now-a-days ſo ſwelled with Vanity and Compliment,

'pliment, and ſo ſurfeited (as I may ſay) 'of Expreſſions of Kindneſs and Reſpect, 'that if a Man, that lived an Age or two 'ago, ſhould return into the World a-'gain, he would really want a Dictionary 'to help him to underſtand his own Lan-'guage, and to know the true intrinſick Va-'lue of the Phraſe in faſhion; and would 'hardly, at firſt, believe at what a low 'Rate the higheſt Strains and Expreſſions 'of Kindneſs imaginable do commonly paſs 'in current Payment; and when he ſhould 'come to underſtand it, it would be a great 'while before he could bring himſelf with 'a good Countenance and a good Conſci-'ence, to converſe with Men upon equal 'Terms and in their own Way.

I have by me a Letter which I look upon as a great Curioſity, and which may ſerve as an Exemplification to the foregoing Paſſage, cited out of this moſt excellent Prelate. It is ſaid to have been written in King *Charles* II's Reign by the Ambaſſador of *Bantam*, a little after his Arrival in *England*.

Maſter,

'THE People, where I now am, have 'Tongues further from their Hearts 'than from *London* to *Bantam*, and thou 'knoweſt the Inhabitants of one of theſe 'Places does not know what is done in 'the other. They call thee and thy Sub-

'jects

'jects Barbarians, becauſe we ſpeak what 'we mean; and account themſelves a ci-'vilized People, becauſe they ſpeak one 'thing and mean another: Truth they call 'Barbarity, and Falſhood Politeneſs. Up-'on my firſt landing, one who was ſent 'from the King of this Place to meet me 'told me, *That he was extreamly ſorry 'for the Storm I had met with juſt be-'fore my Arrival.* I was troubled to hear 'him grieve and afflict himſelf upon my 'Account; but in leſs than a Quarter of 'an Hour he ſmiled, and was as merry as 'if nothing had happened. Another who 'came with him told me by my Interpre-'ter, *He ſhould be glad to do me any Ser-'vice that lay in his Power.* Upon which 'I deſired him to carry one of my Port-'manteaus for me; but inſtead of ſerving 'me according to his Promiſe, he laughed, 'and bid another do it. I lodged, the firſt 'Week, at the Houſe of one, who deſired 'me *to think my ſelf at home, and to conſi-'der his Houſe as my own.* Accordingly, I 'the next Morning began to knock down 'one of the Walls of it, in order to let 'in the freſh Air, and had packed up ſome 'of the Houſhold-Goods, of which I in-'tended to have made thee a Preſent: 'But the falſe Varlet no ſooner ſaw me 'falling to Work, but he ſent Word to de-'ſire me to give over, for that he would 'have no ſuch Doings in his Houſe. I had

'not

'not been long in this Nation, before I 'was told by one, for whom I had asked a 'certain Favour from the chief of the 'King's Servants, whom they here call the 'Lord-Treaſurer, That I had *eternally 'obliged him.* I was ſo ſurprized at his 'Gratitude, that I could not forbear ſaying, 'What Service is there which one Man 'can do for another, that can oblige him 'to all Eternity! However I only asked 'him for my Reward, that he would lend 'me his eldeſt Daughter during my Stay 'in this Country; but I quickly found that 'he was as treacherous as the reſt of his 'Countrymen.

'AT my firſt going to Court, one of 'the great Men almoſt put me out of Coun-'tenance, by asking *ten thouſand Pardons* 'of me for only treading by Accident up-'on my Toe. They call this kind of Lye 'a Compliment; for when they are civil 'to a great Man, they tell him Untruths, 'for which thou wouldeſt order any of 'thy Officers of State to receive a hun-'dred Blows upon his Foot. I do not know 'how I ſhall negotiate any thing with this 'People, ſince there is ſo little Credit to 'be given to 'em. When I go to ſee the 'King's Scribe, I am generally told that he 'is not at home, tho' perhaps I ſaw him 'go into his Houſe almoſt the very Mo-'ment before. Thou wouldeſt fancy that 'the whole Nation are Phyſicians, for the

'firſt

‘ firſt Queſtion they always ask me, is, *how*
‘ *I do*? I have this Queſtion put to me a-
‘ bove a hundred times a Day. Nay, they
‘ are not only thus inquiſitive after my
‘ Health, but wiſh it in a more ſolemn
‘ Manner, with a full Glaſs in their Hands,
‘ every time I ſit with them at Table, tho'
‘ at the ſame time they wou'd perſwade me
‘ to drink their Liquors in ſuch Quantities
‘ as I have found by Experience will make
‘ me ſick. They often pretend to pray
‘ for thy Health alſo in the ſame Manner;
‘ but I have more Reaſon to expect it from
‘ the Goodneſs of thy Conſtitution, than
‘ the Sincerity of their Wiſhes. May thy
‘ Slave eſcape in Safety from this double-
‘ tongued Race of Men, and live to lay
‘ himſelf once more at thy Feet, in thy
‘ Royal City of *Bantam*.

March 18 -

Wedneſ-

Nº 558. *Wedneſday, June* 23.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam ſibi ſortem
Seu ratio dederit, ſeu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat: laudet diverſa ſequentes?
O Fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!
Contra mercator, navim jactantibus auſtris,
Militia eſt potior. Quid enim? concurritur? horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum conſultor ubi oſtia pulſat.
Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem eſt,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc (adeo ſunt multa) loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
Quo rem deducam. Si quis Deus, en ego dicat,
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
Mercator: tu conſultus modo, ruſticus. Hinc vos,
Vos hinc mutatis diſcedite partibus. Eja,
Quid ſtatis? Nolint. Atqui licet eſſe beatis.---Hor.

IT is a celebrated Thought of *Socrates*, that if all the Misfortunes of Mankind were caſt into a publick Stock, in order to be equally diſtributed among the whole Species, thoſe who now think themſelves the moſt unhappy, would prefer the Share they are already poſſeſs'd of, before that which would fall to them by ſuch a Diviſion. *Horace* has carry'd this Thought a great deal further in the Motto of my Paper,

per, which implies that the Hardſhips or Misfortunes we lie under, are more eaſy to us than thoſe of any other Perſon would be, in caſe we could change Conditions with him.

AS I was ruminating on theſe two Remarks, and ſeated in my Elbow-Chair, I inſenſibly fell aſleep; when, on a ſudden, methought there was a Proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every Mortal ſhould bring in his Griefs and Calamities, and throw them together in a Heap. There was a large Plain appointed for this Purpoſe. I took my Stand in the Center of it, and ſaw with a great deal of Pleaſure the whole human Species marching one after another, and throwing down their ſeveral Loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious Mountain that ſeemed to riſe above the Clouds.

THERE was a certain Lady of a thin airy Shape, who was very active in this Solemnity. She carried a magnifying Glaſs in one of her Hands, and was cloathed in a looſe flowing Robe, embroidered with ſeveral Figures of Fiends and Spectres, that diſcovered themſelves in a thouſand chimerical Shapes, as her Garment hovered in the Wind. There was ſomething wild and diſtracted in her Looks. Her Name was *FANCY*. She led up every Mortal to the appointed Place, after having very officiouſly aſſiſted him in making up his Pack, and

and laying it upon his Shoulders. My Heart melted within me, to ſee my Fellow-Creatures groaning under their reſpective Burthens, and to conſider that prodigious Bulk of human Calamities which lay before me.

THERE were however ſeveral Perſons who gave me great Diverſion upon this Occaſion. I obſerved one bringing in a Fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered Cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the Heap, I diſcovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his Luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his Wife.

THERE were Multitudes of Lovers ſaddled with very whimſical Burthens, compoſed of Darts and Flames; but, what was very odd, tho' they ſighed as if their Hearts would break under theſe Bundles of Calamities, they could not perſwade themſelves to caſt them into the Heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint Efforts, ſhook their Heads and marched away, as heavy loaden as they came. I ſaw Multitudes of old Women throw down their Wrinkles, and ſeveral young ones who ſtripped themſelves of a tawny Skin. There were very great Heaps of red Noſes, large Lips, and ruſty Teeth. The Truth of it is, I was ſurprized to ſee the greateſt Part of the Mountain made up of bodily Deformities. Obſerving one advancing towards the

the Heap with a larger Cargo than ordinary upon his Back, I found upon his near Approach, that it was only a natural Hump, which he diſpoſed of, with great Joy of Heart, among this Collection of humane Miſeries. There were likewiſe Diſtempers of all Sorts, tho' I could not but obſerve, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little Packet I could not but take Notice of, which was a Complication of all the Diſeaſes incident to human Nature, and was in the Hand of a great many fine People: This was called the Spleen. But what moſt of all ſurprized me, was a Remark I made, that there was not a ſingle Vice or Folly thrown into the whole Heap: At which I was very much aſtoniſhed, having concluded within my ſelf, that every one would take this Opportunity of getting rid of his Paſſions, Prejudices, and Frailties.

I took Notice in particular of a very profligate Fellow, who I did not queſtion came loaden with his Crimes, but upon ſearching into his Bundle, I found that inſtead of throwing his Guilt from him, he had only laid down his Memory. He was follow'd by another worthleſs Rogue, who flung away his Modeſty inſtead of his Ignorance.

WHEN the whole Race of Mankind had thus caſt their Burthens, the *Phantome* which had been ſo buſie on this Occaſion,

ſion, ſeeing me an idle Spectator of what paſſed, approached towards me. I grew uneaſie at her Preſence, when of a ſudden ſhe held her magnifying Glaſs full before my Eyes. I no ſooner ſaw my Face in it, but was ſtartled at the Shortneſs of it, which now appeared to me in its utmoſt Aggravation. The immoderate Breadth of the Features made me very much out of Humour with my own Countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a Mask. It happened very luckily, that one who ſtood by me had juſt before thrown down his Viſage, which, it ſeems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a moſt ſhameful length; I believe the very Chin was, modeſtly ſpeaking, as long as my whole Face. We had both of us an Opportunity of mending our ſelves, and, all the Contributions being now brought in, every Man was at Liberty to exchange his Misfortune for thoſe of another Perſon. But as there aroſe many new Incidents in the Sequel of my Viſion, I ſhall reſerve them for the Subject of my next Paper.

March 18th

N° 559. *Friday, June* 25.

Quid cauſæ eſt, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet: neque ſe fore poſthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem? Hor.

IN my laſt Paper, I gave my Reader a Sight of that Mountain of Miſeries, which was made up of thoſe ſeveral Calamities that afflict the Minds of Men. I ſaw, with unſpeakable Pleaſure, the whole Species thus delivered from its Sorrows; though, at the ſame time, as we ſtood round the Heap, and ſurveyed the ſeveral Materials of which it was compoſed, there was ſcarce a Mortal, in this vaſt Multitude, who did not diſcover what he thought Pleaſures and Bleſſings of Life; and wonder'd how the Owners of them ever came to look upon them as Burthens and Grievances.

AS we were regarding very attentively this Confuſion of Miſeries, this Chaos of Calamity, *Jupiter* iſſued out a ſecond Proclamation, that every one was now at Liberty to exchange his Affliction, and to return to his Habitation with any ſuch other Bundle as ſhould be delivered to him.

UPON this, *FANCY* began again to beſtir her ſelf, and, parcelling out the whole Heap

Heap with incredible Activity, recommended to every one his particular Packet. The Hurry and Confuſion at this time was not to be expreſſed. Some Obſervations, which I made upon the Occaſion, I ſhall communicate to the Publick. A venerable grey-headed Man, who had laid down the Cholick, and who I found wanted an Heir to his Eſtate, ſnatched up an undutiful Son, that had been thrown into the Heap by his angry Father. The graceleſs Youth, in leſs than a quarter of an Hour, pulled the old Gentleman by the Beard, and had like to have knocked his Brains out; ſo that meeting the true Father, who came towards him in a Fit of the Gripes, he begged him to take his Son again, and give him back his Cholick; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the Choice they had made. A poor Gally-Slave, who had thrown down his Chains, took up the Gout in their ſtead, but made ſuch wry Faces, that one might eaſily perceive he was no great Gainer by the Bargain. It was pleaſant enough to ſee the ſeveral Exchanges that were made, for Sickneſs againſt Poverty, Hunger againſt want of Appetite, and Care againſt Pain.

THE Female World were very buſie among themſelves in bartering for Features; one was trucking a Lock of grey Hairs for a Carbuncle, another was making over a ſhort Waſte for a Pair of round Shoulders,

and a third cheapning a bad Face for a loſt Reputation: But on all theſe Occaſions, there was not one of them who did not think the new Blemiſh, as ſoon as ſhe had got it into her Poſſeſſion, much more diſagreeable than the old one. I made the ſame Obſervation on every other Misfortune or Calamity, which every one in the Aſſembly brought upon himſelf, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the Evils which befall us are in ſome Meaſure ſuited and proportioned to our Strength, or that every Evil becomes more ſupportable by our being accuſtomed to it, I ſhall not determine.

I could not for my Heart forbear pitying the poor hump'd-back'd Gentleman mentioned in the former Paper, who went off a very well-ſhaped Perſon with a Stone in his Bladder; nor the fine Gentleman who had ſtruck up this Bargain with him, that limped through a whole Aſſembly of Ladies who uſed to admire him, with a Pair of Shoulders peeping over his Head.

I muſt not omit my own particular Adventure. My Friend with the long Viſage had no ſooner taken upon him my ſhort Face, but he made ſuch a groteſque Figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at my ſelf, inſomuch that I put my own Face out of Countenance. The poor Gentleman was ſo ſenſible of the Ridicule, that I found he was aſhamed of what

what he had done: On the other Side I found that I my ſelf had no great Reaſon to triumph, for as I went to touch my Forehead I miſſed the Place and clapped my Finger upon my upper Lip. Beſides, as my Noſe was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky Knocks as I was playing my Hand about my Face, and aiming at ſome other part of it. I ſaw two other Gentlemen by me, who were in the ſame ridiculous Circumſtances. Theſe had made a fooliſh Swop between a Couple of thick bandy Legs, and two long Trapſticks that had no Calfs to them. One of theſe looked like a Man walking upon Stilts, and was ſo lifted up into the Air above his ordinary Height, that his Head turned round with it, while the other made ſuch awkward Circles, as he attempted to walk, that he ſcarce knew how to move forward upon his new Supporters: Obſerving him to be a pleaſant kind of Fellow, I ſtuck my Cane in the Ground, and told him I would lay him a Bottle of Wine, that he did not march up to it on a Line, that I drew for him, in a Quarter of an Hour.

THE Heap was at laſt diſtributed among the two Sexes, who made a moſt piteous Sight, as they wandered up and down under the Preſſure of their ſeveral Burthens. The whole Plain was filled with Murmurs and Complaints, Groans and Lamentations. *Jupiter* at length, taking Compaſſion on

the poor Mortals, ordered them a ſecond time to lay down their Loads, with a Deſign to give every one his own again. They diſcharged themſelves with a great deal of Pleaſure, after which, the Phantome, who had led them into ſuch groſs Deluſions, was commanded to diſappear. There was ſent in her ſtead a Goddeſs of a quite different Figure Her Motions were ſteady and compoſed, and her Aſpect ſerious but cheerful. She every now and then caſt her Eyes towards Heaven, and fixed them upon *Jupiter*: Her Name was *PATIENCE*. She had no ſooner placed her ſelf by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole Heap ſunk to ſuch a Degree, that it did not appear a third part ſo big as it was before. She afterwards returned every Man his own proper Calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the moſt commodious Manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleaſed that he had not been left to his own Choice, as to the kind of Evils which fell to his Lot.

BESIDES the ſeveral Pieces of Morality to be drawn out of this Viſion, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own Misfortunes, or to envy the Happineſs of another, ſince it is impoſſible for any Man to form a right Judgment of his Neighbours Sufferings; for which Reaſon alſo I have determined never to think too lightly of another's

nother's Complaints, but to regard the Sorrows of my Fellow-Creatures with Sentiments of Humanity and Compaſſion.

March 18 -

Nº 560. *Monday, June* 28.

——*Verba intermiſſa retentat.* Ov. Met.

EVERY one has heard of the famous Conjurer, who, according to the Opinion of the Vulgar, has ſtudied himſelf *dumb*; for which Reaſon, as it is believed, he delivers out all his Oracles in Writing. Be that as it will, the blind *Tireſias* was not more famous in *Greece*, than this dumb Artiſt has been, for ſome Years laſt paſt, in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. Thus much for the profound Gentleman who honours me with the following Epiſtle.

SIR, *From my Cell*, June 24, 1714.

'BEING informed that you have lately 'got the Uſe of your Tongue, I have 'ſome Thoughts of following your Exam- 'ple, that I may be a *Fortune-teller* pro- 'perly ſpeaking. I am grown weary of 'my Taciturnity, and having ſerved my 'Country many Years under the Title of 'the dumb Doctor, I ſhall now Propheſie 'by Word of Mouth, and (as Mr. *Lee* ſays 'of the Magpie, who you know was a

'great Fortune-teller among the Ancients) '*chatter* Futurity. I have hitherto choſen 'to receive Queſtions and return Anſwers 'in Writing, that I might avoid the Tedi-'ouſneſs and Trouble of Debates; my Que-'riſts being generally of a Humour to think, 'that they have never Predictions enough 'for their Mony. In ſhort, Sir, my Caſe 'has been ſomething like that of thoſe diſ-'creet Animals the Monkeys, who, as the '*Indians* tell us, can ſpeak if they wou'd, 'but purpoſely avoid it that they may not be 'made to Work. I have hitherto gained a 'Livelihood by holding my Tongue, but 'ſhall now open my Mouth in order to fill it. 'If I appear a little Word-bound in my 'firſt Solutions and Reſponſes, I hope it 'will not be imputed to any want of Fore-'ſight, but to the long Diſuſe of Speech. 'I doubt not by this Invention to have all 'my former Cuſtomers over again, for if 'I have promiſed any of them Lovers or 'Husbands, Riches or good Luck, it is 'my Deſign to confirm to them *vivâ voce*, 'what I have already given them under my 'Hand. If you will honour me with a 'Viſit, I will compliment you with the firſt 'opening of my Mouth, and if you pleaſe 'you may make an entertaining Dialogue 'out of the Converſation of two Dumb 'Men. Excuſe this Trouble, worthy Sir, 'from one who has been a long time

Your Silent Admirer,

Cornelius Agrippa.

I have received the following Letter, or rather *Billet-doux*, from a pert young Baggage, who congratulates with me upon the ſame Occaſion.

Dear Mr. Prate-apace, *June* 23, 1714.

'I Am a Member of a Female Society who 'call our ſelves the *Chit-Chat* Club, and 'am ordered, by the whole Siſterhood, to 'congratulate you upon the Uſe of your 'Tongue. We have all of us a mighty 'Mind to hear you talk, and if you will 'take your Place among us for an Evening, 'we have unanimouſly agreed to allow you 'one Minute in ten, without Interruption.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

S. T.

P. S. '*You may find us at my Lady* Betty 'Clack's, *who will leave Orders with her 'Porter, that if an elderly Gentleman, with 'a ſhort Face, enquires for her, he ſhall be 'admitted and no Queſtions asked.*

As this particular Paper ſhall conſiſt wholly of what I have received from my Correſpondents, I ſhall fill up the remaining part of it with other congratulatory Letters of the ſame Nature.

SIR,

SIR, *Oxford, June* 25. 1714.

'WE are here wonderfully pleas'd with 'the Opening of your Mouth, and 'very frequently open ours in Approbation 'of your Deſign; eſpecially ſince we find 'you are reſolved to preſerve your Taci-'turnity, as to all Party Matters. We do 'not Queſtion but you are as great an Ora-'tor as Sir *Hudibras*, of whom the Poet 'ſweetly Sings,

——He could not ope
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope.

'If you will ſend us down the Half-dozen 'well-turned Periods, that produced ſuch 'diſmal Effects in your Muſcles, we will 'depoſite them near an old Manuſcript of '*Tully*'s Orations, among the Archives of 'the Univerſity; for we all agree with you 'that there is not a more remarkable Acci-'dent recorded in Hiſtory, ſince that which 'happened to the Son of *Cræſus*, nay, I 'believe you might have gone higher, and 'have added *Balaam*'s Aſs. We are im-'patient to ſee more of your Productions, 'and expect what Words will next fall 'from you, with as much Attention as 'thoſe, who were ſet to watch the ſpeak-'ing Head which *Fryer Bacon* formerly 'erected in this Place. We are,

Worthy SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servants,

B. R. T. D. &c.

Honeſt

Honeſt SPEC, *Middle-Temple, June* 24.

'I Am very glad to hear that thou begin-
'neſt to Prate; and find, by thy Yeſter-
'day's Viſion, thou art ſo uſed to it, that
'thou canſt not forbear talking in thy Sleep.
'Let me only adviſe thee to ſpeak like
'other Men, for I am afraid thou wilt be
'very Queer, if thou doſt not intend to
'uſe the Phraſes in Faſhion, as thou calleſt
'them in thy Second Paper. Haſt thou a
'Mind to paſs for a *Bantamite*, or to make
'us all *Quakers?* I do aſſure thee, Dear
'SPEC, I am not Poliſhed out of my Ve-
'racity, when I ſubſcribe my ſelf

Thy Conſtant Admirer,

and Humble Servant,

Frank Townly.

March 18 -

N° 561. *Wedneſday, June* 30.

——Paulatim abolere Sichæum
Incipit, & vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem reſides animos deſuetaque corda. Virg.

SIR,

'I Am a tall, broad-ſhoulder'd, impudent,
'black Fellow, and, as I thought, every
'way qualified for a rich Widow: But,
'after having tried my Fortune for above
'three

'three Years together, I have not been 'able to get one ſingle Relict in the Mind. 'My firſt Attacks were generally ſucceſs-'ful, but always broke off as ſoon as they 'came to the Word *Settlement*. Though I 'have not improved my Fortune this way, 'I have my Experience, and have learnt 'ſeveral Secrets which may be of Uſe to 'thoſe unhappy Gentlemen, who are com-'monly diſtinguiſhed by the Name of 'Widow-hunters, and who do not know that 'this Tribe of Women are, generally ſpeak-'ing, as much upon the Catch as them-'ſelves. I ſhall here communicate to you 'the Myſteries of a certain Female Cabal 'of this Order, who call themſelves the '*Widow-Club*. This Club conſiſts of nine 'experienced Dames, who take their Places 'once a Week round a large oval Table.

'I. Mrs. Preſident is a Perſon who has 'diſpoſed of ſix Husbands, and is now de-'termined to take a ſeventh; being of Opi-'nion, that there is as much Vertue in the 'Touch of a ſeventh Husband as of a ſe-'venth Son. Her Comrades are as follow.

'II. Mrs. *Snapp*, who has four Jointures, 'by four different Bed-fellows, of four dif-'ferent Shires. She is at preſent upon the 'Point of Marriage with a *Middleſex* Man, 'and is ſaid to have an Ambition of extend-'ing her Poſſeſſions through all the Coun-'ties in *England*, on this ſide the *Trent*.

III. Mrs.

'III. Mrs. *Medlar*, who after two Huſ-
'bands and a Gallant, is now wedded to
'an old Gentleman of ſixty. Upon her
'making her Report to the Club after a
'Week's Cohabitation, ſhe is ſtill allowed
'to ſit as a Widow, and accordingly takes
'her Place at the Board.

'IV. The Widow *Quick*, married within
'a Fortnight after the Death of her laſt
'Husband. Her *Weeds* have ſerved her
'thrice, and are ſtill as good as New.

'V. Lady *Catherine Swallow*. She was
'a Widow at Eighteen, and has ſince bu-
'ried a ſecond Husband, and two Coach-
'men.

'VI. The Lady *Waddle*. She was mar-
'ried in the 15th Year of her Age to Sir
'*Simon Waddle* Knight, aged Threeſcore
'and twelve, by whom ſhe had Twinns
'nine Months after his Deceaſe. In the
'55th Year of her Age ſhe was married to
'*James Spindle*, Eſq; a Youth of One and
'twenty, who did not out-live the Honey-
'Moon.

'VII. *Deborah Conqueſt*. The Caſe of
'this Lady is ſomething particular. She
'is the Relict of Sir *Sampſon Conqueſt*, ſome-
'time Juſtice of the *Quorum*. Sir *Sampſon*
'was ſeven Foot high and two Foot in
'Breadth, from the tip of one Shoulder
'to the other. He had married three
'Wives, who all of them died in Child-
'bed. This terrified the whole Sex, who

'none

'none of them durſt venture on Sir *Samp-*
'*ſon.* At length Mrs. *Deborah* undertook
'him, and gave ſo good an Account of
'him, that in three Years time ſhe very
'fairly laid him out, and meaſured his
'Length upon the Ground. This Exploit
'has gained her ſo great a Reputation in
'the Club, that they have added Sir *Samp-*
'*ſon*'s three Victories to hers, and give
'her the Merit of a fourth Widow-hood;
'and ſhe takes her Place accordingly.

'VIII. The Widow *Wildfire*, Relict of
'Mr. *John Wildfire*, Fox-hunter, who
'broke his Neck over a ſix Bar Gate. She
'took his Death ſo much to Heart, that
'it was thought it would have put an End
'to her Life, had ſhe not diverted her Sor-
'rows by receiving the Addreſſes of a
'Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who
'made Love to her in the ſecond Month
'of her Widowhood. This Gentleman
'was diſcarded in a Fortnight for the ſake
'of a young *Templar*, who had the Poſ-
'ſeſſion of her for ſix Weeks after, till he
'was beaten out by a broken Officer, who
'likewiſe gave up his Place to a Gentle-
'man at Court. The Courtier was as
'ſhort-liv'd a Favourite as his Predeceſſors,
'but had the Pleaſure to ſee himſelf ſuc-
'ceeded by a long Series of Lovers, who
'followed the Widow *Wildfire* to the 37th
'Year of her Age, at which time there
'enſued a Ceſſation of ten Years, when

'*John*

'*John Felt*, Haberdaſher, took it in his head
'to be in love with her, and it is thought
'will very ſuddenly carry her off.

'IX. THE laſt is pretty Mrs. *Runnet*,
'who broke her firſt Husband's Heart be-
'fore ſhe was Sixteen, at which Time ſhe
'was entred of the Club; but ſoon after
'left it, upon Account of a Second whom
'ſhe made ſo quick a Diſpatch of, that ſhe
'returned to her Seat in leſs than a Twelve-
'month. This young Matron is looked
'upon as the moſt riſing Member of the
'Society, and will probably be in the
'Preſident's Chair before ſhe dies.

'THESE Ladies, upon their firſt
'Inſtitution, reſolved to give the Pictures
'of their Deceaſed Husbands to the Club
'Room, but Two of them bringing in their
'Dead at full Length, they covered all the
'Walls: Upon which they came to a ſe-
'cond Reſolution, that every Matron
'ſhould give her own Picture, and ſet it
'round with her Husbands in Miniature.

'AS they have moſt of them the Miſ-
'fortune to be troubled with the Cholick,
'they have a Noble Celler of Cordials and
'ſtrong Waters. When they grow Maud-
'lin, they are very apt to commemorate
'their former Partners with a Tear. But
'ask them which of their Husbands they
'Condole, they are not able to tell you,
'and diſcover plainly, that they do not

'Weep

'Weep ſo much for the Loſs of a Huſ-
'band, as for the want of one.

'THE principal Rule, by which the
'whole Society are to govern themſelves
'is this, To cry up the Pleaſures of a ſin-
'gle Life, upon all Occaſions, in order to
'deter the reſt of their Sex from Marri-
'age, and engroſs the whole Male World
'to themſelves.

'THEY are obliged, when any one
'makes Love to a Member of the Socie-
'ty, to communicate his Name, at which
'time the whole Aſſembly ſit upon his
'Reputation, Perſon, Fortune, and good
'Humour; and if they find him qualified
'for a Siſter of the Club, they lay their
'Heads together how to make him ſure.
'By this Means they are acquainted with
'all the Widow-hunters about Town, who
'often afford them great Diverſion. There
'is an honeſt *Iriſh* Gentleman it ſeems,
'who knows nothing of this Society, but
'at different times has made Love to the
'whole Club.

'THEIR Converſation often turns
'upon their former Husbands, and it is ve-
'ry diverting to hear them relate their ſe-
'veral Arts and Stratagems, with which
'they amuſed the Jealous, pacified the
'Cholerick, or wheedled the Good-natu-
'red Man; 'till at laſt, to uſe the Club-
'Phraſe, *They ſent him out of the Houſe*
'*with his Heels foremoſt.*

'THE

'THE Politicks, which are moſt cultivated by this Society of She-*Machiavils*, relate chiefly to theſe two Points: How to treat a Lover, and How to manage a Husband. As for the firſt Set of Artifices, they are too numerous to come within the Compaſs of your Paper, and ſhall therefore be reſerved for a ſecond Letter.

'THE Management of a Husband is built upon the following Doctrines, which are univerſally aſſented to by the whole Club. Not to give him his Head at firſt. Not to allow him too great Freedoms and Familiarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw Girl, but as a Woman that knows the World. Not to Leſſen any thing of her former Figure. To celebrate the Generoſity, or any other Vertue of a deceaſed Husband, which ſhe would recommend to his Succeſſor. To turn away all his old Friends and Servants, that ſhe may have the Dear Man to her ſelf. To make him diſinherit the undutiful Children of any former Wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of his Affection, 'till he has made over to her all his Goods and Chattels.

'AFTER ſo long a Letter, I am without more Ceremony,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

March 18

N° 562. *Friday, July* 2.

——*Præſens, abſens ut ſies.* Ter.

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a Man to ſpeak of himſelf, ſays *Cowley*; *it grates his own Heart to ſay any thing of Diſparagement, and the Reader's Ears to hear any thing of Praiſe from him.* Let the Tenour of his Diſcourſe be what it will upon this Subject, it generally proceeds from *Vanity*. An oſtentatious Man will rather relate a Blunder or an Abſurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear Perſon.

SOME very great Writers have been guilty of this Fault. It is obſerved of *Tully* in particular, that his Works run very much in the Firſt Perſon, and that he takes all Occaſions of doing himſelf Juſtice. 'Does 'he think, ſays *Brutus*, that his Conſul-'ſhip deſerves more Applauſe than my put-'ting *Cæſar* to Death, becauſe I am not 'perpetually talking of the Ides of *March*, 'as he is of the Nones of *December*?' I need not acquaint my learned Reader, that in the Ides of *March*, *Brutus* deſtroyed *Cæſar*, and that *Cicero* quaſhed the Conſpiracy of *Cataline* in the Calends of *December*. How ſhocking ſoever this great Man's talking

ing of himſelf might have been to his Contemporaries, I muſt confeſs I am never better pleaſed than when he is on this Subject. Such Openings of the Heart give a Man a thorough Inſight into his Perſonal Character, and illuſtrate ſeveral Paſſages in the Hiſtory of his Life: Beſides, that there is ſome little Pleaſure in diſcovering the Infirmity of a great Man, and ſeeing how the Opinion he has of himſelf agrees with what the World entertains of him.

THE Gentlemen of *Port-Royal*, who were more eminent for their Learning and their Humility than any other in *France*, baniſhed the way of ſpeaking in the Firſt Perſon out of all their Works, as ariſing from Vain-Glory and Self-conceit. To ſhew their particular Averſion to it, they branded this Form of Writing with the Name of an *Egotiſm*: a Figure not to be found among the ancient Rhetoricians.

THE moſt violent Egotiſm which I have met with in the Courſe of my Reading, is that of Cardinal *Woolſey*, *Ego & Rex meus*, *I and my King*; as perhaps the moſt eminent Egotiſt that ever appeared in the World, was *Montagne* the Author of the celebrated Eſſays. This lively old *Gaſcon* has woven all his bodily Infirmities into his Works, and after having ſpoken of the Faults or Virtues of any other Man, immediately publiſhes to the World how it ſtands with himſelf in that Particular. Had he kept

his own Counſel he might have paſſed for a much better Man, tho' perhaps he would not have been ſo diverting an Author. The Title of an Eſſay promiſes perhaps a Diſcourſe upon *Virgil* or *Julius Cæſar*; but when you look into it, you are ſure to meet with more upon Monſieur *Montagne* than of either of them. The younger *Scaliger*, who ſeems to have been no great Friend to this Author, after having acquainted the World that his Father ſold Herrings, adds theſe Words; *La grande fadaiſe de Montagne, qui a eſcrit, qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc —— que diable a-t-on à faire de ſçavoir ce qu'il aime? For my Part*, ſays *Montagne, I am a great Lover of your White Wines — What the Devil ſignifies it to the Publick*, ſays *Scaliger, whether he is a Lover of White Wines or of Red Wines?*

I cannot here forbear mentioning a Tribe of Egotiſts for whom I have always had a mortal Averſion, I mean the Authors of Memoirs, who are never mentioned in any Works but their own, and who raiſe all their Productions out of this ſingle Figure of Speech.

MOST of our modern Prefaces ſavour very ſtrongly of the Egotiſm. Every inſignificant Author fancies it of Importance to the World, to know that he writ his Book in the Country, that he did it to paſs away ſome of his idle Hours, that it was publiſhed at the Importunity of Friends, or that

that his natural Temper, Studies or Converſations, directed him to the Choice of his Subject.

——*Id populus curat ſcilicet.*

Such Informations cannot but be highly improving to the Reader.

IN Works of Humour, eſpecially when a Man writes under a fictitious Perſonage, the talking of one's ſelf may give ſome Diverſion to the Publick; but I would adviſe every other Writer never to ſpeak of himſelf, unleſs there be ſomething very conſiderable in his Character: Tho' I am ſenſible this Rule will be of little Uſe in the World, becauſe there is no Man who fancies his Thoughts worth publiſhing, that does not look upon himſelf as a conſiderable Perſon.

I ſhall cloſe this Paper with a Remark upon ſuch as are Egotiſts in Converſation; Theſe are generally the vain or ſhallow Part of Mankind, People being naturally full of themſelves when they have nothing elſe in them. There is one kind of Egotiſts which is very common in the World, tho' I do not remember that any Writer has taken Notice of them; I mean thoſe empty conceited Fellows, who repeat as Sayings of their own, or ſome of their particular Friends, ſeveral Jeſts which were made before they were born, and which every one who has converſed in the World has heard a hundred times over. A for-

ward young Fellow of my Acquaintance was very guilty of this Abſurdity: He would be always laying a new Scene for ſome old Piece of Wit, and telling us, that as he and *Jack* ſuch a-one were together, one or t'other of them had ſuch a Conceit on ſuch an Occaſion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the Company did not join with him. When his his Mirth was over I have often reprehended out of *Terence*, *Tuumne*, *obſecro te*, *hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi*. But finding him ſtill incorrigible, and having a Kindneſs for the young Coxcomb, who was otherwiſe a good-natured Fellow, I recommended to his Peruſal the *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Jeſts, with ſeveral little Pieces of Pleaſantry of the ſame Nature. Upon the Reading of them, he was under no ſmall Confuſion to find that all his Jokes had paſſed through ſeveral Editions, and that what he thought was a new Conceit, and had appropriated to his own Uſe, had appeared in Print before He or his ingenious Friends were ever heard of. This had ſo good an Effect upon him, that he is content at preſent to paſs for a Man of plain Senſe in his ordinary Converſation, and is never facetious but when he knows his Company.

Tuesday March 25th

Monday,

N° 563. *Monday, July* 5.

——*Magni nominis Umbra.* Lucan.

I Shall entertain my Reader with two very curious Letters. The firſt of them comes from a chimerical Perſon, who I believe never writ to any Body before.

SIR,

'I Am deſcended from the ancient Fami-
'ly of the *Blanks*, a Name well known
'among all Men of Buſineſs. It is always
'read in thoſe little white Spaces of Wri-
'ting which want to be filled up, and
'which for that Reaſon are called *blank*
'Spaces, as of Right appertaining to our
'Family: For I conſider my ſelf as the
'Lord of a Manor, who lays his Claim
'to all Waſtes or Spots of Ground that
'are unappropriated. I am a near Kinſman
'to *John a Styles* and *John a Nokes*; and
'they, I am told, came in with the Con-
'querour. I am mentioned oftner in both
'Houſes of Parliament than any other
'Perſon in *Great Britain*. My Name is
'written, or more properly ſpeaking, not
'written, thus,
'I am one that can turn my Hand to every
'thing, and appear under any Shape what-

'ſoever. I can make my ſelf Man, Woman, or Child. I am ſometimes metamorphoſed into a Year of our Lord, a Day of the Month, or an Hour of the Day. I very often repreſent a Sum of Money, and am generally the firſt Subſidy that is granted to the Crown. I have now and then ſupplied the Place of ſeveral Thouſands of Land Soldiers, and have as frequently been employed in the Sea Service.

'NOW, Sir, my Complaint is this, that I am only made uſe of to ſerve a Turn, being always diſcarded as ſoon as a proper Perſon is found out to fill up my Place.

'IF you have ever been in the Playhouſe before the Curtain riſes, you ſee moſt of the front Boxes filled with Men of my Family, who forthwith turn out, and reſign their Stations upon the Appearance of thoſe for whom they are retained.

'But the moſt illuſtrious Branch of the *Blanks* are thoſe who are planted in high Poſts, 'till ſuch time as Perſons of greater Conſequence can be found out to ſupply them. One of theſe *Blanks* is equally quallified for all Offices: He can ſerve in time of Need for a Soldier, a Politician, a Lawyer, or what you pleaſe. I have known in my Time many a Brother *Blank* that has been born under a lucky Planet, heap up great Riches, and ſwell into a Man of Figure and Importance,

'before

'before the Grandees of his Party could 'agree among themſelves which of them 'ſhould ſtep into his Place: Nay, I have 'known a *Blank* continue ſo long in one 'of theſe vacant Poſts, (for ſuch it is to be 'reckoned all the Time a *Blank* is in it) 'that he has grown too formidable and 'dangerous to be removed.

'BUT to return to my ſelf. Since 'I am ſo very commodious a Perſon, and 'ſo very neceſſary in all well-regulated 'Governments, I deſire you will take my 'Caſe into Conſideration, that I may be 'no longer made a Tool of, and only em-'ployed to ſtop a Gap. Such Uſage, with-'out a Pun, makes me look very blank. 'For all which Reaſons I humbly recom-'mend my ſelf to your Protection, and am

Your moſt obedient Servant,

Blank.

P. S. 'I herewith ſend you a Paper, 'drawn up by a Country Attorney em-'ployed by two Gentlemen, whoſe Names 'he was not acquainted with, and who 'did not think fit to let him into the Se-'cret which they were tranſacting. I heard 'him call it a Blank Inſtrument, and read 'it after the following manner. You may 'ſee by this ſingle Inſtance of what Uſe I 'am to the buſie World.

'I,

'*I* T. Blank, *Esq*; *of* Blank *Town*, *in* '*the County of* Blank, *do own my self in-* 'debted *in the Sum of* Blank *to Goodman* 'Blank, *for the Service he did me in pro-* 'curing *for me the Goods following*, Blank: '*And I do hereby promise the said* Blank *to* 'pay *unto him the said Sum of* Blank, *on the* 'Blank *Day of the Month of* Blank *next en-* 'suing, *under the Penalty and Forfeiture* 'of Blank.

I shall take Time to consider the Case of this my imaginary Correspondent, and in the mean while shall present my Reader with a Letter which seems to come from a Person that is made up of Flesh and Blood.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am married to a very honest Gentle-'man that is exceedingly good-natur-'ed, and at the same time very cholerick. 'There is no standing before him when 'he is in a Passion; but as soon as it is o-'ver he is the best-humour'd Creature in 'the World. When he is angry, he breaks 'all my China Ware that chances to lie 'in his Way, and the next Morning 'sends me in twice as much as he broke 'the Day before. I may positively say, 'that he has broke me a Child's For-'tune, since we were first marry'd together.

'AS soon as he begins to fret, down 'goes every thing that is within Reach

'of

'of his Cane. I once prevailed upon him 'never to carry a Stick in his Hand, but 'this ſaved me nothing; for upon ſeeing 'me do ſomething that did not pleaſe 'him, he kick'd down a great Jarr, that 'coſt him above Ten Pound but the 'Week before. I then laid the Fragments 'together in a Heap, and gave him his 'Cane again, deſiring him that if he 'chanced to be in Anger, he would ſpend 'his Paſſion upon the China that was broke 'to his Hand. But the very next Day, 'upon my giving a wrong Meſſage to 'one of the Servants, he flew into ſuch 'a Rage, that he ſwept down a Dozen 'Tea-Diſhes, which, to my Misfortune, 'ſtood very convenient for a Side-Blow.

'I then removed all my China into a 'Room which he never frequents; but I 'got nothing by this neither, for my Look-'ing-Glaſſes immediately went to Rack.

'IN ſhort, Sir, whenever he is in a 'Paſſion he is angry at every thing that 'is brittle; and if on ſuch Occaſions he 'had nothing to vent his Rage upon, I 'do not know whether my Bones would 'be in Safety. Let me beg of you, Sir, 'to let me know whether there be any 'Cure for this unaccountable Diſtemper; 'or if not, that you will be pleaſed to pub-'liſh this Letter: For my Husband ha-'ving a great Veneration for your Writ-

'ings,

'ings, will by that means know you do 'not approve of his Conduct.

I am,

Your moſt humble Servant, &c.

Nº 564. *Wedneſday, July* 7.

——*Adſit*
Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas:
Ne Scutica dignum horribile ſectere flagello. Hor.

IT is the Work of a Philoſopher to be every Day ſubduing his Paſſions, and laying aſide his Prejudices. I endeavour at leaſt to look upon Men and their Actions only as an impartial Spectator, without any Regard to them as they happen to advance or croſs my own private Intereſt. But while I am thus employed my ſelf, I cannot help obſerving, how thoſe about me ſuffer themſelves to be blinded by Prejudice and Inclination, how readily they pronounce on every Man's Character, which they can give in two Words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing. On the contrary, thoſe who ſearch thoroughly into humane Nature, will find it much more difficult to determine the Value of their Fellow-Creatures, and that Mens Characters are not thus to be given

given in general Words. There is indeed no ſuch thing as a Perſon entirely good or bad; Virtue and Vice are blended and mixed together, in a greater or leſs Proportion, in every one; and if you would ſearch for ſome particular good Quality in its moſt eminent Degree of Perfection, you will often find it in a Mind, where it is darkened and eclipſed by an hundred other irregular Paſſions.

MEN have either no Character at all, ſays a celebrated Author, or it is that of being inconſiſtent with themſelves. They find it eaſier to join Extremities, than to be uniform and of a Piece. This is finely illuſtrated in *Xenophon*'s Life of *Cyrus* the Great. That Author tells us, That *Cyrus* having taken a moſt beautiful Lady, named *Panthea*, the Wife of *Abradatas*, committed her to the Cuſtody of *Araſpas*, a young *Perſian* Nobleman, who had a little before maintained in Diſcourſe, that a Mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful Paſſion. The young Gentleman had not long been in Poſſeſſion of his fair Captive, when a Complaint was made to *Cyrus*, that he not only ſollicited the Lady *Panthea* to receive him in the Room of her abſent Husband, but that finding his Entreaties had no Effect, he was preparing to make uſe of Force. *Cyrus*, who loved the young Man, immediately ſent for him, and in a gentle Manner

ner repreſenting to him his Fault, and putting him in mind of his former Aſſertion, the unhappy Youth, confounded with a quick Senſe of his Guilt and Shame, burſt out into a Flood of Tears, and ſpoke as follows.

OH Cyrus, *I am convinced that I have two Souls. Love has taught me this Piece of Philoſophy. If I had but one Soul, it could not at the ſame time pant after Virtue and Vice, wiſh and abhor the ſame thing. It is certain therefore we have two Souls: When the good Soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous Actions; but when the bad Soul predominates, I am forced to do Evil. All I can ſay at preſent is, that I find my good Soul, encouraged by your Preſence, has got the Better of my bad.*

I know not whether my Readers will allow of this Piece of Philoſophy; but if they will not, they muſt confeſs we meet with as different Paſſions in one and the ſame Soul, as can be ſuppoſed in two. We can hardly read the Life of a great Man who lived in former Ages, or converſe with any who is eminent among our Contemporaries, that is not an Inſtance of what I am ſaying.

BUT as I have hitherto only argued againſt the Partiality and Injuſtice of giving our Judgment upon Men in groſs, who are ſuch a Compoſition of Virtues and Vices, of Good and Evil; I might carry this Reflection

Reflection ſtill farther, and make it extend to moſt of their Actions. If, on the one Hand, we fairly weighed every Circumſtance, we ſhould frequently find them obliged to do that Action we at firſt Sight condemn, in order to avoid another we ſhould have been much more diſpleaſed with. If on the other hand we nicely examined ſuch Actions as appear moſt dazzling to the Eye, we ſhould find moſt of them either deficient and lame in ſeveral Parts, produced by a bad Ambition, or directed to an ill End. The very ſame Action may ſometimes be ſo oddly circumſtanced, that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded or puniſhed. Thoſe who compiled the Laws of *England* were ſo ſenſible of this, that they have laid it down as one of their firſt Maxims, *It is better ſuffering a Miſchief, than an Inconvenience*; which is as much as to ſay in other Words, That ſince no Law can take in or provide for all Caſes, it is better private Men ſhould have ſome Injuſtice done them, than that a publick Grievance ſhould not be redreſſed. This is uſually pleaded in Defence of all thoſe Hardſhips which fall on particular Perſons in particular Occaſions, which could not be foreſeen when a Law was made. To remedy this however as much as poſſible, the Court of Chancery was erected, which frequently mitigates and breaks the Teeth

of

of the Common Law, in Caſes of Men's Properties, while in Criminal Caſes there is a Power of pardoning ſtill lodged in the Crown.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, it is perhaps impoſſible in a large Government to diſtribute Rewards and Puniſhments, ſtrictly proportioned to the Merits of every Action. The *Spartan* Common-wealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this Particular; and I do not remember in all my Reading, to have met with ſo nice an Example of Juſtice as that recorded by *Plutarch*, with which I ſhall cloſe my Paper for this Day.

THE City of *Sparta* being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful Army of *Thebans*, was in very great Danger of falling into the Hands of their Enemies. The Citizens ſuddenly gathering themſelves into a Body, fought with a Reſolution equal to the Neceſſity of their Affairs; yet no one ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed himſelf on this Occaſion, to the Amazement of both Armies, as *Iſadas*, the Son of *Phœbidas*, who was at that time in the Bloom of his Youth, and very remarkable for the Comelineſs of his Perſon. He was coming out of the Bath when the Alarm was given, ſo that he had not time to put on his Cloaths, much leſs his Armour; however tranſported with a Deſire to ſerve his Country in ſo great an Exigency, ſnatched up a Spear in one

one Hand, and a Sword in the other, he flung himſelf into the thickeſt Ranks of his Enemies. Nothing could withſtand his Fury: In what Part ſoever he fought he put the Enemies to Flight without receiving a ſingle Wound. Whether, ſays *Plutarch*, he was the particular Care of ſome God, who rewarded his Valour that Day with an extraordinary Protection, or that his Enemies ſtruck with the Unuſualneſs of his Dreſs and Beauty of his Shape, ſuppoſed him ſomething more than Man, I ſhall not determine.

THE Gallantry of this Action was judged ſo great by the *Spartans*, that the *Ephori*, or chief Magiſtrates, decreed he ſhould be preſented with a Garland; but as ſoon as they had done ſo, fined him a thouſand Drachmas for going out to the Battle unarmed.

N° 565. *Friday, July* 9.

———*Deum namque ire per omnes*
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum.
Virg.

I Was Yeſterday about Sun-ſet walking in the open Fields, 'till the Night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed my ſelf with all the Richneſs and Variety of

Colours, which appeared in the Weſtern Parts of Heaven: In Proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral Stars and Planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole Firmament was in a Glow. The Blueneſs of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the Seaſon of the Year, and by the Rays of all thoſe Luminaries that paſſed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its moſt beautiful White. To compleat the Scene, the full Moon roſe at length in that clouded Majeſty, which *Milton* takes Notice of, and opened to the Eye a new Picture of Nature, which was more finely ſhaded, and diſpoſed among ſofter Lights, than that which the Sun had before diſcovered to us.

AS I was ſurveying the Moon walking in her Brightneſs, and taking her Progreſs among the Conſtellations, a Thought roſe in me which I believe very often perplexes and diſturbs Men of ſerious and contemplative Natures. *David* himſelf fell into it in that Reflection, *When I conſider the Heavens the work of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which thou haſt ordained; what is Man, that thou art mindful of him, and the Son of Man that thou regardeſt him*! In the ſame manner, when I conſidered that infinite Hoſte of Stars, or, to ſpeak more Philoſophically, of Suns, which were then ſhining upon me, with thoſe innumerable Sets of Planets or Worlds, which were moving

moving round their reſpective Suns; When I ſtill enlarged the Idea, and ſuppoſed another Heaven of Suns and Worlds riſing ſtill above this which we diſcovered, and theſe ſtill enlightned by a ſuperior Firmament of Luminaries, which are planted at ſo great a Diſtance that they may appear to the Inhabitants of the former as the Stars do to us; In ſhort, whilſt I purſued this Thought, I could not but reflect on that little inſignificant Figure which I my ſelf bore, amidſt the Immenſity of God's Works.

WERE the Sun, which enlightens this Part of the Creation, with all the Hoſt of Planetary Worlds, that move about him, utterly extinguiſhed and annihilated, they would not be miſs'd more than a Grain of Sand upon the Sea-ſhore. The Space they poſſeſs is ſo exceedingly little, in Compariſon of the whole, that it would ſcarce make a *Blank* in the Creation. The Chaſm would be imperceptible to an Eye, that could take in the whole Compaſs of Nature, and paſs from one End of the Creation to the other, as it is poſſible there may be ſuch a Senſe in our ſelves hereafter, or in Creatures which are at preſent more exalted than our ſelves. We ſee many Stars by the help of Glaſſes, which we do not diſcover with our naked Eyes; and the finer our Teleſcopes are, the more ſtill are our Diſcoveries. *Huygenius* carries this Thought ſo far, that he does not think it

impoſſible there may be Stars whoſe Light is not yet travelled down to us, ſince their firſt Creation. There is no Queſtion but the Univerſe has certain Bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the Work of infinite Power, prompted by infinite Goodneſs, with an infinite Space to exert it ſelf in, how can our Imagination ſet any Bounds to it?

TO return therefore to my firſt Thought, I could not but look upon my ſelf with ſecret Horror as a Being, that was not worth the ſmalleſt Regard of one who had ſo great a Work under his Care and Superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the Immenſity of Nature, and loſt among that infinite Variety of Creatures, which in all Probability ſwarm through all theſe immeaſurable Regions of Matter.

IN order to recover my ſelf from this mortifying Thought, I conſidered that it took its Riſe from thoſe narrow Conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We our ſelves cannot attend to many different Objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome Things, we muſt of Courſe neglect others. This Imperfection which we obſerve in our ſelves, is an Imperfection that cleaves in ſome Degree to Creatures of the higheſt Capacities, as they are Creatures, that is, Beings of finite and limited Natures.

Natures. The Preſence of every created Being is confined to a certain Meaſure of Space, and conſequently his Obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of Objects. The Sphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider Circumference to one Creature than another, according as we riſe one above another in the Scale of Exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our Spheres has its Circumference. When therefore we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this Imperfection in our ſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome Meaſure aſcribing it to him, in whom there is no Shadow of Imperfection. Our Reaſon indeed aſſures us, that his Attributes are infinite, but the Poorneſs of our Conceptions is ſuch, that it cannot forbear ſetting Bounds to every thing it contemplates, 'till our Reaſon comes again to our Succour, and throws down all thoſe little Prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the Mind of Man.

WE ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy Thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the Multiplicity of his Works, and the Infinity of thoſe Objects among which he ſeems to be inceſſantly employed, if we conſider in the firſt Place, that he is Omnipreſent; and, in the ſecond, that he is Omniſcient.

IF we conſider him in his Omnipreſence: His Being paſſes through, actuates and ſupports the whole Frame of Nature. His Creation, and every Part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His Subſtance is within the Subſtance of every Being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that Being is to it ſelf. It would be an Imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one Place into another, or to withdraw himſelf from any thing he has created, or from any Part of that Space which is diffuſed and ſpread abroad to Infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the Language of the old Philoſopher, he is a Being whoſe Centre is every where, and his Circumference no where.

IN the ſecond Place, he is Omniſcient as well as Omnipreſent. His Omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his Omnipreſence; he cannot but be conſcious of every Motion that ariſes in the whole material World, which he thus eſſentially pervades, and of every Thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual World, to every Part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Moraliſts have conſidered the Creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own Hands,

Hands, and which is filled with his Preſence. Others have conſidered infinite Space as the Receptacle, or rather the Habitation of the Almighty: But the nobleſt and moſt exalted way of conſidering this infinite Space is that of Sir *Iſaac Newton*, who calls it the *Senſorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and Men have their *Senſoriola*, or little *Senſoriums*, by which they apprehend the Preſence, and perceive the Actions of a few Objects that lie contiguous to them. Their Knowledge and Obſervation turns within a very narrow Circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he reſides, Infinite Space gives room to infinite Knowledge, and is, as it were, an Organ to Omniſcience.

WERE the Soul ſeparate from the Body, and with one Glance of Thought ſhould ſtart beyond the Bounds of the Creation, ſhould it for Millions of Years continue its Progreſs through Infinite Space with the ſame Activity, it would ſtill find it ſelf within the Embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the Immenſity of the Godhead. Whilſt we are in the Body he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him*! ſays *Job*. *Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left hand, where he does work, but I*

cannot behold him: he hideth himſelf on the right hand, that I cannot ſee him. In ſhort, Reaſon as well as Revelation aſſures us, that he cannot be abſent from us, notwithſtanding he is undiſcovered by us.

IN this Conſideration of God Almighty's Omnipreſence and Omniſcience, every uncomfortable Thought vaniſhes. He cannot but regard every thing that has Being, eſpecially ſuch of his Creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their Thoughts, and to that Anxiety of Heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this Occaſion: For as it is impoſſible he ſhould overlook any of his Creatures, ſo we may be confident that he regards, with an Eye of Mercy, thoſe who endeavour to recommend themſelves to his Notice, and in an unfeigned Humility of Heart think themſelves unworthy that he ſhould be mindful of them.

Mind 20

N° 566. *Monday, July* 12.

Militiæ Species Amor eſt. —— —— Ovid.

AS my Correſpondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think my ſelf obliged to take ſome Notice of them, and ſhall therefore make this Paper a Miſcellany

lany of Letters. I have, ſince my reaſſuming the Office of SPECTATOR, received abundance of Epiſtles from Gentlemen of the Blade, who, I find, have been ſo uſed to Action that they know not how to lie ſtill: They ſeem generally to be of Opinion, that the Fair at home ought to Reward them for their Services abroad, and that, till the Cauſe of their Country calls them again into the Field, they have a ſort of Right to Quarter themſelves upon the Ladies. In order to favour their Approaches, I am deſired by ſome to enlarge upon the Accompliſhments of their Profeſſion, and by others to give them my Advice in the carrying on of their Attacks. But let us hear what the Gentlemen ſay for themſelves:

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THO' it may look ſomewhat perverſe, 'amidſt the Arts of Peace, to talk 'too much of War, it is but Gratitude to 'pay the laſt Office to its *Manes*, ſince 'even Peace it ſelf is, in ſome Meaſure, 'obliged to it for its Being.

'YOU have, in your former Papers, al-'ways recommended the Accompliſhed to 'the Favour of the Fair; and, I hope, you 'will allow me to repreſent ſome part of 'a Military Life not altogether unneceſſary 'to the forming a Gentleman. I need not 'tell you that in *France*, whoſe Faſhions 'we have been formerly ſo fond of, al-

'moſt

'moſt every one derives his Pretences to 'Merit from the Sword; and that a Man 'has ſcarce the Face to make his Court to a 'Lady, without ſome Credentials from the 'Service to recommend him. As the Pro-'feſſion is very ancient, we have reaſon to 'think ſome of the greateſt Men, among 'the old *Romans*, derived many of their 'Virtues from it, their Commanders be-'ing frequently, in other Reſpects, ſome 'of the moſt ſhining Characters of the 'Age.

'THE Army not only gives a Man Op-'portunities of exerciſing thoſe two great 'Virtues *Patience* and *Courage*, but often 'produces them in Minds where they had 'ſcarce any footing before. I muſt add, 'that it is one of the beſt Schools in the 'World to receive a general Notion of 'Mankind in, and a certain Freedom of 'Behaviour, which is not ſo eaſily acqui-'red in any other Place. At the ſame time 'I muſt own, that ſome Military Airs are 'pretty extraordinary, and that a Man, 'who goes into the Army a Coxcomb, will 'come out of it a ſort of Publick Nuiſance: 'But a Man of Senſe, or one who before 'had not been ſufficiently uſed to a mixed 'Converſation, generally takes the true 'Turn. The Court has in all Ages been 'allowed to be the Standard of Good-'breeding; and, I believe, there is not a 'juſter Obſervation in Monſieur *Rochefou-*

'*cault*,

'*cault*, than that *A Man, who has been bred up wholly to Buſineſs, can never get the Air of a Courtier at Court, but will immediately catch it in the Camp.* The Reaſon of this moſt certainly is, that the very Eſſence of Good-breeding and Politeneſs conſiſts in ſeveral Niceties, which are ſo minute that they eſcape his Obſervation, and he falls ſhort of the Original he would copy after; but when he ſees the ſame things charged and aggravated to a Fault, he no ſooner endeavours to come up to the Pattern, which is ſet before him, than, tho' he ſtops ſomewhat ſhort of that, he naturally reſts where in reality he ought. I was, two or three Days ago, mightily pleaſed with the Obſervation of an humorous Gentleman upon one of his Friends, who was in other Reſpects every way an accompliſhed Perſon, that *He wanted nothing but a Daſh of the Coxcomb in him*; by which he underſtood a little of that Alertneſs and Unconcern in the common Actions of Life, which is uſually ſo viſible among Gentlemen of the Army, and which a Campaign or two would infallibly have given him.

'You will eaſily gueſs, Sir, by this my Panegyrick upon a Military Education, that I am my ſelf a Soldier, and indeed I am ſo; I remember, within 3 Years after I had been in the Army, I was ordered into the Country a Recruiting. I had

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very

'very particular Succeſs in this part of the 'Service, and was over and above aſſured, 'at my going away, that I might have 'taken a young Lady, who was the moſt 'conſiderable Fortune in the County, a-'long with me. I preferred the Purſuit 'of Fame at that time to all other 'Conſiderations, and tho' I was not abſo-'lutely bent on a Wooden Leg, reſolved 'at leaſt to get a Scar or two for the good 'of *Europe*. I have at preſent as much 'as I deſire of this Sort of Honour, and 'if you could recommend me effectually, 'ſhould be well enough contented to paſs 'the Remainder of my Days in the Arms 'of ſome dear kind Creature and upon 'a pretty Eſtate in the Country: This, as 'I take it, would be following the Exam-'ple of *Lucius Cincinnatus*, the Old *Ro-'man* Dictator, who at the end of a War 'left the Camp to follow the Plow. I am, 'Sir, with all imaginable Reſpect,

Your moſt Obedient,
Humble Servant,
Will. Warly.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am an Half-pay Officer, and am at 'preſent with a Friend in the Country. 'Here is a rich Widow in the Neighbour-'hood, who has made Fools of all the 'Fox-hunters within fifty Miles of her.

'She

'She declares she intends to marry, but 'has not yet been asked by the Man 'she could like. She usually admits her 'humble Admirers to an Audience or two, 'but, after she has once given them Denial, 'will never see them more. I am assured, 'by a Female Relation, that I shall have 'fair Play at her; but as my whole Suc-'cess depends on my first Approaches, I 'desire your Advice, whether I had best '*Storm* or proceed by way of *Sap*.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

P. S. 'I had forgot to tell you, that I 'have already carried one of her Out-'works, that is, secured her Maid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have assisted in several Sieges in the '*Low-Countries*, and being still willing 'to employ my Talents, as a Soldier and 'Engineer, lay down this Morning at 'Seven a Clock before the Door of an ob-'stinate Female, who had for some time 'refused me Admittance. I made a Lodg-'ment in an outer Parlour about Twelve: 'The Enemy retired to her Bed-Chamber, 'yet I still pursued, and about Two a Clock 'this Afternoon she thought fit to Capitu-'late. Her Demands are indeed somewhat 'high, in Relation to the Settlement of

'her

'her Fortune. But being in Poſſeſſion of 'the Houſe I intend to inſiſt upon *Carte* '*Blanche*, and am in hopes, by keeping 'off all other Pretenders for the Space of 'twenty four Hours, to ſtarve her into a 'Compliance. I beg your ſpeedy Advice, 'and am,

SIR, Yours,

Peter Puſh.

From my Camp in *Red-Lion* Square, *Saturday* 4 in the Afternoon.

March 20th

N° 567. *Wedneſday, July* 14.

——Inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes.
Virg.

I Have received private Advice from ſome of my Correſpondents, that if I would give my Paper a general Run, I ſhould take care to ſeaſon it with Scandal. I have indeed obſerved of late, that few Writings ſell which are not filled with great Names and illuſtrious Titles. The Reader generally caſts his Eye upon a new Book, and if he finds ſeveral Letters ſeparated from one another by a Daſh, he buys it up and peruſes it with great Satisfacton. An

M and

M and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*, with a ſhort Line between them, has ſold many an inſipid Pamphlet. Nay I have known a whole Edition go off by vertue of two or three well-written *&c*——'*s*.

A ſprinkling of the Words *Faction*, *Frenchman*, *Papiſt*, *Plunderer*, and the like ſignificant Terms, in an Italick Character, have alſo a very good Effect upon the Eye of the Purchaſer; not to mention *Scribler*, *Lier*, *Rogue*, *Raſcal*, *Knave*, and *Villain*, without which it is impoſſible to carry on a Modern Controverſie.

OUR Party-writers are ſo ſenſible of the ſecret Virtue of an Innuendo to recommend their Productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P————t at length, tho' they ſpeak of them with Honour, and with that Deference which is due to them from every private Perſon. It gives a ſecret Satisfaction to a Peruſer of theſe myſterious Works, that he is able to decipher them without help, and, by the Strength of his own natural Parts, to fill up a Blank-Space, or make out a Word that has only the firſt or laſt Letter to it.

SOME of our Authors indeed, when they would be more Satyrical than ordinary, omit only the Vowels of a great Man's Name, and fall moſt unmercifully upon all the Conſonants. This way of writing was firſt of all introduced by *T--m Br--wn*, of facetious Memory, who, after having gut-

ted

ted a Proper Name of all its intermediate Vowels, uſed to plant it in his Works, and make as free with it as he pleaſed, without any danger of the Statute.

THAT I may imitate theſe celebrated Authors, and publiſh a Paper which ſhall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious Libel, in which a Reader of Penetration will find a great deal of concealed Satyr, and if he be acquainted with the preſent Poſture of Affairs, will eaſily diſcover the Meaning of it.

'IF there are *four* Perſons in the Nation who endeavour to bring all things into Confuſion and ruin their native Country, 'I think every honeſt *Engl-ſhm-n* ought to 'be upon his Guard. That there are ſuch 'every one will agree with me, who hears 'me name * * * with his firſt Friend and Favourite * * * not to mention * * * nor * * *. 'Theſe People may cry Ch--rch, Ch--rch, 'as long as they pleaſe, but, to make uſe 'of a homely Proverb, The Proof of the 'P--dd--ng is in the eating. This I am ſure 'of, that if a *certain Prince* ſhould concur 'with a *certain Prelate*, (and we have Monſieur *Z---n*'s Word for it) our Poſterity 'would be in a ſweet P--ckle. Muſt the *Britiſh* Nation ſuffer forſooth, becauſe my 'Lady *Q--p--t--s* has been diſobliged? Or 'is it reaſonable that our *Engliſh* Fleet, 'which uſed to be the Terror of the Ocean, 'ſhould lie Wind-bound for the ſake of

'a——.

'a——. I love to ſpeak out and declare my 'Mind clearly, when I am talking for the 'good of my Country. I will not make 'my Court to an ill Man, tho' he were a '*B—y* or a *T—t*. Nay, I would not ſtick 'to call ſo wretched a Politician a Traitor, 'an Enemy to his Country, and a Bl--n-'d--r--b--ſs, *&c. &c.*

The remaining part of this political Treatiſe, which is written after the manner of the moſt celebrated Authors in *Great Britain*, I may communicate to the Publick at a more convenient Seaſon. In the mean while I ſhall leave this with my curious Reader, as ſome ingenious Writers do their Enigmas, and if any ſagacious Perſon can fairly unriddle it, I will print his Explanation, and, if he pleaſes, acquaint the World with his Name.

I hope this ſhort Eſſay will convince my Readers, it is not for want of Abilities that I avoid State-tracts, and that if I would apply my Mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a Maſter of the Political Scratch as any the moſt eminent Writer of the Age. I ſhall only add, that in order to outſhine all this Modern Race of *Syncopiſts*, and thoroughly content my *Engliſh* Readers, I intend ſhortly to publiſh a SPECTATOR that ſhall not have a ſingle Vowel in it.

N° 568. *Friday, July* 16.

——*Dum recitas, incipit eſſe Tuus.* Mart.

I Was Yeſterday in a Coffee-Houſe not far from the *Royal Exchange*, where I obſerved three Perſons in cloſe Conference over a Pipe of Tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own uſe, I lighted it at the little Wax Candle that ſtood before them; and after having thrown in two or three Whiffs amongſt them, ſat down, and made one of the Company. I need not tell my Reader, that lighting a Man's Pipe at the ſame Candle, is looked upon among Brother-ſmoakers as an Overture to Converſation and Friendſhip. As we here lay our Heads together in a very amicable Manner, being intrenched under a Cloud of our own raiſing, I took up the laſt SPECTATOR, and caſting my Eye over it, *The* SPECTATOR, ſays I, *is very witty to Day*; upon which a luſty lethargick old Gentleman who ſat at the Upper-end of the Table, having gradually blown out of his Mouth a great deal of Smoak, which he had been collecting for ſome Time before, *Ay*, ſays he, *more witty than wiſe I am afraid.* His Neighbour, who ſat at his right Hand, immediately coloured, and being

being an angry Politician, laid down his Pipe with ſo much Wrath that he broke it in the Middle, and by that Means furniſhed me with a Tobacco-ſtopper. I took it up very ſedately, and looking him full in the Face, made uſe of it from Time to Time all the while he was ſpeaking: *This Fellow*, ſays he, *can't for his Life keep out of Politicks. Do you ſee how he abuſes* four *great Men here?* I fix'd my Eye very attentively on the Paper, and asked him if he meant thoſe who were repreſented by Aſterisks. *Aſterisks*, ſays he, *do you call them? They are all of them Stars. He might as well have put Garters to 'em. Then pray do but mind the two or three next Lines! Ch-rch and P-dd-ng in the ſame Sentence! Our Clergy are very much beholden to him.* Upon this the third Gentleman, who was of a mild Diſpoſition, and, as I found, a Whig in his Heart, deſired him not to be too ſevere upon the SPECTATOR neither; *For*, ſays he, *you find he is very cautious of giving Offence, and has therefore put two Daſhes into his Pudding. A Fig for his Daſh*, ſays the angry Politician. *In his next Sentence he gives a plain Innuendo, that our Poſterity will be in a ſweet P--ckle. What does the Fool mean by his Pickle? Why does not he write it at length if he means honeſtly? I have read over the whole Sentence*, ſays I; *but I look upon the Parentheſis in the Belly of it to be the moſt dangerous Part, and*

as full of Inſinuations as it can hold. But who, ſays I, *is my Lady* Q--p--t--s? *Ay, Anſwer that if you can, Sir,* ſays the furious Stateſman to the poor Whig that ſat over-againſt him. But without giving him Time to reply, *I do aſſure you,* ſays he, *were I my Lady* Q--p--t--s, *I would ſue him for* Scandalum Magnatum. *What is the World come to? Muſt every Body be allowed to—?* He had by this time filled a new Pipe, and applying it to his Lips, when we expected the laſt Word of his Sentence, put us off with a Whiff of Tobacco; which he redoubled with ſo much Rage and Trepidation, that he almoſt ſtifled the whole Company. After a ſhort Pauſe, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing ſo many Letters of my Lady *Q--p--t--s*'s Name; *but however,* ſays I, *he has made a little Amends for it in his next Sentence, where he leaves a blank Space without ſo much as a Conſonant to direct us; I mean,* ſays I, *after thoſe Words,* The Fleet, that uſed to be the Terrour of the Ocean, ſhould be Wind-bound for the Sake of a—; *after which enſues a Chaſm, that, in my Opinion, looks modeſt enough. Sir,* ſays my Antagoniſt, *you may eaſily know his Meaning by his gaping; I ſuppoſe he deſigns his Chaſm, as you call it, for an Hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly ſerve his Turn. Who can endure to ſee the great Officers of State, the* B--y's *and* T--t's, *treated*

treated after ſo ſcurrilous a Manner? I can't for my Life, ſays I, *imagine who they are the* SPECTATOR *means? No!* ſays he,—— *Your humble Servant Sir*! Upon which he flung himſelf back in his Chair after a contemptuous Manner, and ſmiled upon the old lethargick Gentleman on his left Hand, who I found was his great Admirer. The Whig however had begun to conceive a Good-will towards me, and ſeeing my Pipe out, very generouſly offered me the uſe of his Box; but I declined it with great Civility, being obliged to meet a Friend about that Time in another Quarter of the City.

AT my leaving the Coffee-houſe, I could not forbear reflecting with my ſelf upon that groſs Tribe of Fools who may be termed the *Over-wiſe*, and upon the Difficulty of writing any thing in this cenſorious Age, which a weak Head may not conſtrue into private Satyr and perſonal Reflection.

A Man who has a good Noſe at an Innuendo, ſmells Treaſon and Sedition in the moſt innocent Words that can be put together, and never ſees a Vice or Folly ſtigmatized, but finds out one or other of his Acquaintance pointed at by the Writer. I remember an empty pragmatical Fellow in the Country, who upon reading over *the whole Duty of Man*, had written the Names of ſeveral Perſons in the Village at the Side

of every Sin which is mentioned by that excellent Author; ſo that he had converted one of the beſt Books in the World into a Libel againſt the 'Squire, Churchwardens, Overſeers of the Poor, and all other the moſt conſiderable Perſons in the Pariſh. This Book with theſe extraordinary marginal Notes fell accidentally into the Hands of one who had never ſeen it before; upon which there aroſe a current Report that Some-body had written a Book againſt the 'Squire and the whole Pariſh. The Miniſter of the Place having at that Time a Controverſie with ſome of his Congregation upon the Account of his Tythes, was under ſome Suſpicion of being the Author, 'till the good Man ſet his People right by ſhewing them that the ſatyrical Paſſages might be applied to ſeveral others of two or three neighbouring Villages, and that the Book was writ againſt all the Sinners in *England*.

March 20th

N° 569. *Monday, July* 19.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis
Et torquere mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborent,
An ſit amicitia dignus ——— Hor.

NO Vices are ſo incurable as thoſe which Men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how Drunkenneſs ſhould

ſhould have the good Luck to be of this Number. *Anacharſis*, being invited to a Match of Drinking at *Corinth*, demanded the Prize very humourouſly, becauſe he was drunk before any of the reſt of the Company; for, ſays he, when we run a Race, he who arrives at the Goal firſt is entitled to the Reward. On the contrary, in this thirſty Generation the Honour falls upon him who carries off the greateſt Quantity of Liquor, and knocks down the reſt of the Company, I was the other Day with honeſt *Will. Funnell* the *Weſt Saxon*, who was reckoning up how much Liquor had paſt through him in the laſt twenty Years of his Life, which, according to his Computation, amounted to twenty three Hogſheads of October, four Ton of Port, half a Kilderkin of ſmall Beer, nineteen Barrels of Cider, and three Glaſſes of Champaign; beſides which, he had aſſiſted at four hundred Bowls of Punch, not to mention Sips, Drams, and Whets without Number. I queſtion not but every Reader's Memory will ſuggeſt to him ſeveral ambitious young Men, who are as vain in this Particular as *Will. Funnell*, and can boaſt of as glorious Exploits.

OUR modern Philoſophers obſerve, that there is a general Decay of Moiſture in the Globe of the Earth. This they chiefly aſcribe to the Growth of Vegetables, which incorporate into their own Subſtance

many fluid Bodies that never return again to their former Nature; But, with Submiſſion, they ought to throw into their Account thoſe innumerable rational Beings which fetch their Nouriſhment chiefly out of Liquids; eſpecially when we conſider that Men, compared with their Fellow-Creatures, drink much more than comes to their Share.

BUT however highly this Tribe of People may think of themſelves, a drunken Man is a greater Monſter than any that is to be found among all the Creatures which God has made, as indeed there is no Character which appears more deſpicable and deformed, in the Eyes of all reaſonable Perſons, than that of a Drunkard. *Bonoſus*, one of our own Countrymen, who was addicted to this Vice, having ſet up for a Share in the *Roman* Empire, and being defeated in a great Battle, hang'd himſelf. When he was ſeen by the Army in this melancholly Situation, notwithſtanding he had behaved himſelf very bravely, the common Jeſt was, That the Thing they ſaw hanging upon the Tree before them, was not a Man but a Bottle.

THIS Vice has very fatal Effects on the Mind, the Body, and Fortune of the Perſon who is devoted to it.

IN regard to the Mind, it firſt of all diſcovers every Flaw in it. The ſober Man, by the Strength of Reaſon, may keep under

der and ſubdue every Vice or Folly to which he is moſt inclined; but Wine makes every latent Seed ſprout up in the Soul, and ſhew it ſelf. It gives Fury to the Paſſions, and Force to thoſe Objects which are apt to produce them. When a young Fellow complained to an old Philoſopher that his Wife was not handſome, Put leſs Water in your Wine, ſays the Philoſopher, and you'll quickly make her ſo. Wine heightens Indifference into Love, Love into Jealouſie, and Jealouſie into Madneſs. It often turns the Good-natured Man into an Ideot, and the Cholerick into an Aſſaſſin. It gives Bitterneſs to Reſetment, it makes Vanity inſupportable, and diſplays every little Spot of the Soul in its utmoſt Deformity.

NOR does this Vice only betray the hidden Faults of a Man, and ſhew them in the moſt odious Colours, but often occaſions Faults to which he is not naturally ſubject. There is more of Turn than of Truth in a Saying of *Seneca*, That Drunkenneſs does not produce but diſcover Faults. Common Experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a Man out of himſelf, and infuſes Qualities into the Mind, which ſhe is a Stranger to in her ſober Moments. The Perſon you converſe with, after the third Bottle, is not the ſame Man who at firſt ſat down at Table with you. Upon this Maxim is founded one of the prettieſt

Sayings

Sayings I ever met with, which is aſcribed to *Publius Syrus*, *Qui ebrium ludificat lædit abſentem*; *He, who jeſts upon a Man that is drunk, injures the Abſent.*

THUS does Drunkenneſs act in direct Contradiction to Reaſon, whoſe Buſineſs it is to clear the Mind of every Vice which is crept into it, and to guard it againſt all the Approaches of any that endeavours to make its Entrance. But beſides theſe ill Effects which this Vice produces in the Perſon who is actually under its Dominion, it has alſo a bad Influence on the Mind even in its ſober Moments; as it inſenſibly weakens the Underſtanding, impairs the Memory, and makes thoſe Faults habitual which are produced by frequent Exceſſes.

I ſhould now proceed to ſhew the ill Effects which this Vice has on the Bodies and Fortunes of Men; but theſe I ſhall reſerve for the Subject of ſome future Paper.

N° 570. *Wedneſday, July* 21.

——*Nugæque canoræ.* Hor.

THERE is ſcarce a Man living who is not actuated by Ambition. When this Principle meets with an honeſt Mind and great Abilities, it does infinite Service to the World; on the contrary,

trary, when a Man only thinks of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous Creature. I ſhall here confine my ſelf to that petty kind of Ambition, by which ſome Men grow eminent for odd Accompliſhments and trivial Performances. How many are there whoſe whole Reputation depends upon a Punn or a Quibble? You may often ſee an Artiſt in the Streets gain a Circle of Admirers, by carrying a long Pole upon his Chin or Forehead in a perpendicular Poſture. Ambition has taught ſome to write with their Feet, and others to walk upon their Hands. Some *tumble* into Fame, others grow immortal by throwing themſelves through a Hoop.

Cætera de genere hoc adeò ſunt multa, loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium——

I am led into this Train of Thought by an Adventure I lately met with.

I was the other Day at a Tavern, where the Maſter of the Houſe accommodating us himſelf with every thing we wanted, I accidently fell into a Diſcourſe with him; and talking of a certain great Man, who ſhall be nameleſs, he told me, That he had ſometimes the Honour *to treat him with a Whiſtle*; (adding by the way of Parentheſis) *For you muſt know, Gentlemen, that I whiſtle the beſt of any Man in* Europe. This naturally

naturally put me upon deſiring him to give us a Sample of his Art; upon which he called for a Caſe-Knife, and applying the Edge of it to his Mouth, converted it into a muſical Inſtrument, and entertained me with an *Italian* Solo. Upon laying down the Knife, he took up a Pair of clean Tobacco-Pipes; and after having ſlid the ſmall End of them over the Table in a moſt melodious Trill, he fetched a Tune out of them, whiſtling to them at the ſame time in Conſort. In ſhort, the Tobacco-Pipes became *Muſical Pipes* in the Hands of our Virtuoſo; who confeſſed to me ingenuouſly, he had broke ſuch Quantities of them, that he had almoſt broke himſelf, before he had brought this Piece of Muſick to any tolerable Perfection. I then told him I would bring a Company of Friends to dine with him the next Week, as an Encouragement to his Ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, ſaying, That he would provide himſelf with a new Frying-Pan againſt that Day. I replied, That it was no Matter; Roaſt and Boiled would ſerve our Turn. He ſmiled at my Simplicity, and told me, That it was his Deſign to give us a Tune upon it. As I was ſurpriſed at ſuch a Promiſe, he ſent for an old Frying-Pan, and grating it upon the Board, whiſtled to it in ſuch a melodious Manner, that you could ſcarce diſtinguiſh it from a Baſe-Viol. He then took his Seat with us

at

at the Table, and hearing my Friend that was with me humm over a Tune to himſelf, he told him if he would ſing out he would accompany his Voice with a Tobacco-Pipe. As my Friend has an agreeable Baſe, he choſe rather to ſing to the Frying-Pan; and indeed between them they made up a moſt extraordinary Conſort. Finding our Landlord ſo great a Proficient in Kitchen-Muſick, I asked him if he was Maſter of the Tongs and Key. He told me that he had laid it down ſome Years ſince, as a little unfaſhionable; but that if I pleaſed he would give me a Leſſon upon the Gridiron. He then informed me that he had added two Bars to the Gridiron, in order to give it a greater Compaſs of Sound; and I perceived was as well pleaſed with the Invention, as *Sappho* could have been upon adding two Strings to the Lute. To be ſhort, I found that his whole Kitchen was furniſhed with muſical Inſtruments; and could not but look upon this Artiſt as a kind of Burleſque Muſician.

HE afterwards of his own Accord fell into the Imitation of ſeveral Singing-Birds. My Friend and I toaſted our Miſtreſſes to the Nightingale, when all of a ſudden we were ſurprized with the Muſick of the Thruſh. He next proceeded to the Sky-Lark, mounting up by a proper Scale of Notes, and afterwards falling to the Ground with a very eaſie and regular Deſcent. He then

then contracted his Whiſtle to the Voice of ſeveral Birds of the ſmalleſt Size. As he is a Man of a larger Bulk and higher Stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a Giant when you looked upon him, and a Tom-Tit when you ſhut your Eyes. I muſt not omit acquainting my Reader, that this accompliſhed Perſon was formerly the Maſter of a Toy-ſhop near *Temple-Bar*; and that the famous *Charles Mathers* was bred up under him. I am told that the Misfortunes which he has met with in the World, are chiefly owing to his great Application to his Muſick; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my Readers as one who deſerves their Favour, and may afford them great Diverſion over a Bottle of Wine, which he ſells at the Queen's Arms, near the End of the little Piazza in *Covent-Garden*.

N° 571. *Friday, July* 23.

——*Cœlum quid quærimus ultra?* Luc.

AS the Work, I have engaged in, will not only conſiſt of Papers of Humour and Learning, but of ſeveral Eſſays Moral and Divine, I ſhall publiſh the following one, which is founded on a former SPECTATOR, and ſent me by a particular

ticular Friend, not queſtioning but it will pleaſe ſuch of my Readers as think it no Diſparagement to their Underſtandings to give way ſometimes to a ſerious Thought.

SIR,

IN your Paper of *Friday* the 9th Inſtant, you had Occaſion to conſider the Ubiquity of the Godhead, and, at the ſame time, to ſhew, that as he is preſent to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the Modes and Parts of its Exiſtence; or, in other Words, that his Omniſcience and Omnipreſence are coexiſtent, and run together through the whole Infinitude of Space. This Conſideration might furniſh us with many Incentives to Devotion and Motives to Morality, but as this Subject has been handled by ſeveral excellent Writers, I ſhall conſider it in a Light wherein I have not ſeen it placed by others.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being who is thus preſent with his Maker, but, at the ſame time, receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Preſence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the Condition of an intellectual Being who feels no other Effects from this his Preſence but ſuch as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation!

Thirdly,

Thirdly, How happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being who is ſenſible of his Maker's Preſence from the ſecret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kindneſs!

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but, at the ſame time, receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Preſence! Every Particle of Matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which paſſes through it. The Heavens and the Earth, the Stars and Planets, move and gravitate by Vertue of this great Principle within them. All the dead Parts of Nature are invigorated by the Preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective Qualities. The ſeveral Inſtincts, in the brute Creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral Ends which are agreeable to them by this Divine Energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his Preſence, receives none of thoſe Advantages from it, which are perfective of his Nature and neceſſary to his Well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no Advantage to him. It is the ſame thing to a Man without Religion, as if there were no God in the World. It is indeed impoſſible for an infinite Being to remove himſelf from any of his Creatures, but tho' he cannot withdraw his Eſſence from us, which

would

would argue an Imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the Joys and Conſolations of it. His Preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our Exiſtence; but he may leave this our Exiſtence to it ſelf, with regard to its Happineſs or Miſery. For, in this Senſe, he may caſt us away from his Preſence, and take his Holy Spirit from us. This ſingle Conſideration one would think ſufficient to make us open our Hearts to all thoſe Infuſions of Joy and Gladneſs which are ſo near at Hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, *Secondly*, The deplorable Condition of an intellectual Being who feels no other Effects from his Maker's Preſence, but ſuch as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation!

WE may aſſure our ſelves, that the great Author of Nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to any of his Creatures. Thoſe who will not feel him in his Love, will be ſure at length to feel him in his Diſpleaſure. And how dreadful is the Condition of that Creature who is only ſenſible of the Being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! He is as eſſentially preſent in Hell as in Heaven, but the Inhabitants of thoſe accurſed Places behold him only in his Wrath, and ſhrink within their Flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the Power of Imagination to conceive the fearful Effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

BUT I ſhall only conſider the Wretchedneſs of an intellectual Being, who, in this Life, lies under the Diſpleaſure of Him, that at all Times and in all Places is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the Soul, and vex it in all its Faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt Comforts of Life from refreſhing us, and give an Edge to every one of its ſlighteſt Calamities. Who then can bear the Thought of being an Out-caſt from his Preſence, that is, from the Comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its Terrors? How pathetick is that Expoſtulation of *Job*, when, for the Trial of his Patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable Condition! *Why haſt thou ſet me as a Mark againſt thee, ſo that I am become a burden to my ſelf?* But, *Thirdly*, how happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's Preſence from the ſecret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kindneſs!

THE Bleſſed in Heaven behold him Face to Face, that is, are as ſenſible of his Preſence as we are of the Preſence of any Perſon, whom we look upon with our Eyes. There is doubtleſs a Faculty in Spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our Senſes do material Objects; and there is no Queſtion but our Souls, when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified Bodies, will by this Faculty, in whatever part of Space

Space they reſide, be always *ſenſible* of the Divine Preſence. We, who have this Veil of Fleſh ſtanding between us and the World of Spirits, muſt be Content to know that the Spirit of God is preſent with us, by the Effects which he produceth in us. Our outward Senſes are too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and ſee how Gracious he is, by his Influence upon our Minds, by thoſe Virtuous Thoughts which he awakens in us, by thoſe ſecret Comforts and Refreſhments, which he conveys into our Souls, and by thoſe raviſhing Joys and inward Satisfactions, which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the Thoughts of good Men. He is lodged in our very Eſſence; and is as a Soul within the Soul, to irradiate its Underſtanding, rectifie its Will, purifie its Paſſions, and enliven all the Powers of Man. How happy therefore is an intellectual Being, who, by Prayer and Meditation, by Virtue and good Works, opens this Communication between God and his own Soul! Tho' the whole Creation frowns upon him, and all Nature looks black about him, he has his Light and Support within him, that are able to cheer his Mind, and bear him up, in the midſt of all thoſe Horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his Helper is at Hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe can be, which is capable of Annoying or Terrifying him: In the midſt

of Calumny or Contempt, he attends to that Being who whiſpers better Things within his Soul, and whom he looks upon as his Defender, his Glory, and the Lifter up of his Head. In his deepeſt Solitude and Retirement, he knows that he is in Company with the greateſt of Beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real Senſations of his Preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the Converſation of his Creatures. Even in the Hour of Death, he conſiders the Pains of his Diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking down of that Partition, which ſtands betwixt his Soul, and the ſight of that Being, who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt it ſelf to him in fullneſs of Joy.

IF we would be thus Happy, and thus Senſible of our Maker's Preſence, from the ſecret Effects of his Mercy and Goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a Watch over all our Thoughts, that, in the Language of the Scripture, his Soul may have Pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his Holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the Meditations of our Hearts always acceptable in his Sight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The Light of Nature could direct *Seneca* to this Doctrine, in a very remarkable Paſſage among his Epiſtles. *Sacer ineſt in nobis ſpiritus bonorum malorumque cuſtos, & Obſervator, & quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita & ille nos.*

There

There is a Holy Spirit reſiding in us, who watches and obſerves both Good and Evil Men, and will treat us after the ſame manner that we treat him. But I ſhall conclude this Diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical Words in Divine Revelation, *If a Man love me, he will keep my Word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our Abode with him.*

Nº 572. *Monday, July* 26.

Quod medicorum eſt
Promittant medici ——— Hor.

I Am the more pleaſed with theſe my Papers, ſince I find they have encouraged ſeveral Men of Learning and Wit to become my Correſpondents: I Yeſterday received the following Eſſay againſt Quacks, which I ſhall here communicate to my Readers for the Good of the Publick, begging the Writer's Pardon for thoſe Additions and Retrenchments which I have made in it.

THE Deſire of Life is ſo natural and ſtrong a Paſſion, that I have long ſince ceaſed to wonder at the great Encouragement which the Practice of Phyſick finds among us. Well-conſtituted Governments have always made the Profeſſion of a Phy-

ſician both honourable and advantageous. *Homer*'s *Machaon* and *Virgil*'s *Japis* were Men of Renown, Heroes in War, and made at leaſt as much havock among their Enemies as among their Friends. Thoſe who have little or no Faith in the Abilities of a Quack will apply themſelves to him, either becauſe he is willing to ſell Health at a reaſonable Profit, or becauſe the Patient, like a drowning Man, catches at every Twig, and hopes for Relief from the moſt ignorant, when the moſt able Phyſicians give him none. Tho' Impudence and many Words are as neceſſary to theſe Itinerary *Galens* as a laced Hat or a merry *Andrew*, yet they would turn very little to the Advantage of the Owner, if there were not ſome inward Diſpoſition in the ſick Man to favour the Pretenſions of the Mountebank. Love of Life in the one, and of Mony in the other, creates a good Correſpondence between them.

THERE is ſcarce a City in *Great Britain* but has one of this Tribe, who takes it into his Protection, and on the Market-Day harrangues the good People of the Place with Aphoriſms and Receipts. You may depend upon it, he comes not there for his own private Intereſt, but out of a particular Affection to the Town. I remember one of theſe Publick-ſpirited Artiſts at *Hammerſmith*, who told his Audience, 'that he had, been born and bred there, and that

'ha-

'ving a ſpecial Regard for the Place of his 'Nativity, he was determined to make a 'Preſent of Five Shillings to as many as 'would accept of it.' The whole Crowd ſtood agape, and ready to take the Doctor at his Word; when putting his Hand into a long Bag, as every one was expecting his Crown Piece, he drew out an handful of little Packets, each of which he informed the Spectators was conſtantly ſold at Five Shillings and ſix Pence, but that he would bate the odd Five Shillings to every Inhabitant of that Place: The whole Aſſembly immediately cloſed with this generous Offer, and took off all his Phyſick, after the Doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no Foreigners among them, but that they were all *Hammerſmith* Men.

THERE is another Branch of Pretenders to this Art, who, without either Horſe or Pickle-Herring, lie ſnug in a Garret, and ſend down Notice to the World of their extraordinary Parts and Abilities by Printed Bills and Advertiſements. Theſe ſeem to have derived their Cuſtom from an *Eaſtern* Nation which *Herodotus* ſpeaks of, among whom it was a Law, that whenever any Cure was performed, both the Method of the Cure, and an account of the Diſtemper, ſhould be fixed in ſome publick Place; but as Cuſtoms will corrupt, theſe our Moderns provide themſelves of Perſons to atteſt the Cure, before they publiſh or make an Experiment

of the Preſcription. I have heard of a Porter, who ſerves as a Knight of the Poſt under one of theſe Operators, and tho' he was never ſick in his Life has been cured of all the Diſeaſes in the Diſpenſary. Theſe are the Men whoſe Sagacity has invented Elixirs of all ſorts, Pills and Lozenges, and take it as an Affront if you come to them before you are given over by every body elſe. Their Medicines *are infallible, and never fail of Succeſs*, that is, of enriching the Doctor, and ſetting the Patient effectually at Reſt.

I lately dropt into a Coffee-houſe at *Weſtminſter*, where I found the Room hung round with Ornaments of this Nature. There were Elixirs, Tinctures, the *Anodine Fotus*, *Engliſh* Pills, Electuaries, and in ſhort, more Remedies than I believe there are Diſeaſes. At the Sight of ſo many Inventions, I could not but imagine my ſelf in a kind of Arſenal or Magazine, where ſtore of Arms was repoſited againſt any ſudden Invaſion. Should you be attack'd by the Enemy Side-ways, here was an infallible Piece of defenſive Armour to cure the Pleuriſie: Should a Diſtemper beat up your Head-Quarters, here you might purchaſe an impenetrable Helmet, or in the Language of the Artiſt, a Cephalic Tincture: If your main Body be aſſaulted, here are various kinds of Armour in Caſe of various Onſets. I began to Congratulate the preſent Age upon the happineſs

neſs Men might reaſonable hope for in Life, when Death was thus in a manner defeated; and when Pain it ſelf would be of ſo ſhort a Duration, that it would but juſt ſerve to enhance the Value of Pleaſure. While I was in theſe Thoughts, I unluckily call'd to mind a Story of an ingenious Gentleman of the laſt Age, who lying violently afflicted with the Gout, a Perſon came and offer'd his Service to Cure him by a Method, which he aſſured him was infallible; the Servant who receiv'd the Meſſage carried it up to his Maſter, who enquiring whether the Perſon came on Foot or in a Chariot; and being informed that he was on Foot; *Go*, ſays he, *ſend the Knave about his Buſineſs: Was his method as Infallible as he pretends, he would long before now have been in his Coach and Six.* In like manner I concluded, that had all theſe Advertiſers arrived to that Skill they pretend to, they would have had no need for ſo many Years ſucceſſively to publiſh to the World the Place of their Abode, and the Virtues of their Medicines. One of theſe Gentlemen indeed pretends to an Effectual Cure for Leanneſs: What Effects it may have had upon thoſe who have try'd it I cannot tell; but I am credibly inform'd, that the Call for it has been ſo great that it has effectually cured the Doctor himſelf of that Diſtemper. Could each of them produce ſo good an Inſtance of the Succeſs of his Medicines, they might ſoon perſuade the World into an Opinion of them.

I obſerve that moſt of the Bills agree in one Expreſſion, *viz.* that (*with God's Bleſſing*) they perform ſuch and ſuch Cures: This Expreſſion is certainly very proper and emphatical, for that is all they have for it. And if ever a Cure is performed on a Patient where they are concerned, they can claim no greater Share in it than *Virgil's Japis* in the curing of *Æneas*; he tried his Skill, was very Aſſiduous about the Wound, and indeed was the only viſible Means that relieved the Heroe; but the Poet aſſures us it was the particular Aſſiſtance of a Deity that ſpeeded the Operation. An *Engliſh* Reader may ſee the whole Story in Mr. *Dryden*'s Tranſlation.

Prop'd on his Lance the penſive Heroe ſtood,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the mourning Crowd.
The fam'd Phyſician tucks his Robes around,
With ready Hands, and haſtens to the Wound.
With gentle Touches, he performs his Part,
This way and that, ſolliciting the Dart,
And exerciſes all his Heav'nly Art.
All ſoftning Simples, known of Sov'reign Uſe,
He preſſes out, and pours their noble Juice;
Theſe firſt infus'd, to leniſie the Pain,
He tugs with Pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then, to the Patron of his Art he pray'd;
The Patron of his Art refus'd his Aid.
But now the Goddeſs Mother, mov'd with Grief,
And pierc'd with Pity, haſtens her Relief.
A Branch of healing Dittany *ſhe brought,*
Which in the Cretan *Fields with Care ſhe ſought:*

Rough

Rough is the Stem, which woolly Leaves ſurround;
The Leaves with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs with Purple crown'd:
Well known to wounded Goats; a ſure Relief
To draw the pointed Steel, and eaſe the Grief.
This Venus *brings, in Clouds involv'd; and brews*
Th' extracted Liquor with Ambroſian *Dews,*
And od'rous Panacee: *Unſeen ſhe ſtands,*
Temp'ring the Mixture with her Heav'nly Hands:
And pours it in a Bowl, already crown'd
With Juice of medc'nal Herbs, prepar'd to bathe the Wound.
The Leech, unknowing of ſuperior Art,
Which aids the Cure, with this foments the Part;
And in a Moment ceas'd the raging Smart.
Stanch'd is the Blood, and in the Bottom ſtands:
The Steel, but ſcarcely touch'd with tender Hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own Accord;
And Health and Vigour are at once reſtor'd.
Iäpis *firſt perceiv'd the cloſing Wound;*
And firſt the Footſteps of a God he found.
Arms, Arms, he cries, the Sword and Shield prepare,
And ſend the willing Chief, renew'd to War.
This is no Mortal Work, no Cure of mine,
Nor Art's Effect, but done by Hands Divine.

June 21

N° 573. *Wedneſday, July* 28.

——*Caſtigata remordent.* Juv.

MY Paper on the Club of Widows, has brought me in ſeveral Letters; and, among the reſt, a long one from Mrs. Preſident, as follows.

Smart

Smart SIR,

'YOU are pleaſed to be very merry, as
' you imagine, with us Widows:
' And you ſeem to ground your Satyr on
' our receiving Conſolation ſo ſoon after
' the Death of our Dears, and the Num-
' ber we are pleaſed to admit for our Com-
' panions; but you never reflect what Huſ-
' bands we have buryed, and how ſhort a
' Sorrow the Loſs of them was capable of
' occaſioning. For my own Part, Mrs.
' Preſident as you call me, my Firſt Huſ-
' band I was Marry'd to at Fourteen, by
' by my Uncle and Guardian, (as I after-
' wards diſcovered) by way of Sale, for
' the Third Part of my Fortune. This
' Fellow looked upon me as a meer Child,
' he might breed up after his own Fancy;
' if he kiſſed my Chamber-Maid before my
' Face, I was ſuppoſed ſo ignorant, how
' could I think there was any Hurt in it?
' When he came home Roaring Drunk at
' five in the Morning, 'twas the Cuſtom
' of all Men that live in the World. I was
' not to ſee a Penny of Mony, for, poor
' Thing, how could I manage it? He took
' a handſome Couſin of his into the Houſe,
' (as he ſaid) to be my Houſe-keeper, and
' to govern my Servants; for how ſhould
' I know how to rule a Family? and while
' ſhe had what Mony ſhe pleaſed, which
' was but reaſonable for the Trouble ſhe

was

'was at for my good, I was not to be ſo 'Cenſorious as to diſlike Familiarity and 'Kindneſs between near Relations. I was 'too great a Coward to contend, but not 'ſo ignorant a Child to be thus impoſed 'upon. I reſented his Contempt as I ought 'to do, and as moſt poor paſſive blinded 'Wives do, 'till it pleaſed Heaven to take 'away my Tyrant, who left me free Poſ-'ſeſſion of my own Land, and a large Join-'ture. My Youth and Mony brought me 'many Lovers, and ſeveral endeavoured 'to eſtabliſh an Intereſt in my Heart while 'my Husband was in his laſt Sickneſs; the 'Honourable *Edward Waitfort* was one 'of the Firſt who Addreſſed to me, adviſed 'to it by a Couſin of his that was my in-'timate Friend, and knew to a Penny 'what I was worth. Mr. *Waitfort* is a ve-'ry agreeable Man, and every Body would 'like him as well as he does himſelf, if 'they did not plainly ſee that his Eſteem 'and Love is all taken up, and by ſuch 'an Object as 'tis impoſſible to get the 'better of, I mean himſelf. He made no 'doubt of marrying me within Four or 'Five Months, and begun to proceed with 'ſuch an aſſured eaſie Air, that piqued my 'Pride not to baniſh him; quite contrary, 'out of pure Malice, I heard his firſt De-'claration with ſo much innocent Surpriſe, 'and bluſhed ſo prettily, I perceived it 'touched his very Heart, and he thought

'me

'me the beſt-natured Silly poor thing upon 'Earth. When a Man has ſuch a Notion 'of a Woman, he loves her better than he 'thinks he does. I was over-joyed to be 'thus revenged on him, for deſigning 'on my Fortune; and finding 'twas in my 'Power to make his Heart ake, I reſol-'ved to compleat my Conqueſt, and en-'tertained ſeveral other Pretenders. The 'firſt Impreſſion of my undeſigning Inno-'cence was ſo ſtrong in his Head, he at-'tributed all my Followers to the inevita-'ble Force of my Charms, and from ſeve-'ral Bluſhes, and ſide Glances, concluded 'himſelf the Favourite; and when I uſed 'him like a Dog for my Diverſion, he 'thought it was all Prudence and Fear, and 'pitied the Violence I did my own Incli-'nations, to comply with my Friends, 'when I marry'd Sir *Nicholas Fribble* of 'Sixty Years of Age. You know Sir, the 'Caſe of Mrs. *Medlar*, I hope you would 'not have had me cry out my Eyes for 'ſuch a Husband. I ſhed Tears enough 'for my Widowhood a Week after my 'Marriage, and when he was put in his 'Grave, reckoning he had been two Years 'Dead, and my ſelf a Widow of that ſtand-'ing, I married three Weeks afterwards '*John Sturdy*, Eſq; his next Heir. I had 'indeed ſome Thoughts of taking Mr. '*Waitfort*, but I found he could ſtay, and 'beſides he thought it indecent to ask me

'to

'to Marry again 'till my Year was out; ſo 'privately reſolving him for my Fourth, I 'I took Mr. *Sturdy* for the preſent. Would 'you believe it Sir, Mr. *Sturdy* was juſt 'Five and Twenty, about ſix Foot high, 'and the ſtouteſt Fox-hunter in the Coun-'try, and I believe I wiſhed Ten thouſand 'times for my Old *Fribble* again; he was 'following his Dogs all the Day, and all 'the Night keeping them up at Table with 'him and his Companions; however I 'think my ſelf obliged to them for lead-'ing him a Chaſe in which he broke his 'Neck. Mr. *Waitfort* begun his Addreſ-'ſes anew, and I verily believe I had Mar-'ried him now, but there was a young Of-'ficer in the Guards, that had debauched 'two or three of my Acquaintance, and I 'could not forbear being a little vain of 'his Courtſhip. Mr. *Waitfort* heard of it, 'and read me ſuch an inſolent Lecture up-'on the Conduct of Women, I Married 'the Officer that very Day, out of pure 'Spite to him. Half an Hour after I was 'Married I received a Penitential Letter 'from the Honourable Mr. *Edward Wait-'fort*, in which he begged Pardon for his 'Paſſion, as proceeding from the Violence 'of his Love: I triumphed when I Read 'it, and could not help, out of the Pride 'of my Heart, ſhewing it to my new 'Spouſe; and we were very merry together 'upon it. Alas! my Mirth laſted a ſhort time;

‘ time; my young Husband was very much
‘ in Debt when I marryed him, and his firſt
‘ Action afterwards was to ſet up a gilt
‘ Chariot and Six, in fine Trappings before
‘ and behind. I had married ſo haſtily, I
‘ had not the Prudence to reſerve my E-
‘ ſtate in my own Hands; my ready Mo-
‘ ny was loſt in two Nights at the Groom
‘ Porter's; and my Diamond Necklace,
‘ which was ſtole I did not know how, I
‘ met in the Street upon *Jenny Wheadle*'s
‘ Neck. My Plate vaniſhed Piece by Piece,
‘ and I had been reduced to downright
‘ Pewter, if my Officer had not been deli-
‘ ciouſly killed in a Duel, by a Fellow that
‘ had cheated him of Five hundred Pounds,
‘ and afterwards, at his own Requeſt, ſa-
‘ tisfy'd him and me too, by running him
‘ through the Body. Mr. *Waitfort* was
‘ ſtill in Love, and told me ſo again; to
‘ prevent all Fears of ill Uſage, he deſired
‘ me to reſerve every thing in my own
‘ Hands; but now my Acquaintance be-
‘ gun to wiſh me Joy of his Conſtancy, my
‘ Charms were declining, and I could not
‘ reſiſt the Delight I took in ſhewing the
‘ young Flirts about Town, it was yet in
‘ my Power to give Pain to a Man of Senſe:
‘ This and ſome private Hopes he would
‘ hang himſelf, and what a Glory would it
‘ be for me, and how I ſhould be envy'd,
‘ made me accept of being third Wife to
‘ my Lord *Friday*. I propoſed, from my

‘ Rank

'Rank and his Eſtate, to live in all the 'Joys of Pride, but how was I miſtaken? 'he was neither extravagant, not ill-natur-'ed, nor debauched; I ſuffered however 'more with him than with all my others. 'He was ſplenatick. I was forced to ſit 'whole Days harkening to his imaginary 'Ails; it was impoſſible to tell what would 'pleaſe him; what he liked when the Sun 'ſhined, made him ſick when it rained; 'he had no Diſtemper, but lived in con-'ſtant Fear of them all; my good Genius 'dictated to me to bring him acquainted 'with Doctor *Gruel*; from that Day he was 'always contented, becauſe he had Names 'for all his Complaints; the good Doctor 'furniſhed him with Reaſons for all his 'Pains, and Preſcriptions for every Fancy 'that troubled him; in hot Weather he 'lived upon Juleps, and let Blood to pre-'vent Feavers; when it grew cloudy he 'generally apprehended a Conſumption; 'to ſhorten the Hiſtory of this wretched 'Part of my Life, he ruined a good 'Conſtitution by endeavouring to mend 'it, and took ſeveral Medicines, which 'ended in taking the grand Remedy, which 'cured both him and me of all our Unea-'ſineſſes. After his Death, I did not ex-'pect to hear any more of Mr. *Waitfort*, 'I knew he had renounced me to all his 'Friends, and been very witty upon my 'Choice, which he affected to talk of

'with great Indifferency; I gave over
'thinking of him, being told that he was
'engaging with a pretty Woman and a
'great Fortune; it vexed me a little, but
'not enough to make me neglect the Ad-
'vice of my Couſin *Wiſhwell*, that came
'to ſee me, the Day my Lord went into
'the Country with *Ruſſel*; ſhe told me ex-
'perimentally, nothing put an unfaithful
'Lover and a dear Husband ſo ſoon out
'of ones Head, as a new one; and, at the
'the ſame time, propoſed to me a Kinſ-
'man of hers; you underſtand enough of
'the World (ſaid ſhe) to know Mony is
'the moſt valuable Conſideration, he is
'very rich, and I'm ſure cannot live long,
'he has a Cough that muſt carry him off
'ſoon. I knew afterwards ſhe had given
'the ſelf-ſame Character of me to him;
'but however I was ſo much perſwaded
'by her, I haſtened on the Match, for fear
'he ſhould die before the time came; he
'had the ſame Fears, and was ſo preſ-
'ſing, I married him in a Fortnight, re-
'ſolving to keep it private a Fortnight
'longer. During this Fortnight Mr. *Wait-*
'*fort* came to make me a Viſit, he told
'me he had waited on me ſooner, but
'had that Reſpect for me, he would not
'interrupt me in the firſt Day of my Af-
'fliction for my dead Lord; that as ſoon
'as he heard I was at Liberty to make a-
'nother Choice, he had broke off a Match

'very

'very advantagious for his Fortune, juſt 'upon the Point of Concluſion, and was 'forty times more in Love with me than 'ever. I never received more Pleaſure 'in my Life than from this Declaration, 'but I compoſed my Face to a grave Air, 'and ſaid the News of his Engagement had 'touched me to the Heart, that in a raſh 'jealous Fit, I had married a Man I could 'never have thought on if I had not loſt 'all Hopes of him. Good-natured Mr. '*Waitfort* had like to have dropped down 'dead at hearing this, but went from me 'with ſuch an Air as plainly ſhewed me he 'laid all the Blame upon himſelf, and ha-'ted thoſe Friends that had adviſed him to 'the fatal Application; he ſeemed as much 'touched by my Misfortune as his own, for 'he had not the leaſt Doubt I was ſtill paſ-'ſionately in Love with him. The truth 'of the Story is, my new Husband gave 'me reaſon to repent I had not ſtaid for 'him; he had married me for my Mony, 'and I ſoon found he loved Mony to Di-'ſtraction; there was nothing he would 'not do to get it, nothing he would not 'ſuffer to preſerve it; the ſmalleſt Expence 'kept him awake whole Nights, and when 'he paid a Bill, 'twas with as many Sighs, 'and after as many Delays, as a Man that 'endures the Loſs of a Limb. I heard no-'thing but Reproofs for Extravagancy, 'whatever I did. I ſaw very well that he

'would have ſtarved me, but for loſing 'my Jointures; and he ſuffered Agonies 'between the Grief of ſeeing me have ſo 'good a Stomach, and the Fear that if he 'made me faſt it might prejudice my 'Health. I did not doubt he would have 'broke my Heart, if I did not break his, 'which was allowable by the Law of Self-'defence; the Way was very eaſie. I re-'ſolved to ſpend as much Mony as I could, 'and before he was aware of the Stroke, 'appeared before him in a two thouſand 'Pound Diamond Necklace; he ſaid no-'thing, but went quietly to his Cham-'ber, and, as it is thought, compoſed 'himſelf with a Doſe of Opium. I beha-'ved my ſelf ſo well upon the Occaſion, 'that to this Day I believe he died of an 'Apoplexy. Mr. *Waitfort* was reſolved 'not to be too late this time, and I heard 'from him in two Days. I am almoſt out of 'my Weed at this preſent Writing, and 'very doubtful whether I'll marry him or 'no I do not think of a Seventh, for the 'ridiculous Reaſon you mention, but out 'of pure Morality that I think ſo much 'Conſtancy ſhould be rewarded, tho' I 'may not do it after all perhaps. I do not 'believe all the unreaſonable Malice of 'Mankind can give a Pretence why I ſhould 'have been conſtant to the Memory of a-'ny of the deceaſed, or have ſpent much 'time in grieving for an inſolent, inſigni-

ficant,

'ficant, negligent, extravagant, ſplenatick
'or covetous Husband; my firſt inſulted
'me, my ſecond was nothing to me, my
'third diſguſted me, the fourth would
'have ruined me, the fifth tormented me,
'and the ſixth would have ſtarved me. If
'the other Ladies you name would thus
'give in their Husbands Pictures, at length,
'you would ſee, they have had as little
'Reaſon as my ſelf to loſe their Hours in
'weeping and wailing.

June 22

N° 574. *Friday, July* 30.

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè Beatum, rectiùs occupat
Nomen Beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti
Duramque callet pauperiem pati. Hor.

I Was once engaged in Diſcourſe with a *Roſicruſian* about *the great Secret*. As this kind of Men (I mean thoſe of them who are not profeſſed Cheats) are over-run with Enthuſiaſm and Philoſophy, it was very amuſing to hear this religious Adept deſcanting on his pretended Diſcovery. He talked of the Secret as of a Spirit which lived within an Emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the higheſt

Perfection it is capable of. It gives a Luſtre, ſays he, to the Sun, and Water to the Diamond. It irradiates every Metal, and enriches Lead with all the Properties of Gold. It heightens Smoke into Flame, Flame into Light, and Light into Glory. He further added, that a ſingle Ray of it diſſipates Pain, and Care, and Melancholy from the Perſon on whom it falls. In ſhort, ſays he, its Preſence naturally changes every Place into a kind of Heaven. After he had gone on for ſome Time in this unintelligible Cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral Ideas together into the ſame Diſcourſe, and that his great Secret was nothing elſe but *Content*.

THIS Virtue does indeed produce, in ſome Meaſure, all thoſe Effects which the Alchymiſt uſually aſcribes to what he calls the Philoſopher's Stone; and if it does not bring Riches, it does the ſame thing, by baniſhing the Deſire of them. If it cannot remove the Diſquietudes ariſing out of a Man's Mind, Body, or Fortune, it makes him eaſie under them. It has indeed a kindly Influence on the Soul of Man, in reſpect of every Being to whom he ſtands related. It extinguiſhes all Murmur, Repining, and Ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his Part to act in this World. It deſtroys all inordinate Ambition, and every Tendency to Corruption, with regard to the Community wherein

in he is placed. It gives Sweetneſs to his Converſation, and a perpetual Serenity to all his Thoughts.

AMONG the many Methods which might be made uſe of for the acquiring of this Virtue, I ſhall only mention the two following. Firſt of all, A Man ſhould always conſider how much he has more than he wants; and ſecondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

FIRST of all, A Man ſhould always conſider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleaſed with the Reply which *Ariſtippus* made to one who condoled him upon the Loſs of a Farm, *Why*, ſaid he, *I have three Farms ſtill, and you have but one; ſo that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me.* On the contrary, fooliſh Men are more apt to conſider what they have loſt than what they poſſeſs; and to fix their Eyes upon thoſe who are richer than themſelves, rather than on thoſe who are under greater Difficulties. All the real Pleaſures and Conveniencies of Life lie in a narrow Compaſs; but it is the Humour of Mankind to be always looking forward, and ſtraining after one who has got the Start of them in Wealth and Honour. For this Reaſon, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich Men in any of the politer Nations but among the middle Sort of People, who keep their Wi-

ſhes within their Fortunes, and have more Wealth than they know how to enjoy. Perſons of a higher Rank live in a kind of ſplendid Poverty, and are perpetually wanting, becauſe inſtead of acquieſcing in the ſolid Pleaſures of Life, they endeavour to outvie one another in Shadows and Appearances. Men of Senſe have at all times beheld with a great deal of Mirth this ſilly Game that is playing over their Heads, and by contracting their Deſires, enjoy all that ſecret Satisfaction which others are always in queſt of. The Truth is, this ridiculous Chaſe after imaginary Pleaſures cannot be ſufficiently expoſed, as it is the great Source of thoſe Evils which generally undo a Nation. Let a Man's Eſtate be what it will, he is a poor Man if he does not live within it, and naturally ſets himſelf to Sale to any one that can give him his Price. When *Pittacus*, after the Death of his Brother, who had left him a good Eſtate, was offered a great Sum of Mony by the King of *Lydia*; He thanked him for his Kindneſs, but told him he had already more by Half than he knew what to do with. In ſhort, Content is equivalent to Wealth, and Luxury to Poverty, or to give the Thought a more agreeable Turn, *Content is natural Wealth*, ſays *Socrates*; to which I ſhall add, *Luxury is artificial Poverty*. I ſhall therefore recommend to the Conſideration of thoſe who are always aiming after

after ſuperfluous and imaginary Enjoyments, and will not be at the Trouble of contracting their Deſires, an excellent Saying of *Bion* the Philoſopher; namely, *That no Man has ſo much Care, as he who endeavours after the moſt Happineſs.*

IN the ſecond Place, Every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former Conſideration took in all thoſe who are ſufficiently provided with the Means to make themſelves eaſie; this regards ſuch as actually lie under ſome Preſſure or Misfortune. Theſe may receive great Alleviation from ſuch a Compariſon as the unhappy Perſon may make between himſelf and others, or between the Misfortune which he ſuffers, and greater Misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the Story of the honeſt *Dutch* Man, who, upon breaking his *Leg* by a Fall from the Mainmaſt, told the Standers-by, It was a great Mercy that 'twas not his *Neck*. To which, ſince I am got into Quotations, give me leave to add the Saying of an old Philoſopher, who, after having invited ſome of his Friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his Wife that came into the Room in a Paſſion, and threw down the Table that ſtood before them; *Every one*, ſays he, *has his Calamity, and he is a happy Man that has no greater than this.* We find an Inſtance to the ſame Purpoſe in

in the Life of Doctor *Hammond*, written by Biſhop *Fell*. As this good Man was troubled with a Complication of Diſtempers, when he had the Gout upon him, he uſed to thank God that it was not the Stone; and when he had the Stone, that he had not both theſe Diſtempers on him at the ſame time.

I cannot conclude this Eſſay without obſerving, that there was never any Syſtem, beſides that of Chriſtianity, which could effectually produce in the Mind of Man the Virtue I have been hitherto ſpeaking of. In order to make us content with our preſent Condition, many of the ancient Philoſophers tell us that our Diſcontent only hurts our ſelves, without being able to make any Alteration in our Circumſtances; others, that whatever Evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal Neceſſity, to which the Gods themſelves are ſubject; whilſt others very gravely tell the Man who is miſerable, that it is neceſſary he ſhould be ſo to keep up the Harmony of the Univerſe, and that the *Scheme* of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwiſe. Theſe, and the like Conſiderations, rather ſilence than ſatisfie a Man. They may ſhow him that his Diſcontent is unreaſonable, but are by no means ſufficient to relieve it. They rather give Deſpair than Conſolation. In a Word, a Man might reply to one of theſe Comforters, as *Auguſtus* did

did to his Friend who adviſed him not to grieve for the Death of a Perſon whom he loved, becauſe his Grief could not fetch him again. *It is for that very Reaſon*, ſaid the Emperor, *that I grieve.*

ON the contrary, Religion bears a more tender Regard to humane Nature. It preſcribes to every miſerable Man the Means of bettering his Condition; nay, it ſhews him, that the bearing of his Afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the Removal of them: It makes him eaſie here, becauſe it can make him happy hereafter.

UPON the Whole, a contented Mind is the greateſt Bleſſing a Man can enjoy in this World; and if in the preſent Life his Happineſs ariſes from the ſubduing of his Deſires, it will ariſe in the next from the Gratification of them.

N° 575. *Monday, Auguſt* 2.

——*Nec morti eſſe locum*—— Virg.

A LEWD young Fellow ſeeing an aged Hermit go by him Barefoot, *Father*, ſays he, *you are in a very miſerable Condition if there is not another World. True, Son*, ſaid the Hermit; *but what is thy Condition if there is?* Man is a Creature deſigned for two different States of Being, or rather, for two different Lives. His firſt Life is ſhort and tranſient; his

his ſecond permanent and laſting. The Queſtion we are all concerned in is this, In which of theſe two Lives it is our chief Intereſt to make our ſelves happy? or, in other Words, Whether we ſhould endeavour to ſecure to our ſelves the Pleaſures and Gratifications of a Life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmoſt Length of a very inconſiderable Duration; or to ſecure to our ſelves the Pleaſures of a Life which is fixed and ſettled, and will never end? Every Man, upon the firſt hearing of this Queſtion, knows very well which Side of it he ought to cloſe with. But however right we are in Theory, it is plain that in Practice we adhere to the wrong Side of the Queſtion. We make Proviſions for this Life as tho' it were never to have an End, and for the other Life as tho' it were never to have a Beginning.

SHOULD a Spirit of ſuperior Rank, who is a Stranger to human Nature, accidentally alight upon the Earth, and take a Survey of its Inhabitants; what would his Notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a Species of Beings made for quite different Ends and Purpoſes than what we really are? Muſt not he imagine that we were placed in this World to get Riches and Honours? Would not he think that it was our Duty to toil after Wealth, and Station, and Title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden Poverty by Threats of eternal Puniſh-

Puniſhment, and enjoined to purſue our Pleaſures under Pain of Damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a Scheme of Duties quite oppoſite to thoſe which are indeed preſcribed to us. And truly, according to ſuch an Imagination, he muſt conclude that we are a Species of the moſt obedient Creatures in the Univerſe; that we are conſtant to our Duty; and that we keep a ſteddy Eye on the End for which we were ſent hither.

BUT how great would be his Aſtoniſhment, when he learnt that we were Beings not deſigned to exiſt in this World above Threeſcore and ten Years? and that the greateſt Part of this buſy Species fall ſhort even of that Age? How would he be loſt in Horrour and Admiration, when he ſhould know that this Sett of Creatures, who lay out all their Endeavours for this Life, which ſcarce deſerves the Name of Exiſtence; when, I ſay, he ſhould know that this Sett of Creatures are to exiſt to all Eternity in another Life, for which they make no Preparations? Nothing can be a greater Diſgrace to Reaſon, than that Men, who are perſwaded of theſe two different States of Being, ſhould be perpetually employed in providing for a Life of Threeſcore and ten Years, and neglecting to make Proviſion for that, which after many Myriads of Years will be ſtill new, and ſtill beginning; eſpecially when we conſider that our Endeavours

vours for making our ſelves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever elſe we place our Happineſs in, may after all prove unſucceſsful; whereas if we conſtantly and ſincerely endeavour to make our ſelves happy in the other Life, we are ſure that our Endeavours will ſucceed, and that we ſhall not be diſappointed of our Hope.

THE following Queſtion is ſtarted by one of the Schoolmen. Suppoſing the whole Body of the Earth were a great Ball or Maſs of the fineſt Sand, and that a ſingle Grain or Particle of this Sand ſhould be annihilated every thouſand Years. Suppoſing then that you had it in your Choice to be happy all the while this prodigious Maſs of Sand was conſuming by this ſlow Method till there was not a Grain of it left, on Condition you were to be miſerable for ever after; or, ſuppoſing that you might be happy for ever after, on Condition you would be miſerable till the whole Maſs of Sand were thus annihilated at the Rate of one Sand in a thouſand Years: Which of theſe two Caſes would you make your Choice?

IT muſt be confeſſed in this Caſe, ſo many Thouſands of Years are to the Imagination as a kind of Eternity, tho' in reality they do not bear ſo great a Proportion to that Duration which is to follow them, as a Unite does to the greateſt Number which you can put together in Figures, or as one of

of thoſe Sands to the ſuppoſed Heap. Reaſon therefore tells us, without any Manner of Heſitation, which would be the better Part in this Choice. However, as I have before intimated, our Reaſon might in ſuch a Caſe be ſo over-ſet by the Imagination, as to diſpoſe ſome Perſons to ſink under the Conſideration of the great Length of the firſt Part of this Duration, and of the great Diſtance of that ſecond Duration which is to ſucceed it. The Mind, I ſay, might give it ſelf up to that Happineſs which is at hand, conſidering that it is ſo very near, and that it would laſt ſo very long. But when the Choice we actually have before us is this, Whether we will chuſe to be happy for the Space of only Threeſcore and ten, nay perhaps of only Twenty or Ten Years, I might ſay of only a Day or an Hour, and miſerable to all Eternity; or, on the contrary, miſerable for this ſhort Term of Years, and happy for a whole Eternity: What Words are ſufficient to expreſs that Folly and want of Conſideration which in ſuch a Caſe makes a wrong Choice?

I here put the Caſe even at the worſt, by ſuppoſing (what ſeldom happens) that a Courſe of Virtue makes us miſerable in this Life: But if we ſuppoſe (as it generally happens) that Virtue would make us more happy even in this Life than a contrary Courſe of Vice; how can we ſufficiently

ciently admire the Stupidity or Madneſs of thoſe Perſons who are capable of making ſo abſurd a Choice?

EVERY wiſe Man therefore will conſider this Life only as it may conduce to the Happineſs of the other, and chearfully ſacrifice the Pleaſures of a few Years to thoſe of an Eternity.

N° 576. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 4.

Nitor in adverſum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus; & rapido contrarius evehor Orbi. Ovid.

I Remember a young Man of very lively Parts, and of a ſprightly Turn in Converſation, who had only one Fault, which was an inordinate Deſire of appearing faſhionable. This ran him into many Amours, and conſequently into many Diſtempers. He never went to Bed till two a-clock in the Morning, becauſe he would not be a queer Fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a Conſtable, to ſignalize his Vivacity. He was initiated into half a Dozen Clubs before he was one and twenty, and ſo improved in them his natural Gayety of Temper, that you might frequently trace him to his Lodgings by a Range of broken Windows, and other the like Monuments of Wit and Gallanty. To be

be ſhort, after having fully eſtabliſhed his Reputation of being a very agreeable Rake, he died of old Age at Five and twenty.

THERE is indeed nothing which betrays a Man into ſo many Errors and Inconveniencies, as the Deſire of not appearing ſingular; for which Reaſon it is very neceſſary to form a right Idea of Singularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the firſt Place, every Man of Senſe will agree with me, that Singularity is laudable, when, in Contradiction to a Multitude, it adheres to the Dictates of Conſcience, Morality, and Honour. In theſe Caſes we ought to conſider, that it is not Cuſtom, but Duty, which is the Rule of Action; and that we ſhould be only ſo far *ſociable*, as we are reaſonable Creatures. Truth is never the leſs ſo, for not being attended to; and it is the Nature of Actions, not the Number of Actors, by which we ought to regulate our Behaviour. Singularity in Concerns of this Kind is to be looked upon as heroick Bravery, in which a Man leaves the Species only as he ſoars above it. What greater Inſtance can there be of a weak and puſillanimous Temper, than for a Man to paſs his whole Life in Oppoſition to his own Sentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

SINGULARITY therefore is only vicious when it makes Men act contrary to

Reaſon, or when it puts them upon diſtinguiſhing themſelves by Trifles. As for the firſt of theſe, who are ſingular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or diſhonourable, I believe every one will eaſily give them up. I ſhall therefore ſpeak of thoſe only who are remarkable for their Singularity in things of no Importance, as in Dreſs, Behaviour, Converſation, and all the little Intercourſes of Life. In theſe Caſes there is a certain Deference due to Cuſtom; and notwithſtanding there may be a Colour of Reaſon to deviate from the Multitude in ſome Particulars, a Man ought to ſacrifice his private Inclinations and Opinions to the Practice of the Publick. It muſt be confeſſed that good Senſe often makes a Humouriſt; but then it unqualifies him for being of any Moment in the World and renders him ridiculous to Perſons of a much inferior Underſtanding.

I have heard of a Gentleman in the North of *England*, who was a remarkable Inſtance of this fooliſh Singularity. He had laid it down as a Rule within himſelf, to act in the moſt indifferent Parts of Life according to the moſt abſtracted Notions of Reaſon and good Senſe, without any Regard to Faſhion or Example. This Humour broke out at firſt in many little Oddneſſes: He had never any ſtated Hours for his Dinner, Supper, or Sleep; becauſe, ſaid he, we ought to attend the Calls of Nature,

ture, and not ſet our Appetites to our Meals, but bring our Meals to our Appetites. In his Converſation with Country-Gentlemen, he would not make Uſe of a Phraſe that was not ſtrictly true: He never told any of them, that he was his humble Servant, but that he was his Well-Wiſher; and would rather be thought a Malecontent, than drink the King's Health when he was not a-dry. He would thruſt his Head out of his Chamber-Window every Morning, and after having gaped for freſh Air about half an Hour, repeat fifty Verſes as loud as he could bawl them for the Benefit of his Lungs; to which End he generally took them out of *Homer*; the *Greek* Tongue, eſpecially in that Author, being more deep and ſonorous, and more conducive to Expectoration, than any other. He had many other Particularities, for which he gave ſound and philoſophical Reaſons. As this Humour ſtill grew upon him, he choſe to wear a Turban inſtead of a Perriwig; concluding very juſtly, that a Bandage of clean Linnen about his Head was much more wholeſome, as well as cleanly, than the Caul of a Wig, which is ſoiled with frequent Perſpirations. He afterwards judiciouſly obſerved, that the many Ligatures in our *Engliſh* Dreſs muſt naturally check the Circulation of the Blood; for which Reaſon, he made his Breeches and his Doublet of one continued Peice of Cloth, after the Manner of the *Huſſars*. In ſhort, by following the

pure Dictates of Reaſon, he at length departed ſo much from the reſt of his Countrymen, and indeed from his whole Species, that his Friends would have clapped him into *Bedlam*, and have begged his Eſtate; but the Judge being informed that he did no Harm, contented himſelf with iſſuing out a Commiſſion of Lunacy againſt him, and putting his Eſtate into the Hands of proper Guardians.

THE Fate of this Philoſopher puts me in Mind of a Remark in Monſieur *Fontenelle*'s Dialogue of the Dead.. *The Ambitious and the Covetous* (ſays he) *are Madmen to all Intents and Purpoſes, as much as thoſe who are ſhut up in dark Rooms; but they have the good Luck to have Numbers on their Side; whereas the Frenzy of one who is given up for a Lunatick, is a Frenzy* hors d'oeuvre; that is, in other Words, ſomething which is ſingular in its Kind, and does not fall in with the Madneſs of a Multitude.

THE Subject of this Eſſay was occaſioned by a Letter which I received not long ſince, and which, for want of Room at preſent, I ſhall inſert in my next Paper.

June 25.

Friday

N° 577. *Friday, Auguſt* 6.

——Hoc tolerabile, ſi non
Et furere incipias —— Juv.

THE Letter mentioned in my laſt Paper is as follows.

SIR,

'YOU have ſo lately decryed that 'Cuſtom, too much in uſe among 'moſt People, of making themſelves the Subjects of their Writings and 'Converſation, that I had ſome Difficulty to perſwade my ſelf to give you this 'Trouble, 'till I had conſidered that tho' 'I ſhould ſpeak in the Firſt Perſon, yet I 'could not be juſtly charged with Vanity, 'ſince I ſhall not add my Name; as alſo, 'becauſe what I ſhall write will not, to 'ſay the beſt, redound to my Praiſe; but 'is only deſigned to remove a Prejudice 'conceived againſt me, as, I hope, with 'very little Foundation. My ſhort Hiſtory is this.

'I have lived for ſome Years laſt paſt altogether in *London*, 'till about a Month 'ago an Acquaintance of mine, for whom 'I have done ſome ſmall Services in Town, 'invited me to paſs Part of the Summer

'with him at his Houſe in the Country. 'I accepted his Invitation, and found a 'very hearty Welcome. My Friend, an 'honeſt plain Man, not being qualified to 'paſs away his Time without the Reliefs 'of Buſineſs, has grafted the Farmer up-'on the Gentleman, and brought himſelf 'to ſubmit even to the ſervile Parts of that 'Employment, ſuch as inſpecting his 'Plough, and the like. This neceſſarily 'takes up ſome of his Hours every Day; 'and as I have no Reliſh for ſuch Diver-'ſions, I uſed at theſe Times to retire ei-'ther to my Chamber, or a ſhady Walk 'near the Houſe, and entertain my ſelf 'with ſome agreeable Author. Now you 'muſt know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that 'when I read, eſpecially if it be Poetry, it 'is very uſual with me, when I meet with 'any Paſſage or Expreſſion which ſtrikes 'me much, to pronounce it aloud, with 'that Tone of the Voice which I think a-'greeable to the Sentiments there expreſ-'ſed; and to this I generally add ſome 'Motion or Action of the Body. It was 'not long before I was obſerved by ſome 'of the Family in one of theſe heroick Fits, 'who thereupon received Impreſſions ve-'ry much to my Diſadvantage. This how-'ever I did not ſoon diſcover, nor ſhould 'have done probably, had it not been for 'the following Accident. I had one Day 'ſhut my ſelf up in my Chamber, and was

very

'very deeply engaged in the Second Book 'of *Milton*'s *Paradiſe loſt*. I walked to and 'fro with the Book in my Hand, and, to 'ſpeak the Truth, I fear I made no little 'Noiſe; when preſently coming to the fol-'lowing Lines,

——*On a ſudden open fly,*
With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sound
Th'infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate
Harſh Thunder, &c.

'I in great Tranſport threw open the Door 'of my Chamber, and found the greateſt 'Part of the Family ſtanding on the Out-'ſide in a very great Conſternation. I 'was in no leſs Confuſion, and begged 'Pardon for having diſturbed them; ad-'dreſſing my ſelf particularly to comfort 'one of the Children, who received an 'unlucky Fall in this Action, whilſt he 'was too intently ſurveying my Meditati-'ons through the Key-hole. To be ſhort, 'after this Adventure I eaſily obſerved that 'great Part of the Family, eſpecially the 'Women and Children, looked upon me 'with ſome Apprehenſions of Fear; and 'my Friend himſelf, tho' he ſtill continu-'ed his Civilities to me, did not ſeem al-'together eaſie: I took Notice, that the 'Butler was never after this Accident or-'dered to leave the Bottle upon the Ta-'ble after Dinner. Add to this, that I fre-

quently over-heard the Servants mention
' me by the Name of the crazed Gentle-
' man, the Gentleman a little touched, the
' mad *Londoner*, and the like. This made
' me think it high Time for me to ſhift my
' Quarters, which I reſolved to do the firſt
' handſome Opportunity; and was con-
' firmed in this Reſolution by a young La-
' dy in the Neighbourhood who frequent-
' ly viſited us, and who one Day, after ha-
' ving heard all the fine Things I was able
' to ſay, was pleaſed with a ſcornful Smile
' to bid me go to ſleep.

' THE firſt Minute I got to my Lodg-
' ings in Town, I ſet Pen to Paper to de-
' ſire your Opinion, whether, upon the
' Evidence before you, I am mad or not.
' I can bring Certificates that I behave my
' ſelf ſoberly before Company, and I hope
' there is at leaſt ſome Merit in withdraw-
' ing to be mad. Look you, Sir, I am
' contented to be eſteemed a little touch-
' ed, as they Phraſe it, but ſhould be ſor-
' ry to be madder than my Neighbours;
' therefore, pray let me be as much in my
' Senſes as you can afford. I know I could
' bring your-ſelf as an Inſtance of a Man
' who has confeſſed talking to himſelf; but
' yours is a particular Caſe, and cannot ju-
' ſtifie me, who have not kept Silence any
' Part of my Life. What if I ſhould own
' my ſelf in Love? You know Lovers are
' always allowed the Comfort of Soliloquy

' —But

'—But I will ſay no more upon this Sub-
'ject, becauſe I have long ſince obſerved,
'the ready Way to be thought mad is to
'contend that you are not ſo; as we ge-
'nerally conclude that Man drunk, who
'takes Pains to be thought ſober. I will
'therefore leave my ſelf to your Determi-
'nation; but am the more deſirous to be
'thought in my Senſes, that it may be no
'Diſcredit to you when I aſſure you that
'I have always been very much

Your Admirer.

'P. S. *If I muſt be mad, I deſire the*
'*young Lady may believe it is for her.*

The humble Petition of John a Nokes *and*
John a Stiles,

Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioners have had Cau-
'ſes depending in *Weſtminſter-Hall*
'above five hundred Years, and that we
'deſpair of ever ſeeing them brought to
'an Iſſue; That your Petitioners have not
'been involved in theſe Law Suits out of
'any litigious Temper of their own, but
'by the Inſtigation of contentious Perſons;
'That the young Lawyers in our Inns of
'Court are continually ſetting us together
'by the Ears, and think they do us no
'Hurt, becauſe they plead for us without

'a Fee; That many of the Gentlemen of 'the Robe have no other Clients in the 'World beſides us two; That when they 'have nothing elſe to do, they make us 'Plaintiffs and Defendants, tho' they were 'never retained by either of us: That 'they traduce, condemn or acquit us, 'without any Manner of Regard to our 'Reputations and good Names in the World. 'Your Petitioners therefore (being there-'unto encouraged by the favourable Re-'ception which you lately gave to our 'Kinſman *Blank*) do humbly pray, that 'you will put an End to the Controverſies 'which have been ſo long depending be-'tween us your ſaid Petitioners, and 'that our Enmity may not endure from 'Generation to Generation; it being our 'Reſolution to live hereafter as it be-'cometh Men of peaceable Diſpoſitions.

And your Petitioners (as in Duty bound) ſhall ever pray, &c.

June 26.

Monday,

N° 578. *Monday, Auguſt* 9.

—Eque feris humana in corpora tranſit,
Inque feras Noſter—— Ovid.

THERE has been very great Reaſon on ſeveral Accounts, for the learned World to endeavour at ſettling what it was that might be ſaid to compoſe *perſonal Identity.*

Mr. *LOCK*, after having premiſed that the Word *Perſon* properly ſignifies a thinking intelligent Being that has Reaſon and Reflection, and can conſider it ſelf as it ſelf; concludes, That it is Conſciouſneſs alone, and not an Identity of Subſtance, which makes this perſonal Identity of Sameneſs. Had I the ſame Conſciouſneſs (ſays that Author) that I ſaw the Ark and *Noah*'s Flood, as that I ſaw an Overflowing of the *Thames* laſt Winter, or as that I now write; I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that ſaw the *Thames* over-flow laſt Winter, and that viewed the Flood at the general Deluge, was the ſame *Self*, place that *Self* in what Subſtance you pleaſe, than that I who write this am the ſame *My elf* now whilſt I write, (whether I conſiſt ſof all the ſame Subſtance material or immaterial

terial or no) that I was Yeſterday: For as to this Point of being the ſame *Self*, it matters not whether this preſent *Self* be made up of the ſame or other Subſtances.

I was mightily pleaſed with a Story in ſome Meaſure applicable to this Piece of Philoſophy, which I read the other Day in *The Perſian Tales*, as they are lately very well tranſlated by Mr. *Philips*; and with an Abridgement whereof I ſhall here preſent my Readers.

I ſhall only premiſe that theſe Stories are writ after the Eaſtern Manner, but ſomewhat more correct.

'*FADLALLAH*, a Prince of great 'Virtues, ſucceeded his Father, *Bin-Or-*'*toc*, in the Kingdom of *Mouſel*. He reign-'ed over his faithful Subjects for ſome 'Time, and lived in great Happineſs with 'his beauteous Conſort Queen *Zemroude*; 'when there appeared at his Court a young '*Dervis* of ſo lively and entertaining a Turn 'of Wit, as won upon the Affections of 'every one he converſed with. His Re-'putation grew ſo faſt every Day, that it 'at laſt raiſed a Curioſity in the Prince him-'ſelf to ſee and talk with him. He did 'ſo, and far from finding that common 'Fame had flattered him, he was ſoon con-'vinced that every thing he had heard of 'him fell ſhort of the Truth.

'*FADLALLAH* immediately loſt 'all Manner of Reliſh for the Converſati-

on

'on of other Men; and as he was every Day 'more and more ſatisfied of the Abilities 'of this Stranger, offered him the firſt 'Poſts in his Kingdom. The young *Der-* 'vis, after having thanked him with a ve- 'ry ſingular Modeſty, deſired to be excu- 'ſed, as having made a Vow never to ac- 'cept of any Employment, and preferring 'a free and independent State of Life to 'all other Conditions.

'THE King was infinitely charmed 'with ſo great an Example of Moderati- 'on; and tho' he could not get him to en- 'gage in a Life of Buſineſs, made him 'however his chief Companion and firſt 'Favourite.

'AS they were one Day hunting toge- 'ther, and happened to be ſeparated from 'the reſt of the Company, the *Dervis* 'entertained *Fadlallah* with an Account 'of his Travels and Adventures. After 'having related to him ſeveral Curioſities 'which he had ſeen in the *Indies*, *It was* 'in this Place, ſays he, *that I contracted* 'an Acquaintance with an old Brachman, 'who was skilled in the moſt hidden Pow- 'ers of Nature: He died within my Arms, 'and with his parting Breath communica- 'ted to me one of the moſt valuable of his 'Secrets, on Condition I ſhould never reveal 'it to any Man. The King immediately 'reflecting on his young Favourite's ha- 'ving refuſed the late Offers of Greatneſs

'he

'he had made him, told him he presumed it was the Power of making Gold. '*No, Sir,* says the *Dervis, it is somewhat more wonderful than that; it is the Power of reanimating a dead Body, by flinging my own Soul into it.*

'WHILE he was yet speaking a Doe came bounding by them; and the King, who had his Bow ready, shot her through the Heart; telling the *Dervis* that a fair Opportunity now offered for him to show his Art. The young Man immediately left his own Body breathless on the Ground, while at the same Instant that of the Doe was reanimated, she came to the King, fawned upon him, and after having played several wanton Tricks, fell again upon the Grass; at the same Instant the Body of the *Dervis* recovered its Life. The King was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an Operation, and conjured his Friend by every thing that was sacred to communicate it to him. The *Dervis* at first made some Scruple of violating his Promise to the dying *Brachman*; but told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a Prince; after having obliged him therefore by an Oath to Secrecy, he taught him to repeat two Cabalistick Words, in pronouncing of which the whole Secret consisted. The King, impatient to try the Experiment, immediately repeated

'them

'them as he had been taught, and in an 'Inſtant found himſelf in the Body of the 'Doe. He had but little Time to con-'template himſelf in this new Being; for 'the treacherous *Dervis* ſhooting his own 'Soul into the Royal Corps, and bending 'the Prince's own Bow againſt him, had laid 'him dead on the Spot, had not the King, 'who perceived his Intent, fled ſwiftly to 'the Woods.

'THE *Dervis*, now triumphant in his 'Villany, returned to *Mouſel*, and filled 'the Throne and Bed of the unhappy *Fad-'lallah*.

'THE firſt thing he took Care of, in 'order to ſecure himſelf in the Poſſeſſion 'of his new-acquired Kingdom, was to iſſue 'out a Proclamation, ordering his Subjects 'to deſtroy all the Deer in the Realm. 'The King had periſhed among the reſt, 'had he not avoided his Purſuers by re-'animating the Body of a Nightingale which 'he ſaw lie dead at the Foot of a Tree. 'In this new Shape he winged his Way in 'Safety to the Palace, where perching on 'a Tree which ſtood near his Queen's A-'partment, he filled the whole Place with 'ſo many melodious and melancholly Notes 'as drew her to the Window. He had 'the Mortification to ſee, that inſtead of 'being pitied, he only moved the Mirth 'of his Princeſs, and of a young Female 'Slave who was with her. He continued how-

'however to ſerenade her every Morning, 'till at laſt the Queen, charmed with his 'Harmony, ſent for the Bird-catchers, and 'ordered them to employ their utmoſt 'Skill to put that little Creature into her 'Poſſeſſion. The King, pleaſed with an 'Opportunity of being once more near his 'beloved Conſort, eaſily ſuffered himſelf 'to be taken; and when he was preſent-'ed to her, tho' he ſhewed a Fearfulneſs 'to be touched by any of the other Ladies, 'flew of his own accord, and hid himſelf 'in the Queen's Boſom. *Zemroude* was 'highly pleaſed at the unexpected Fond-'neſs of her new Favourite, and ordered 'him to be kept in an open Cage in her 'own Apartment. He had there an Op-'portunity of making his Court to her e-'very Morning, by a thouſand little Acti-'ons which his Shape allowed him. The 'Queen paſſed away whole Hours every 'Day in hearing and playing with him. '*Fadlallah* could even have thought him-'ſelf happy in this State of Life, had he 'not frequently endured the inexpreſſible 'Torment of ſeeing the *Dervis* enter 'the Apartment, and careſs his Queen 'even in his Preſence.

'THE Uſurper, amidſt his toying 'with the Princeſs, would often endeavour 'to ingratiate himſelf with her Nightin-'gale; and while the enraged *Fadlallah* 'pecked at him with his Bill, beat his

'Wings,

'Wings, and ſhewed all the Marks of an 'impotent Rage, it only afforded his Ri-'val and the Queen new Matter for their 'Diverſion.

'*ZEMROUDE* was likewiſe fond of 'a little Lap-Dog which ſhe kept in her 'Apartment, and which one Night hap-'pened to die.

'THE King immediately found himſelf 'inclined to quit the Shape of the Night-'ingale, and enliven this new Body. He 'did ſo, and the next Morning *Zemroude* 'ſaw her favourite Bird lie dead in the 'Cage. It is impoſſible to expreſs her 'Grief on this Occaſion, and when ſhe 'called to mind all its little Actions, which 'even appeared to have ſomewhat in 'them like Reaſon, ſhe was inconſolable 'for her Loſs.

'HER Women immediately ſent for 'the *Dervis* to come and comfort her, 'who, after having in vain repreſented 'to her the Weakneſs of being grieved at 'ſuch an Accident, touched at laſt by her 'repeated Complaints; *Well, Madam*, ſays 'he, *I will exert the utmoſt of my Art to 'pleaſe you. Your Nightingale ſhall again 'revive every Morning and ſenerade you as 'before.* The Queen beheld him with a 'Look which eaſily ſhewed ſhe did not 'believe him; when laying himſelf down 'on a Sofa, he ſhot his Soul into the Night-

'ingale, and *Zemroude* was amazed to ſee 'her Bird revive.

'THE King, who was a Spectator of 'all that paſſed, lying under the Shape of a 'Lap-Dog, in one Corner of the Room, 'immediately recovered his own Body, and 'running to the Cage with the utmoſt In-'dignation, twiſted off the Neck of the 'falſe Nightingale.

'*ZEMROUDE* was more than ever 'amazed and concerned at this ſecond Ac-'cident, 'till the King entreating her to 'hear him, related to her his whole Ad-'venture.

'THE Body of the *Dervis*, which was 'found dead in the Wood, and his Edict 'for killing all the Deer, left her no Room 'to doubt of the Truth of it: But the Sto-'ry adds, That out of an extream Delica-'cy (peculiar to the Oriental Ladies) ſhe 'was ſo highly afflicted at the innocent A-'dultery in which ſhe had for ſome time 'lived with the *Dervis*, that no Argu-'ments even from *Fadlallah* himſelf could 'compoſe her Mind. She ſhortly after 'died with Grief, begging his Pardon 'with her laſt Breath for what the moſt 'rigid Juſtice could not have interpreted 'as a Crime.

'THE King was ſo afflicted with her 'Death, that he left his Kingdom to one of 'his neareſt Relations, and paſſed the reſt 'of his Days in Solitude and Retirement.

Wedneſday,

N° 579. *Wednesday, August* 11.

—*Odora canum vis.* Virg.

IN the Reign of King *Charles* I, the Company of Stationers, into whose Hands the Printing of the Bible is committed by Patent, made a very remarkable *Erratum* or Blunder in one of their Editions: For instead of *Thou shalt not commit Adultery*, they printed off several thousands of Copies with *Thou shalt commit Adultery*: Archbishop *Laud*, to punish this their Negligence, laid a considerable Fine upon that Company in the *Star-Chamber*.

BY the Practice of the World, which prevails in this degenerate Age, I am afraid that very many young Profligates, of both Sexes, are possessed of this spurious Edition of the Bible, and observe the Commandment according to that faulty Reading.

ADULTERERS, in the first Ages of the Church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their Lives from bearing a part in Christian Assemblies, notwithstanding they might seek it with Tears, and all the Appearances of the most unfeigned Repentance.

I might here mention some antient Laws among the Heathens which punished this

Crime with Death; and others of the ſame Kind, which are now in Force among ſeveral Governments that have embraced the Reformed Religion. But becauſe a Subject of this Nature may be too ſerious for my ordinary Readers, who are very apt to throw by my Papers, when they are not enlivened with ſomething that is diverting or uncommon; I ſhall here publiſh the Contents of a little Manuſcript lately fallen into my Hands, and which pretends to great Antiquity, tho' by Reaſon of ſome modern Phraſes and other Particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the Production of a Modern Sophiſt.

IT is well known by the Learned, that there was a Temple upon Mount *Ætna* dedicated to *Vulcan*, which was guarded by Dogs of ſo exquiſite a Smell, (ſay the Hiſtorians) that they could diſcern whether the Perſons who came thither were Chaſt or otherwiſe. They uſed to meet and faun upon ſuch as were Chaſt, careſſing them as the Friends of their Maſter *Vulcan*; but flew at thoſe who were polluted, and never ceaſed barking at them till they had driven them from the Temple.

MY Manuſcript gives the following Account of theſe Dogs, and was probably deſigned as a Comment upon this Story.

'THESE

'THESE Dogs were given to *Vulcan* 'by his Siſter *Diana*, the Goddeſs of Hunt-'ing and of Chaſtity, having bred them 'out of ſome of her Hounds, in which ſhe 'had obſerved this natural Inſtinct and Sa-'gacity. It was thought ſhe did it in Spight 'to *Venus*, who, upon her Return home, 'always found her Husband in a good or 'bad Humour, according to the Reception 'which ſhe met with from his Dogs. They 'lived in the Temple ſeveral Years, but 'were ſuch ſnappiſh Curs that they frigh-'ted away moſt of the Votaries. The 'Women of *Sicily* made a ſolemn Depu-'tation to the Prieſt, by which they ac-'quainted him, that they would not come 'up to the Temple with their annual Offe-'rings unleſs he muzzled his Maſtiffs; and 'at laſt comprimiſed the Matter with him, 'that the Offering ſhould always be brought 'by a Chorus of young Girls, who were 'none of them above ſeven Years old. It 'was wonderful (ſays the Author) to ſee 'how different the Treatment was which 'the Dogs gave to theſe little Miſſes, from 'that which they had ſhown to their Mo-'thers. It is ſaid that a Prince of *Syra-'cuſe*, having married a young Lady, and 'being naturally of a jealous Temper, made 'ſuch an Intereſt with the Prieſts of this 'Temple, that he procured a Whelp from 'them of this famous Breed. The young 'Puppy was very troubleſome to the fair

'Lady at first, insomuch that she sollicited 'her Husband to send him away, but the 'good Man cut her short with the old *Si-* 'cilian Proverb, *Love me, love my Dog.* 'From which Time she lived very peace- 'ably with both of them. The Ladies of '*Syracuse* were very much annoyed with 'him, and several of very good Reputa- 'tion refused to come to Court till he was 'discarded. There were indeed some of 'them that defied his Sagacity, but it was 'observed tho' he did not actually bite 'them, he would growle at them most 'confoundedly. To return to the Dogs of 'the Temple: After they had lived here 'in great Repute for several Years, it so 'happened, that as one of the Priests, 'who had been making a charitable Visit 'to a Widow who lived on the Promon- 'tory of *Lilybeum*, returned home pretty 'late in the Evening, the Dogs flew at 'him with so much Fury, that they would 'have worried him if his Brethren had not 'come in to his Assistance: Upon which, 'says my Author, the Dogs were all of 'them hanged, as having lost their original 'Instinct.

I cannot conclude this Paper without wish- ing, that we had some of this Breed of Dogs in *Great Britain*, which would certainly do *Justice*, I should say *Honour*, to the Ladies of our Country, and shew the World the difference between Pagan Women and those who

who are inſtructed in ſounder Principles of Virtue and Religion.

N° 580. *Friday, Auguſt* 13.

——*Si verbo audacia detur,*
Non metuam magni dixiſſe palatia Cœli. Ov. Met.

SIR,

'I Conſidered in my two laſt Letters that 'awful and tremendous Subject, the 'Ubiquity or Omnipreſence of the Di'vine Being. I have ſhewn that he is equal'ly preſent in all Places throughout the 'whole Extent of Infinite Space. This 'Doctrine is ſo agreeable to Reaſon, that 'we meet with it in the Writings of the 'enlightened Heathens, as I might ſhow 'at large, were it not already done by o'ther Hands. But tho' the Deity be thus 'eſſentially preſent through all the Immen'ſity of Space, there is one Part of it in 'which he diſcovers himſelf in a moſt 'tranſcendent and viſible Glory. This is 'that Place which is marked out in Scrip'ture under the different Appellations of '*Paradiſe*, *the third Heaven*, *the Throne* '*of God*, and *the Habitation of his Glory*. 'It is here where the glorified Body of our 'Saviour reſides, and where all the cele'ſtial Hierarchies, and the innumerable 'Hoſts of Angels, are repreſented as per'petually ſurrounding the Seat of God,

'with *Halleluiahs* and Hymns of Praiſe This is that Preſence of God which ſome of the Divines call his Glorious, and 'others his Majeſtatick Preſence. He is 'indeed as eſſentially preſent in all other Places as in this, but it is here where he 'reſides in a ſenſible Magnificence, and 'in the midſt of all thoſe Splendors which 'can affect the Imagination of created 'Beings.

'IT is very remarkable that this Opinion 'of God Almighty's Preſence in Heaven, 'whether diſcovered by the Light of Nature, or by a general Tradition from our 'firſt Parents, prevails among all the Nations of the World, whatſoever different Notions they entertain of the Godhead. If you look into *Homer*, that is, the moſt ancient of the *Greek* Writers, you ſee the 'ſupreme Powers ſeated in the Heavens, 'and encompaſſed with inferior Deities, 'among whom the Muſes are repreſented 'as ſinging inceſſantly about his Throne. 'Who does not here ſee the main Strokes 'and Outlines of this great Truth we are 'ſpeaking of? The ſame Doctrine is ſhadowed out in many other Heathen Authors, tho' at the ſame time, like ſeveral 'other revealed Truths, daſhed and adulterated with a mixture of Fables and human Inventions. But to paſs over the 'Notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, thoſe 'more enlightened Parts of the Pagan

'World,

'World, we find there is ſcarce a People 'among the late diſcovered Nations who 'are not trained up in an Opinion, that 'Heaven is the Habitation of the Divinity 'whom they worſhip.

'AS in *Solomon*'s Temple there was the '*Sanctum Sanctorum*, in which a viſible 'Glory appeared among the Figures of 'the Cherubins, and into which none but 'the High-Prieſt himſelf was permitted 'to enter, after having made an Atone-'ment for the Sins of the People; ſo if 'we conſider the whole Creation as one 'great Temple, there is in it this Holy 'of Holies, into which the High-Prieſt of 'our Salvation entered, and took his Place 'among Angels and Archangels, after ha-'ving made a Propitiation for the Sins of 'Mankind.

'WITH how much Skill muſt the Throne 'of God be erected? With what glorious 'Deſigns is that Habitation beautified, 'which is contrived and built by him who 'inſpired *Hyram* with Wiſdom? How 'great muſt be the Majeſty of that Place, 'where the whole Art of Creation has been 'employed, and where God has choſen 'to ſhow himſelf in the moſt magnificent 'manner? What muſt be the Architecture 'of Infinite Power under the Direction of 'Infinite Wiſdom? A Spirit cannot but be 'tranſported after an ineffable manner, 'with the ſight of thoſe Objects, which

'were

'were made to affect him by that Being 'who knows the inward Frame of a Soul, 'and how to please and ravish it in all its 'most secret Powers and Faculties. It is 'to this majestick Presence of God, we 'may apply those beautiful Expressions in 'holy Writ: *Behold even to the Moon, and 'it shineth not; yea the Stars are not pure 'in his sight.* The Light of the Sun, and 'all the Glories of the World in which we 'live, are but as weak and sickly Glim-'merings, or rather Darkness it self, in 'Comparison of those Splendors which 'encompass the Throne of God.

'AS the *Glory* of this Place is transcen-'dent beyond Imagination, so probably is 'the *Extent* of it. There is Light behind 'Light, and Glory within Glory. How 'far that Space may reach, in which God 'thus appears in perfect Majesty, we can-'not possibly conceive. Tho' it is not in-'finite, it may be indefinite; and tho' not 'immeasurable in its self, it may be so with 'regard to any created Eye or Imagina-'tion. If he has made these lower Regi-'ons of Matter so inconceivably wide and 'magnificent for the Habitation of mortal 'and perishable Beings, how great may we 'suppose the Courts of his House to be, 'where he makes his Residence in a more 'especial manner, and displays himself in 'the Fullness of his Glory, among an in-

'numerable

'numerable Company of Angels, and Spi-
'rits of juſt Men made perfect?

'THIS is certain, that our Imaginations 'cannot be raiſed too high, when we think 'on a Place where Omnipotence and Om-'niſcience have ſo ſignally exerted them-'ſelves, becauſe that they are able to pro-'duce a Scene infinitely more great and 'glorious than what we are able to ima-'gine. It is not impoſſible but at the Con-'ſummation of all Things, theſe outward 'Apartments of Nature, which are now 'ſuited to thoſe Beings who inhabit them, 'may be taken in and added to that glo-'rious Place of which I am here ſpeaking; 'and by that means made a proper Habi-'tation for Beings who are exempt from 'Mortality, and cleared of their Imper-'fections: For ſo the Scripture ſeems to 'intimate, when it ſpeaks of new Hea-'vens and of a new Earth, wherein dwel-'leth Righteouſneſs.

'I have only conſidered this Glorious 'Place, with regard to the Sight and Ima-'gination, though it is highly probable that 'our other Senſes may here likewiſe enjoy 'their higheſt Gratifications. There is 'nothing which more raviſhes and tran-'ſports the Soul, than Harmony; and we 'have great Reaſon to believe, from the 'Deſcriptions of this Place in Holy Scri-'pture, that this is one of the Entertain-'ments of it. And if the Soul of Man

'can

'can be ſo wonderfully affected with thoſe
'Strains of Muſick, which Human Art is
'capable of producing, how much more
'will it be raiſed and elevated by thoſe,
'in which is exerted the whole Power of
'Harmony! The Senſes are Faculties of
'the Human Soul, though they cannot be
'employ'd, during this our vital Union,
'without proper Inſtruments in the Body.
'Why therefore ſhould we exclude the
'Satisfaction of theſe Faculties, which we
'find by Experience are Inlets of great
'Pleaſure to the Soul, from among thoſe
'Entertainments which are to make up
'our Happineſs hereafter? Why ſhould
'we ſuppoſe that our Hearing and Seeing
'will not be gratify'd with thoſe Objects
'which are moſt agreeable to them, and
'which they cannot meet with in theſe
'lower Regions of Nature; Objects, *which*
'*neither Eye hath ſeen, nor Ear heard,*
'*nor can it enter into the Heart of Man*
'*to conceive? I knew a Man in Chriſt*,
'(ſays St. *Paul*, ſpeaking of himſelf,) *above*
'*fourteen Years ago*, (*whether in the Body*,
'*I cannot tell, or whether out of the Body*
'*I cannot tell: God knoweth*) *ſuch a one*
'*caught up to the third Heaven. And I*
'*knew ſuch a Man* (*whether in the Body*
'*or out of the Body, I cannot tell: God*
'*knoweth,*) *How that he was caught up*
'*into Paradiſe, and heard unſpeakable Words*
'*which it is not poſſible for Man to utter*

'B

'By this is meant, that what he heard was 'so infinitely different from any Thing which 'he had heard in this World, that it was 'impoſſible to expreſs it in ſuch Words as 'might convey a Notion of it to his Hearers.

'IT is very natural for us to take Delight 'in Enquiries concerning any Foreign 'Country, where we are ſome Time or 'other to make our Abode; and as we all 'hope to be admitted into this Glorious 'Place, it is both a laudable and uſeful Cu-'rioſity, to get what Informations we can 'of it, whilſt we make Uſe of Revelation 'for our Guide. When theſe everlaſting 'Doors ſhall be open to us, we may be 'ſure that the Pleaſures and Beauties of 'this Place will infinitely tranſcend our 'preſent Hopes and Expectations, and that 'the Glorious Appearance of the Throne 'of God will riſe infinitely beyond what-'ever we able to conceive of it. We 'might here entertain our ſelves with ma-'ny other Speculations on this Subject, 'from thoſe ſeveral Hints which we find 'of it in the Holy Scriptures; as whether 'there may not be different Manſions and 'Apartments of Glory, to Beings of different 'Natures; whether as they excel one another 'in Perfection, they are not admitted nearer 'to the Throne of the Almighty, and en-'joy greater Manifeſtations of his Preſence; 'whether there are not Solemn Times and 'Occaſions, when all the Multitude of

'Hea-

'Heaven celebrate the Preſence of their 'Maker in more extraordinary Forms of 'Praiſe and Adoration; as *Adam*, though 'he had continued in a State of Innocence, 'would, in the Opinion of our Divines, 'have kept Holy the Sabbath Day, in a more 'particular Manner than any other of the 'Seven. Theſe, and the like Speculations, 'we may very innocently indulge, ſo long 'as we make Uſe of them to inſpire us 'with a Deſire of becoming Inhabitants of 'this delightful Place.

'I have in this, and in two foregoing 'Letters, treated on the moſt ſerious Sub-'ject that can employ the Mind of Man, the 'Omnipreſence of the Deity; a Subject, 'which if poſſible, ſhould never depart from 'our Meditations. We have conſidered the 'Divine Being, as he inhabits Infinitude, as he 'dwells among his Work, as he is preſent to 'the Mind of Man, and as he diſcovers him-'ſelf in a more Glorious Manner among the 'Regions of the Bleſt. Such a Conſidera-'tion ſhould be kept awake in us at all 'Times, and in all Places, and poſſeſs our 'Minds with a perpetual Awe and Reve-'rence. It ſhould be interwoven with all 'our Thoughts and Perceptions, and be-'come One with the Conſciouſneſs of our 'own Being. It is not to be reflected on in the 'Coldneſs of Philoſophy, but ought to ſink 'us into the loweſt Proſtration before him, 'who is ſo aſtoniſhingly Great, Wonderful 'and Holy.

Monday,

N° 581. *Monday, Auguſt* 16.

Sunt bona, ſunt quædam Mediocria, ſunt mala plura
Quæ legis ——— Mart.

I Am at preſent ſitting with a Heap of Letters before me, which I have received under the Character of SPECTATOR; I have Complaints from Lovers, Schemes from Projectors, Scandal from Ladies, Congratulations, Compliments, and Advice in abundance.

I have not been thus long an Author, to be inſenſible of the natural Fondneſs every Perſon muſt have for their own Productions; and I begin to think I have treated my Correſpondents a little too uncivilly in ſtringing them all together on a File, and letting them lye ſo long unregarded. I ſhall therefore for the future, think my ſelf at leaſt obliged to take ſome Notice of ſuch Letters as I receive, and may poſſibly do it at the End of every Month.

IN the mean time, I intend my preſent Paper as a ſhort Anſwer to moſt of thoſe which have been already ſent me.

THE Publick however is not to expect I ſhould let them into all my Secrets, and though I appear abſtruſe to moſt People, it is ſufficient if I am underſtood by my particular Correſpondents.

MY

MY Well-wiſher *Van Nath* is very arch, but not quite enough ſo to appear in Print.

PHILADELPHUS will, in a little time, ſee his Query fully anſwered by a Treatiſe which is now in the Preſs.

IT was very improper at that time to comply with Mr. *G.*

MISS *Kitty* muſt excuſe me.

THE Gentleman who ſent me a Copy of Verſes on his Miſtreſs's Dancing, is I believe too thoroughly in Love to compoſe correctly.

I have too great a Reſpect for both the Univerſities, to Praiſe one at the Expence of the other.

TOM. Nimble is a very honeſt Fellow, and I deſire him to preſent my Humble Service to his Couſin *Fill. Bumper.*

I am obliged for the Letter upon Prejudice.

I may in due time animadvert on the Caſe of *Grace Grumble.*

THE Petition of *P. S. granted.*

THAT of *Sarah Loveit, refuſed.*

THE Papers of *A. S.* are returned.

I thank *Ariſtippus* for his kind Invitation.

MY Friend at *Woodſtock* is a bold Man, to undertake for all within Ten Miles of him.

I am afraid the Entertainment of *Tom Turnover* will hardly be reliſhed by the good Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter.*

I

I muſt conſider further of it, before I indulge *W. F.* in thoſe Freedoms he takes with the Lady's Stockings.

I am obliged to the Ingenious Gentleman, who ſet me an Ode on the Subject of a late SPECTATOR, and ſhall take particular Notice of his laſt Letter.

WHEN the Lady who wrote me a Letter, dated *July* the 20th, in relation to ſome Paſſages in a *Lover*, will be more particular in her Directions, I ſhall be ſo in my Anſwer.

THE poor Gentleman, who fancies my Writings could reclaim an Husband who can abuſe ſuch a Wife as he deſcribes, has I am afraid too great an Opinion of my Skill.

PHILANTHROPOS is, I dare ſay, a very well-meaning Man, but is a little too prolix in his Compoſitions.

CONSTANTIUS himſelf muſt be the beſt Judge in the Affair he mentions.

THE Letter dated from *Lincoln* is received.

ARETHUSA and her Friend may hear further from me.

CELIA is a little too haſty.

HARRIOT is a good Girl, but muſt not Curtſie to Folks ſhe does not know.

I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs my Friend *Sampſon Bentſtaff* has quite puzzled me, and writ me a long Letter which I cannot comprehend one Word of.

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COLLIDAN muſt alſo explain what he means by his *Drigelling*.

I think it beneath my *Spectatorial* Dignity, to concern my ſelf in the Affair of the boiled Dumpling.

I ſhall conſult ſome *Litterati* on the Project ſent me for the Diſcovery of the Longitude.

I know not how to conclude this Paper better, than by inſerting a Couple of Letters which are really Genuine, and which I look upon to be two of the ſmarteſt Pieces I have received from my Correſpondents of either Sex.

Brother SPEC.

'WHILE you are ſurveying every Ob-
'ject that falls in your way, I am
'wholly taken up with one. Had that
'Sage, who demanded what Beauty was,
'lived to ſee the dear Angel I love, he
'would not have asked ſuch a Queſtion.
'Had another ſeen her, he would himſelf
'have loved the Perſon in whom Heaven
'has made Virtue viſible; and were you
'your ſelf to be in her Company, you could
'never, with all your Loquacity, ſay e-
'nough of her good Humour and Senſe.
'I ſend you the Outlines of a Picture, which
'I can no more finiſh than I can ſufficient-
'ly admire the dear Original. I am,

Your moſt Affectionate Brother,

Conſtantio Spec.

Good

Good Mr. Pert,

I Will allow you nothing 'till you reſolve
'me the following Queſtion. Pray
'what's the Reaſon that while you only talk
'now upon *Wedneſdays*, *Fridays* and
'*Mondays*, you pretend to be a greater
'Tatler, than when you ſpoke every Day
'as you formerly uſed to do? If this be
'your plunging out of your Taciturnity,
'pray let the length of you Speeches com-
'penſate for the Scarceneſs of them.

I am,

Good Mr. Pert,

Your Admirer,

if you will be long enough for Me,

Amanda Lovelength.

N° 582. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 18.

——*Tenet inſanabile multos*
Scribendi Cacoethes—— Juv.

THERE is a certain Diſtemper, which is mentioned neither by *Galen* nor *Hippocrates*, not to be met with in the *London Diſpenſary*. *Juvenal*, in the Motto of my Paper, terms it a *Cacoethes*; which is a hard Word for a Diſ-

eaſe called in plain *Engliſh*, *the Itch of Writing*. This *Cacoethes* is as Epidemical as the Small-Pox, there being very few who are not ſeized with it ſome time or other in their Lives. There is however this Difference in theſe two Diſtempers, that the firſt, after having indiſpoſed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this I am ſpeaking of, when it is once got into the Blood, ſeldom comes out of it. The *Britiſh* Nation is very much afflicted with this Malady, and tho' very many Remedies have been applied to Perſons infected with it, few of them have ever proved ſucceſsful. Some have been cauterized with Satyrs and Lampoons, but have received little or no Benefit from them; others have had their Heads faſtened for an Hour together between a cleft Board, which is made uſe of as a Cure for the Diſeaſe, when it appears in its greateſt Malignity. There is indeed one kind of this Malady which has been ſometimes removed, like the biting of a *Tarantula*, with the Sound of a muſical Inſtrument, which is commonly known by the Name of a Cat-Call. But if you have a Patient of this kind under your Care, you may aſſure your ſelf there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the Uſe of Pen, Ink and Paper.

BUT to drop the Allegory before I have tired it out, there is no Species of Scriblers more

more offenſive, and more incurable, than your Periodical Writers, whoſe Works return upon the Publick on certain Days and at ſtated Times. We have not the Conſolation in the Peruſal of theſe Authors, which we find at the reading of all others, (namely) that we are ſure if we have but Patience we may come to the End of their Labours. I have often admired a humorous Saying of *Diogenes*, who reading a dull Author to ſeveral of his Friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almoſt come to a Blank Leaf at the end of it, cried, *Courage, Lads, I ſee Land.* On the contrary, our Progreſs through that kind of Writers I am now ſpeaking of is never at an End. One Day makes Work for another, we do not know when to promiſe our ſelves Reſt.

IT is a Melancholy thing to conſider that the Art of Printing, which might be the greateſt Bleſſing to Mankind, ſhould prove detrimental to us, and that it ſhould be made uſe of to ſcatter Prejudice and Ignorance through a People, inſtead of conveying to them Truth and Knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimſical Treatiſe, entitled *William Ramſey*'s Vindication of Aſtrology. This profound Author, among many myſtical Paſſages, has the following one. 'The Abſence of the 'Sun is not the Cauſe of Night, foraſmuch 'as his Light is ſo great that it may illumi-

'nate the Earth all over at once as clear as 'broad Day, but there are tenebrificous 'and dark Stars, by whoſe Influence Night 'is brought on, and which do ray out 'Darkneſs and Obſcurity upon the Earth, 'as the Sun does Light.

I conſider Writers in the ſame View this Sage Aſtrologer does the heavenly Bodies. Some of them are Stars that ſcatter Light as others do Darkneſs: I could mention ſeveral Authors who are tenebrificous Stars of the firſt Magnitude, and Point out a Knot of Gentlemen who have been dull in Conſort, and may be looked upon as a dark Conſtellation. The Nation has been a great while benighted with ſeveral of theſe Antiluminaries. I ſuffered them to ray out their Darkneſs as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a Reſolution of riſing upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the *Britiſh* Hemiſphere.

Friday,

N° 583. *Friday, Auguſt* 20.

Ipſe thymum pinoſque ferens de montibus altis,
Tecta ſerat latè circum, cui talia Curæ:
Ipſe labore manum duro terat, ipſe feraces
Figat humo plantas, & amicos irriget Imbres. Virg.

EVERY Station of Life has Duties which are proper to it. Thoſe who are determined by Choice to any particular kind of Buſineſs, are indeed more happy than thoſe who are determined by Neceſſity, but both are under an equal Obligation of fixing on Employments, which may be either uſeful to themſelves or beneficial to others. No one of the Sons of *Adam* ought to think himſelf exempt from that Labour and Induſtry which were denounced to our firſt Parent, and in him to all his Poſterity. Thoſe to whom Birth or Fortune may ſeem to make ſuch an Application unneceſſary, ought to find out ſome Calling or Profeſſion for themſelves, that they may not lie as a Burden on the Species, and be the only uſeleſs Parts of the Creation.

MANY of our Country Gentlemen in their buſie Hours apply themſelves wholly to the Chaſe, or to ſome other Diverſion which they find in the Fields and Woods.

This gave occaſion to one of our moſt eminent *Engliſh* Writers to repreſent every one of them as lying under a kind of Curſe pronounced to them in the Words of *Goliah*, *I will give thee to the fowls of the air and to the beaſts of the field.*

THO' Exerciſes of this Kind, when indulged with Moderation, may have a good Influence both on the Mind and Body, the Country affords many other Amuſements of a more noble Kind.

AMONG theſe I know none more delightful in it ſelf, and beneficial to the Publick, than that of *PLANTING*. I could mention a Nobleman whoſe Fortune has placed him in ſeveral Parts of *England*, and who has always left theſe viſible Marks behind him, which ſhow he has been there: He never hired a Houſe in his Life, without leaving all about it the Seeds of Wealth, and beſtowing Legacies on the Poſterity of the Owner. Had all the Gentlemen of *England* made the ſame Improvements upon their Eſtates, our whole Country would have been at this time as one great Garden. Nor ought ſuch an Employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for Men of the higheſt Rank. There have been Heroes in this Art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of *Cyrus* the Great, that he planted all the Leſſer *Aſia*. There is indeed ſomething truly mag-

magnificent in this kind of Amuſement: It gives a nobler Air to ſeveral Parts of Nature; it fills the Earth with a Variety of beautiful Scenes, and has ſomething in it like Creation. For this Reaſon the Pleaſure of one who plants is ſomething like that of a Poet, who, as *Ariſtotle* obſerves, is more delighted with his Productions than any other Writer or Artiſt whatſoever.

PLANTATIONS have one Advantage in them which is not to be found in moſt other Works, as they give a Pleaſure of a more laſting Date, and continually improve in the Eye of the Planter. When you have finiſhed a Building, or any other Undertaking of the like Nature, it immediately decays upon your Hands; you ſee it brought to its utmoſt Point of Perfection, and from that time haſtening to its Ruin. On the contrary, when you have finiſhed your Plantations, they are ſtill arriving at greater Degrees of Perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every ſucceeding Year, than they did in the foregoing.

BUT I do not only recommend this Art to Men of Eſtates as a pleaſing Amuſement, but as it is a kind of Virtuous Employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral Motives; particularly from the Love which we ought to have for our Country, and the Regard which we ought to bear to our

our Poſterity. As for the firſt, I need only mention what is frequently obſerved by others, that the Increaſe of Foreſt-Trees does by no Means bear a Proportion to the Deſtruction of them, inſomuch that in a few Ages the Nation may be at a Loſs to ſupply it ſelf with Timber ſufficient for the Fleets of *England*. I know when a Man talks of Poſterity in Matters of this Nature, he is looked upon with an Eye of Ridicule by the cunning and ſelfiſh Part of Mankind. Moſt People are of the Humour of an old Fellow of a Colledge, who when he was preſſed by the Society to come into ſomething that might redound to the good of their Succeſſors, grew very peeviſh, *We are always doing*, ſays he, *ſomething for Poſterity, but I would fain ſee Poſterity do ſomething for us.*

BUT I think Men are inexcuſable, who fail in a Duty of this Nature, ſince it is ſo eaſily diſcharged. When a Man conſiders, that the putting a few Twigs into the Ground, is doing good to one who will make his Appearance in the World about Fifty Years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own Deſcendants, eaſie or rich, by ſo inconſiderable an Expence, if he finds himſelf averſe to it, he muſt conclude that he has a poor and baſe Heart, void of all generous Principles and Love to Mankind.

THERE is one Conſideration, which may

may very much enforce what I have here ſaid. Many honeſt Minds that are naturally diſpoſed to do good in the World, and become Beneficial to Mankind, complain within themſelves that they have not Talents for it. This therefore is a good Office, which is ſuited to the meaneſt Capacities, and which may be performed by Multitudes, who have not Abilities ſufficient to deſerve well of their Country and to recommend themſelves to their Poſterity, by any other Method. It is the Phraſe of a Friend of mine, when any uſeful Country Neighbour dies, that *you may trace him*; which I look upon as a good Funeral Oration, at the Death of an honeſt Husbandman, who has left the Impreſſions of his Induſtry behind him, in the Place where he has lived.

UPON the foregoing Conſiderations, I can ſcarce forbear repreſenting the Subject of this Paper as a kind of Moral Virtue; which, as I have already ſhown, recommends it ſelf likewiſe by the Pleaſure that attends it. It muſt be confeſſed, that this is none of thoſe turbulent Pleaſures which is apt to gratifie a Man in the Heats of Youth; but if it be not ſo Tumultuous, it is more Laſting. Nothing can be more delightful, than to entertain our ſelves with Proſpects of our own making, and to walk under thoſe Shades which our own Induſtry has raiſed. Amuſements of this Nature

compoſe

compoſe the Mind, and lay at reſt all thoſe Paſſions which are uneaſie to the Soul of Man, beſides, that they naturally engender good Thoughts, and diſpoſe us to laudable Contemplations. Many of the old Philoſophers paſſed away the greateſt Parts of their Lives among their Gardens. *Epicurus* himſelf could not think ſenſual Pleaſure attainable in any other Scene. Every Reader who is acquainted with *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Horace*, the greateſt Genius's of all Antiquity, knows very well with how much Rapture they have ſpoken on this Subject; and that *Virgil* in particular has written a whole Book on the Art of Planting.

THIS Art ſeems to have been more eſpecially adapted to the Nature of Man in his Primæval State, when he had Life enough to ſee his Productions flouriſh in their utmoſt Beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the Flood might have ſeen a Wood of the talleſt Oakes in the Acorn. But I only mention this Particular, in order to introduce in my next Paper, a Hiſtory which I have found among the Accounts of *China*, and which may be looked upon as an Antediluvian Novel.

Monday,

Nº 584. *Monday, Auguſt* 23.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic Nemus, hic toto tecum conſumerer ævo. Virg.

HILPA was one of the 150 Daughters of *Zilpah*, of the Race of *Cohu*, by whom ſome of the Learned think is meant *Cain*. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when ſhe was but a Girl of threeſcore and ten Years of Age, received the Addreſſes of ſeveral who made Love to her. Among theſe were two Brothers, *Harpath* and *Shalum*; *Harpath*, being the Firſt-born, was Maſter of that fruitful Region which lies at the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, in the Southern Parts of *China*. *Shalum* (which is to ſay the Planter, in the *Chineſe* Language) poſſeſſed all the neighbouring Hills, and that great Range of Mountains which goes under the Name of *Tirzah*. *Harpath* was of a haughty contemptuous Spirit; *Shalum* was of a gentle Diſpoſition, beloved both by God and Man

IT is ſaid that, among the Antediluvian Women, the Daughters of *Cohu* had their Minds wholly ſet upon Riches; for which Reaſon the beautiful *Hilpa* preferred *Harpath*

path to *Shalum*, becauſe of his numerous Flocks and Herds, that covered all the low Country which runs along the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, and is watered by ſeveral Fountains and Streams breaking out of the Sides of that Mountain.

HARPATH made ſo quick a Diſpatch in his Courtſhip, that he married *Hilpa* in the hundredth Year of her Age; and being of an inſolent Temper, laughed to Scorn his Brother *Shalum* for having pretended to the beautiful *Hilpa*, when he was Maſter of nothing but a long Chain of Rocks and Mountains. This ſo much provoked *Shalum*, that he is ſaid to have curſed his Brother in the Bitterneſs of his Heart, and to have prayed that one of his Mountains might fall upon his Head, if ever he came within the Shadow of it.

FROM this Time forward *Harpath* would never venture out of the Vallies, but came to an untimely End in the 250th Year of his Age, being drowned in a River as he attempted to croſs it. This River is called to this Day, from his Name who periſhed in it, the River *Harpath*; and, what is very remarkable, iſſues out of one of thoſe Mountains which *Shalum* wiſhed might fall upon his Brother, when he curſed him in the Bitterneſs of his Heart.

HILPA was in the 160th Year of her Age at the Death of her Husband, having brought him but 50 Children, before he was

was ſnatched away as has been already related. Many of the Antediluvians made Love to the young Widow, tho' no one was thought ſo likely to ſucceed in her Affections as her firſt Lover *Shalum*, who renewed his Court to her about ten Years after the Death of *Harpath*; for it was not thought decent in thoſe Days, that a Widow ſhould be ſeen by a Man within ten Years after the Deceaſe of her Huſband.

SHALUM falling into a deep Melancholy, and reſolving to take away that Objection which had been raiſed againſt him when he made his firſt Addreſſes to *Hilpa*, began, immediately after her Marriage with *Harpath*, to plant all that mountainous Region which fell to his Lot in the Diviſion of this Country. He knew how to adapt every Plant to its proper Soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional Secrets of that Art from the firſt Man. This Employment turned at length to his Profit as well as to his Amuſement: His Mountains were in a few Years ſhaded with young Trees, that gradually ſhot up into Groves, Woods, and Forreſts, intermixed with Walks, and Launs, and Gardens; inſomuch that the whole Region, from a naked and deſolate Proſpect, began now to look like a ſecond Paradiſe. The Pleaſantneſs of the Place, and the agreeable Diſpoſition of *Shalum*, who was reckoned one of the

mildeſt and wiſeſt of all who lived before the Flood, drew into it Multitudes of People, who were perpetually employed in the ſinking of Wells, the digging of Trenches, and the hollowing of Trees, for the better Diſtribution of Water through every Part of this ſpacious Plantation.

THE Habitations of *Shalum* looked every Year more beautiful in the Eyes of *Hilpa*, who, after the Space of 70 Autumns, was wonderfully pleaſed with the diſtant Proſpect of *Shalum*'s Hills, which were then covered with innumerable Tufts of Trees and gloomy Scenes that gave a Magnificence to the Place, and converted it into one of the fineſt Landskips the Eye of Man could behold.

THE *Chineſe* record a Letter which *Shalum* is ſaid to have written to *Hilpa*, in the eleventh Year of her Widow hood. I ſhall here tranſlate it, without departing from that noble Simplicity of Sentiments, and Plainneſs of Manners, which appears in the Original.

SHALUM was at this time 180 Years old, and *Hilpa* 170.

Shalum, *Maſter of Mount* Tirzah, *to* Hilpa, *Miſtreſs of the Vallies.*

In the 788th Year of the Creation.

'WHAT have I not ſuffered, O thou 'Daughter of *Zilpah*, ſince thou 'gaveſt

'gaveſt thy ſelf away in Marriage to my 'Rival? I grew weary of the Light of the 'Sun, and have been ever ſince covering 'my ſelf with Woods and Foreſts. Theſe 'threeſcore and ten Years have I bewail-'ed the Loſs of thee on the Tops of 'Mount *Tirzah*, and ſoothed my Melan-'cholly among a thouſand gloomy Shades 'of my own raiſing. My Dwellings are at 'preſent as the Garden of God; every 'Part of them is filled with Fruits, and 'Flowers, and Fountains. The whole 'Mountain is perfumed for thy Recepti-'on. Come up into it, O my Beloved, 'and let us People this Spot of the new 'World with a beautiful Race of Mortals; 'let us multiply exceedingly among theſe 'delightful Shades, and fill every Quarter 'of them with Sons and Daughters. Re-'member, O thou Daughter of *Zilpah*, 'that the Age of Man is but a thouſand 'Years; that Beauty is the Admiration 'but of a few Centuries. It flouriſhes 'as a Mountain Oak, or as a Cedar on 'the Top of *Tirzah*, which in three or 'four hundred Years will fade away, 'and never be thought of by Poſterity, 'unleſs a young Wood ſprings from its 'Roots. Think well on this, and re-'member thy Neighbour in the Mountains.

HAVING here inſerted this Letter, which I look upon as the only Antediluvian *Billet-doux* now extant, I ſhall in my

next Paper give the Anſwer to it, and the Sequel of this Story.

N° 585. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 25.

Ipſi lætitia voces ad ſidera jactant
Intonſi montes: ipſæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipſa ſonant arbuſta——— Virg.

The Sequel of the Story of Shalum *and* Hilpa.

THE Letter inſerted in my laſt had ſo good an Effect upon *Hilpa*, that ſhe anſwered it in leſs than a Twelvemonth after the following Manner:

Hilpa, *Miſtreſs of the Vallies, to* Shalum, *Maſter of Mount* Tirzah.

In the 789th Year of the Creation.

'WHAT have I to do with thee, O '*Shalum*? Thou praiſeſt *Hilpa*'s 'Beauty, but art thou not ſecretly ena- 'moured with the Verdure of her Mea- 'dows? Art thou not more affected with 'the Proſpect of her green Vallies, than 'thou wouldſt be with the Sight of her 'Perſon? The Lowings of my Herds, and 'the Bleatings of my Flocks, make a plea- 'ſant Eccho in thy Mountains, and ſound 'ſweetly in thy Ears. What tho' I am de-

'delighted with the Wavings of thy Fo-
'reſts, and thoſe Breezes of Perfumes
'which flow from the Top of *Tirzah*:
'are theſe like the Riches of the Valley?

'I know thee, O *Shalum*; thou art
'more wiſe and happy than any of the Sons
'of Men. Thy Dwellings are among the
'Cedars; thou ſearcheſt out the Diverſity
'of Soils, thou underſtandeſt the Influen-
'ces of the Stars, and markeſt the Change
'of Seaſons. Can a Woman appear lovely
'in the Eyes of ſuch a one? Diſquiet me
'not, O *Shalum*; let me alone, that I may
'enjoy thoſe goodly Poſſeſſions which are
'fallen to my Lot. Win me not by thy
'enticing Words. May thy Trees encreaſe
'and multiply; mayeſt thou add Wood
'to Wood, and Shade to Shade; but
'tempt not *Hilpa* to deſtroy thy Soli-
'tude, and make thy Retirement popu-
'lous.

THE *Chineſe* ſay, that a little time afterwards ſhe accepted of a Treat in one of the neighbouring Hills to which *Shalum* had invited her. This Treat laſted for two Years, and is ſaid to have coſt *Shalum* five hundred Antelopes, two thouſand Oſtriches, and a thouſand Tun of Milk; but what moſt of all recommended it, was that Variety of delicious Fruits and Potherbs, in which no Perſon then living could any way equal *Shalum*.

HE treated her in the Bower which he had planted amidſt the Wood of Nightingales. This Wood was made up of ſuch Fruit Trees and Plants as are moſt agreeable to the ſeveral Kinds of Singing-Birds; ſo that it had drawn into it all the Muſick of the Country, and was filled from one End of the Year to the other with the moſt agreeable Conſort in Seaſon.

HE ſhewed her every Day ſome beautiful and ſurpriſing Scene in this new Region of Wood-lands; and as by this Means he had all the Opportunities he could wiſh for of opening his Mind to her, he ſucceeded ſo well, that upon her Departure ſhe made him a kind of Promiſe, and gave him her Word to return him a poſitive Anſwer in leſs than fifty Years.

SHE had not been long among her own People in the Vallies, when ſhe received new Overtures, and at the ſame Time a moſt ſplendid Viſit from *Miſhpach*, who was a mighty Man of old, and had built a great City, which he called after his own Name. Every Houſe was made for at leaſt a thouſand Years, nay there were ſome that were leaſed out for three Lives; ſo that the Quantity of Stone and Timber conſumed in this Building is ſcarce to be imagined by thoſe who live in the preſent Age of the World. This great Man entertained her with the Voice of muſical Inſtruments which had been lately invented,

ed, and danced before her to the Sound of the Timbrel. He alſo preſented her with ſeveral domeſtick Utenſils wrought in Braſs and Iron, which had been newly found out for the Conveniency of Life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very uneaſie with himſelf, and was ſorely diſpleaſed at *Hilpa* for the Reception which ſhe had given to *Miſhpach*, inſomuch that he never wrote to her or ſpoke of her during a whole Revolution of *Saturn*; but finding that this Intercourſe went no further than a Viſit, he again renewed his Addreſſes to her, who during his long Silence is ſaid very often to have caſt a wiſhing Eye upon Mount *Tirzah*.

HER Mind continued wavering about twenty Years longer between *Shalum* and *Miſhpach*; for tho' her Inclinations favoured the former, her Intereſt pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her Heart was in this unſettled Condition, the following Accident happened which determined her Choice. A high Tower of Wood that ſtood in the City of *Miſhpach* having caught Fire by a Flaſh of Lightning, in a few Days reduced the whole Town to Aſhes. *Miſhpach* reſolved to rebuild the Place, whatever it ſhould coſt him; and having already deſtroyed all the Timber of the Country, he was forced to have Recourſe to *Shalum*, whoſe Foreſts were now two hun-

dred Years old. He purchaſed theſe Woods with ſo many Herds of Cattle and Flocks of Sheep, and with ſuch a vaſt Extent of Fields and Paſtures, that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Miſhpach*; and therefore appeared ſo charming in the Eyes of *Zilpah*'s Daughter, that ſhe no longer refuſed him in Marriage. On the Day in which he brought her up into the Mountains he raiſed a moſt prodigious Pile of Cedar, and of every ſweet ſmelling Wood, which reached above 300 Cubits in Height: He alſo caſt into the Pile Bundles of Myrrh and Sheaves of Spikenard, enriching it with every ſpicy Shrub, and making it fat with the Gums of his Plantations. This was the Burnt-Offering which *Shalum* offered in the Day of his Eſpouſals: The Smoke of it aſcended up to Heaven, and filled the whole Country with Incenſe and Perfume.

N° 586. *Friday, Auguſt* 27.

— Quæ in vita uſurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident, Quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in ſomno accidunt. Cic. de Div.

BY the laſt Poſt I received the following Letter, which is built upon a Thought that is new, and very well car-

ried on; for which Reaſons I ſhall give it to the Publick without Alteration, Addition, or Amendment.

SIR,

'IT was a good Piece of Advice which '*Pythagoras* gave to his Scholars, That 'every Night before they ſlept they ſhould 'examine what they had been a doing that 'Day, and ſo diſcover what Actions were 'worthy of Purſuit to Morrow, and what 'little Vices were to be prevented from 'ſlipping unawares into a Habit. If I 'might ſecond the Philoſopher's Advice, 'it ſhould be mine, That in a Morning 'before my Scholar roſe, he ſhould conſi-'ſider what he had been about that Night, 'and with the ſame Strictneſs as if the 'Condition, he has believ'd himſelf to be 'in, was real. Such a Scrutiny into the 'Actions of his Fancy muſt be of conſide-'rable Advantage, for this Reaſon, Be-'cauſe the Circumſtances which a Man i-'magines himſelf in during Sleep, are ge-'nerally ſuch as entirely favour his Incli-'nations good or bad, and give him ima-'ginary Opportunities of purſuing them 'to the utmoſt; ſo that his Temper will 'lie fairly open to his View, while he con-'ſiders how it is moved when free from 'thoſe Conſtraints which the Accidents of 'real Life put it under. Dreams are 'certainly the Reſult of our waking

'Thoughts, and our daily Hopes and 'Fears are what give the Mind ſuch nim- 'ble Reliſhes of Pleaſure, and ſuch ſevere 'Touches of Pain, in its Midnight Ram- 'bles. A Man that murders his Enemy, 'or deſerts his Friend in a Dream, had 'need to guard his Temper againſt Re- 'venge and Ingratitude, and take heed 'that he be not tempted to do a vile thing 'in the Purſuit of falſe, or the neglect of 'true Honour. For my Part, I ſeldom 'receive a Benefit, but in a Night or two's 'Time I make moſt noble Returns for it; 'which tho' my Benefactor is not a whit 'the better for, yet it pleaſes me to think 'that it was from a Principle of Gratitude 'in me, that my Mind was ſuſceptible of 'ſuch generous Tranſport while I thought 'my ſelf repaying the Kindneſs of my 'Friend: And I have often been ready to 'beg Pardon, inſtead of returning an In- 'jury, after conſidering, that when the 'Offender was in my Power I had carried 'my Reſentments much too far.

'I think it has been obſerv'd in the 'Courſe of your Papers, how much one's 'Happineſs or Miſery may depend upon 'the Imagination: Of which Truth thoſe 'ſtrange Workings of Fancy in Sleep are 'no inconſiderable Inſtances; ſo that not 'only the Advantage a Man has of ma- 'king Diſcoveries of himſelf, but a Re- 'gard to his own Eaſe or Diſquiet, may

'induce

'induce him to accept of my Advice. Such 'as are willing to comply with it, I ſhall 'put into a way of doing it with Pleaſure, 'by obſerving only one Maxim which I 'ſhall give them, *viz. To go to Bed with 'a Mind entirely free from Paſſion, and a 'Body clear of the leaſt Intemperance.*

'THEY indeed who can ſink into 'Sleep with their Thoughts leſs calm or 'innocent that they ſhould be, do but 'plunge themſelves into Scenes of Guilt 'and Miſery; or they who are willing to 'purchaſe any Midnight Diſquietudes for 'the Satisfaction of a full Meal, or a Skin 'full of Wine; theſe I have nothing to ſay 'to, as not knowing how to invite 'em to 'Reflections full of Shame and Horror: 'But thoſe that will obſerve this Rule, I 'promiſe 'em they ſhall awake into Health 'and Chearfulneſs, and be capable of re-'counting with Delight thoſe glorious Mo-'ments wherein the Mind has been in-'dulging it ſelf in ſuch Luxury of Thought, 'ſuch noble Hurry of Imagination. Sup-'poſe a Man's going ſupperleſs to Bed 'ſhould introduce him to the Table of 'ſome great Prince or other, where he 'ſhall be entertained with the nobleſt Marks 'of Honour and Plenty, and do ſo much 'Buſineſs after, that he ſhall riſe with as 'good a Stomoch to his Breakfaſt as if he 'had faſted all Night long; or ſuppoſe he 'ſhould ſee his deareſt Friends remain all

'Night

'Night in great Diſtreſſes, which he could 'inſtantly have diſingaged them from, could 'he have been content to have gone to 'bed without the t'other Bottle: Believe 'me, theſe Effects of Fancy are no con-'temptible Conſequences of commanding 'or indulging one's Appetite.

'I forbear recommending my Advice 'upon many other Accounts, 'till I hear 'how you and your Readers reliſh what I 'have already ſaid; among whom, if there 'be any that may pretend it is uſeleſs to 'them, becauſe they never dream at all, 'there may be others, perhaps, who do 'little elſe all Day long. Were every one 'as ſenſible as I am what happens to him 'in his Sleep, it would be no Diſpute whe-'ther we paſt ſo conſiderable a Portion of 'our Time in the Condition of Stocks and 'Stones, or whether the Soul were not 'perpetually at Work upon the Principle 'of Thought. However, 'tis an honeſt 'Endeavour of mine to perſuade my Coun-'trymen to reap ſome Advantage from ſo 'many unregarded Hours, and as ſuch 'you will encourage it.

'I ſhall conclude with giving you a Sketch 'or two of my Way of proceeding.

'IF I have any Buſineſs of Conſequence 'to do to Morrow, I am ſcarce dropt a-'ſleep to Night but I am in the midſt of 'it, and when awake I conſider the whole 'Proceſſion of the Affair, and get the Ad-

'Advantage of the next Day's Experience 'before the Sun has risen upon it.

'THERE is scarce a great Post but 'what I have some Time or other been in; 'but my Behaviour while I was Master of 'a College pleases me so well, that when-'ever there is a Province of that Nature 'vacant, I intend to step in as soon as I 'can.

'I have done many Things that would 'not pass Examination, when I have had 'the Art of Flying, or being Invisible; for 'which Reason I am glad I am not possess-'ed of those extraordinary Qualities.

'LASTLY, Mr. SPECTATOR, I have 'been a great Correspondent of yours, and 'have read many of my Letters in your 'Paper which I never wrote to you. If 'you have a Mind I should really be so, I 'have got a Parcel of Visions and other 'Miscellanies in my Noctuary, which I 'shall send you to enrich your Paper with 'on proper Occasions.

Oxford, August 20.

I am, &c.

John Shadow.

Monday,

N° 587. *Monday, Auguſt* 30.

——*intus, et in Cute novi.* Perſ.

THO' the Author of the following Viſion is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the Work of that ingenious Gentleman, who promiſed me, in the laſt Paper, ſome Extracts out of his Noctuary.

SIR,

'I Was the other Day reading the Life 'of *Mahomet*. Among many other 'Extravagancies, I find it recorded of 'that Impoſtor, that in the fourth Year 'of his Age the Angel *Gabriel* caught him 'up, while he was among his Play-fellows, 'and, carrying him aſide, cut open his 'Breaſt, plucked out his Heart, and wrung 'out of it that black Drop of Blood, in 'which, ſay the *Turkiſh* Divines, is con'tained the *Fomes Peccati*, ſo that he was 'free from Sin ever after. I immediately 'ſaid to my ſelf, tho' this Story be a Fi'ction, a very good Moral may be drawn 'from it, would every Man but apply it 'to himſelf, and endeavour to ſqueeze out 'of his Heart whatever Sins or ill Quali'ties he finds in it.

'WHILE my Mind was wholly taken 'up with this Contemplation, I inſenſibly

'fell

'fell into a moſt pleaſing Slumber, when 'methought two Porters entered my Cham-'ber, carrying a large Cheſt between them. 'After having ſet it down in the middle 'of the Room they departed. I immedi-'ately endeavoured to open what was ſent 'me, when a Shape, like that in which 'we paint our Angels, appeared before me, 'and forbad be. Encloſed, ſaid he, are 'the Hearts of ſeveral of your Friends and 'Acquaintance; but before you can be 'qualified to ſee and animadvert on the 'Failings of others, you muſt be pure your 'ſelf; whereupon he drew out his Inciſi-'on Knife, cut me open, took out my 'Heart, and began to ſqueeze it. I was 'in a great Confuſion, to ſee how many 'things, which I had always cheriſhed as 'Virtues, iſſued out of my Heart on this 'Occaſion. In ſhort, after it had been 'throughly ſqueezed, it looked like an 'empty Bladder, when the Phantome, 'breathing a freſh Particle of Divine Air 'into it, reſtored it ſafe to its former Repo-'ſitory; and having ſewed me up, we began 'to examine the Cheſt.

'THE Hearts were all encloſed in tran-'ſparent Phials, and preſerved in a Liquor 'which looked like Spirits of Wine. The 'firſt which I caſt my Eye upon, I was 'afraid would have broke the Glaſs which 'contained it. It ſhot up and down, with 'incredible Swiftneſs, thro' the Liquor in

'which

'which it ſwam, and very frequently
'bounced againſt the Side of the Phial.
'The *Fomes*, or Spot in the Middle of
'it, was not large, but of a red fiery Co-
'lour, and ſeemed to be the Cauſe of theſe
'violent Agitations. That, ſays my In-
'ſtructor, is the Heart of *Tom. Dread-*
'*Nought*, who behaved himſelf well in the
'late Wars, but has for theſe Ten Years
'laſt paſt been aiming at ſome Poſt of Ho-
'nour to no Purpoſe. He is lately retired
'into the Country, where, quite choak-
'ed up with Spleen and Choler, he rails
'at better Men than himſelf, and will be
'for ever uneaſie, becauſe it is impoſſible
'he ſhould think his Merit ſufficiently re-
'warded. The next Heart that I examin-
'ed was remarkable for its Smallneſs; it
'lay ſtill at the Bottom of the Phial, and
'I could hardly perceive that it beat at all.
'The *Phomes* was quite black, and had
'almoſt diffuſed it ſelf over the whole
'Heart. This, ſays my Interpreter, is
'the Heart of *Dick Gloomy*, who never
'thirſted after any thing but Mony. Not-
'withſtanding all his Endeavours, he is
'ſtill poor. This has flung him into a moſt
'deplorable State of Melancholly and De-
'ſpair. He is a Compoſition of Envy and
'Idleneſs, hates Mankind, but gives them
'their Revenge by being more uneaſie to
'himſelf than to any one elſe.

THE

THE Phial I looked upon next contained ‘ a large fair Heart, which beat very ſtrong- ‘ ly. The *Fomes* or Spot in it was exceed- ‘ ing ſmall; but I could not help obſerv- ‘ ing, that which way ſoever I turned the ‘ Phial it always appeared uppermoſt, and ‘ in the ſtrongeſt Point of Light. The ‘ Heart you are examining, ſays my Com- ‘ panion, belongs to *Will. Worthy*. He ‘ has, indeed, a moſt noble Soul, and is ‘ poſſeſſed of a thouſand good Qualities. ‘ The Speck which you diſcover is *Vanity*.

‘ HERE, ſays the Angel, is the Heart ‘ of *Freelove*, your intimate Friend. *Free-* ‘ *love* and I, ſaid I, are at preſent very cold ‘ to one another, and I do not care for ‘ looking on the Heart of a Man, which ‘ I fear is overcaſt with Rancour. My ‘ Teacher commanded me to look upon ‘ it; I did ſo, and to my unſpeakable Sur- ‘ priſe, found that a ſmall ſwelling Spot, ‘ which I at firſt took to be *Ill-will* to- ‘ wards me, was only *Paſſion*, and that up- ‘ on my nearer Inſpection it wholly diſap- ‘ peared; upon which the Phantome told ‘ me *Freelove* was one of the beſt-natured ‘ Men alive.

‘ THIS, ſays my Teacher, is a Female ‘ Heart of your Acquaintance. I found ‘ the *Fomes* in it of the largeſt Size, and ‘ of a hundred different Colours, which ‘ were ſtill varying every Moment. Upon ‘ my asking to whom it belonged, I was

‘ informed

'informed that it was the Heart of *Coquetilla.*

'I ſet it down, and drew out another, in 'which I took the *Fomes* at firſt Sight to 'be very ſmall, but was amazed to find, 'that as I looked ſtedfaſtly upon it, it grew 'ſtill larger. It was the Heart of *Meliſſa*, 'a noted Prude who lives the next Door 'to me.

'I ſhow you this, ſays the Phantome, be-'cauſe it is indeed a Rarity and you have the 'Happineſs to know the Perſon to whom 'it belongs. He then put into my Hands 'a large Chryſtal Glaſs, that encloſed an 'Heart, in which, though I examined it 'with the utmoſt Nicety, I could not per-'ceive any Blemiſh. I made no Scruple 'to affirm that it muſt be the Heart of *Se-'raphina*, and was glad, but not ſurprized, 'to find that it was ſo. She is, indeed, 'continued my Guide, the Ornament, as 'well as the Envy, of her Sex; at theſe 'laſt Words, he pointed to the Hearts of 'ſeveral of her Female Acquaintance which 'lay in different Phials, and had very large 'Spots in them, all of a deep *Blue.* You 'are not to wonder, ſays he, that you ſee no 'Spot in an Heart, whoſe Innocence has 'been Proof againſt all the Corruptions of 'a depraved Age. If it has any Blemiſh, 'it is too ſmall to be diſcovered by Hu-'man Eyes.

'I

'I layed it down, and took up the Hearts 'of other Females, in all of which the '*Fomes* ran in ſeveral Veins, which were 'twiſted together, and made a very per-'plexed Figure. I asked the Meaning of 'it, and was told it repreſented *Deceit*.

'I ſhould have been glad to have exa-'mined the Hearts of ſeveral of my Ac-'quaintance, whom I knew to be parti-'cularly addicted to Drinking, Gaming, In-'treaguing, &c. but my Interpreter told 'me I muſt let that alone till another Op-'portunity, and flung down the Cover of 'the Cheſt with ſo much Violence, as im-'mediately awoke me.

N° 588. *Wedneſday, September* 1.

Dicitis, Omnis in Imbecillitate eſt et Gratia, et Caritas.
Cicero. De Nat. Deor. L.

MAN may be conſidered in two Views, as a Reaſonable, and as a Sociable Being; capable of becoming himſelf either happy or miſerable, and of contributing to the Happineſs or Miſery of his Fellow-Creatures. Suitably to this double Capacity, the Contriver of Human Nature hath wiſely furniſhed it with two Principles of Action, Self-love and Benevolence; deſigned one of them to render

Man wakeful to his own perſonal Intereſt, the other to diſpoſe him for giving his utmoſt Aſſiſtance to all engaged in the ſame Purſuit. This is ſuch an Account of our Frame, ſo agreeable to Reaſon, ſo much for the Honour of our Maker, and the Credit of our Species, that it may appear ſomewhat unaccountable what ſhould induce Men to repreſent human Nature as they do under Characters of Diſadvantage, or, having drawn it with a little and ſordid Aſpect, what Pleaſure they can poſſibly take in ſuch a Picture. Do they reflect that it is their own, and, if we will believe themſelves, is not more odious than the Original? One of the firſt that talked in this lofty Strain of our Nature was *Epicurus*. Beneficence, would his Followers ſay, is all founded in Weakneſs; and, whatever he pretended, the Kindneſs that paſſeth between Men and Men is by every Man directed to himſelf. This, it muſt be confeſſed, is of a Piece with the reſt of that hopeful Philoſophy, which having patched Man up out of the four Elements, attributes his Being to Chance, and derives all his Actions from an unintelligible Declination of Atoms. And for theſe glorious Diſcoveries, the Poet is beyond Meaſure tranſported in the Praiſes of his Hero, as if he muſt needs be ſomething more than Man, only for an Endeavour to prove that Man is in nothing ſuperior to Beaſts. In this

this School was Mr. *Hobbes* inſtructed to ſpeak after the ſame Manner, if he did not rather draw his Knowledge from an Obſervation of his own Temper; for he ſomewhere unluckily lays down this as a Rule, 'That from the Similitudes of Thoughts 'and Paſſions of one Man to the Thoughts 'and Paſſions of another, whoſoever looks 'into himſelf and conſiders what he doth 'when he thinks, hopes, fears, &c. and 'upon what Grounds; he ſhall hereby read 'and know what are the Thoughts and 'Paſſions of all other Men upon the like Occaſions.' Now we will allow Mr. *Hobbes* to know beſt how he was inclined: But in earneſt, I ſhould be heartily out of Conceit with my ſelf, if I thought my ſelf of this unamiable Temper, as he affirms, and ſhould have as little Kindneſs for my ſelf as for any Body in the World. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent Propenſions were the Original Growth of the Heart of Man, and, however checked and overtop'd by counter Inclinations that have ſince ſprung up within us, have ſtill ſome Force in the worſt of Tempers, and a conſiderable Influence on the beſt. And, methinks, it is a fair Step towards the Proof of this, that the moſt beneficent of all Beings is He who hath an abſolute Fulneſs of Perfection in Himſelf, who gave Exiſtence to the Univerſe, and ſo cannot be ſuppoſed to want that which He

communicated, without diminiſhing from the Plenitude of his own Power and Happineſs. The Philoſophers before mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this Argument; for, placing the Gods in a State of the moſt elevated Bleſſedneſs, they deſcribe them as Selfiſh as we poor miſerable Mortals can be, and ſhut them out from all Concern for Mankind, upon the Score of their having no Need of us. But if He that ſitteth in the Heavens wants not us, we ſtand in continual Need of Him; and, ſurely, next to the Survey of the immenſe Treaſures of his own Mind, the moſt exalted Pleaſure He receives is from beholding Millions of Creatures, lately drawn out of the Gulph of Non-exiſtence, rejoycing in the various Degrees of Being and Happineſs imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious Character of the Deity, ſo in forming a reaſonable Creature He would not, if poſſible, ſuffer his Image to paſs out of his Hands unadorned with a Reſemblance of Himſelf in this moſt lovely Part of his Nature. For what Complacency could a Mind, whoſe Love is as unbounded as his Knowledge, have in a Work ſo unlike Himſelf? a Creature that ſhould be capable of knowing and converſing with a vaſt Circle of Objects, and love none but Himſelf? What Proportion would there be between the Head and the Heart of ſuch a Creature, its Affections,

and

and its Underſtanding? Or could a Society of ſuch Creatures, with no other Bottom but Self-Love on which to maintain a Commerce, ever flouriſh? Reaſon, 'tis certain, would oblige every Man to purſue the general Happineſs, as the Means to procure and eſtabliſh his own; and yet if, beſides this Conſideration, there were not a natural Inſtinct, prompting Men to deſire the Welfare and Satisfaction of others, Self-Love, in Defiance of the Admonitions of Reaſon, would quickly run all Things into a State of War and Confuſion. As nearly intereſted as the Soul is in the Fate of the Body, our provident Creator ſaw it neceſſary, by the conſtant Returns of Hunger and Thirſt, thoſe importunate Appetites, to put it in Mind of its Charge; knowing, that if we ſhould eat and drink no oftner than cold abſtracted Speculation ſhould put us upon theſe Exerciſes, and then leave it to Reaſon to preſcribe the Quantity, we ſhould ſoon refine our ſelves out of this bodily Life. And, indeed, 'tis obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily, unleſs carried to it by Inclinations which anticipate our Reaſon, and, like a Biaſs, draw the Mind ſtrongly towards it. In order, therefore, to eſtabliſh a perpetual Intercourſe of Benefits amongſt Mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous Prepoſſeſſion of Benevolence, if, as I have ſaid, it were poſſible. And from

whence can we go about to argue its Impoſſibility? Is it inconſiſtent with Self-love? Are their Motions contrary? No more than the diurnal Rotation of the Earth is oppoſed to its Annual; or its Motion round its own Center, which may be improved as an Illuſtration of Self-Love, to that which whirls it about the common Center of the World, anſwering to univerſal Benevolence. Is the Force of Self-Love abated, or its Intereſt prejudiced by Benevolence? So far from it, that Benevolence, though a diſtinct Principle, is extreamly ſerviceable to Self-Love, and then doth moſt Service when 'tis leaſt deſigned.

BUT to deſcend from Reaſon to Matter of Fact; the Pity which ariſes on ſight of Perſons in Diſtreſs, and the Satisfaction of Mind which is the Conſequence of having removed them into a happier State, are inſtead of a thouſand Arguments to prove ſuch a thing as a diſintereſted Benevolence. Did Pity proceed from a Reflection we make upon our Liableneſs to the ſame ill Accidents we ſee befall others, it were nothing to the preſent Purpoſe; but this is aſſigning an artificial Cauſe of a natural Paſſion, and can by no Means be admitted as a tolerable Account of it, becauſe Children, and Perſons moſt Thoughtleſs about their own Condition, and incapable of entering into the Proſpects of Futurity, feel the moſt violent Touches of Com-

Compaſſion. And then as to that charming Delight which immediately follows the giving Joy to another, or relieving his Sorrow, and is, when the Objects are numerous, and the Kindneſs of Importance really inexpreſſible, what can this be owing to but a Conſciouſneſs of a Man's having done ſomething Praiſe-worthy, and expreſſive of a great Soul? Whereas, if in all this he only Sacrificed to Vanity and Self-Love, as there would be nothing brave in Actions that make the moſt ſhining Appearance, ſo Nature would not have rewarded them with this divine Pleaſure; nor could the Commendations, which a Perſon receives for Benefits done upon ſelfiſh Views, be at all more Satisfactory, than when he is applauded for what he doth without Deſign; becauſe in both Caſes the Ends of Self-Love are equally anſwered. The Conſcience of approving ones ſelf a Benefactor to Mankind is the nobleſt Recompence for being ſo; doubtleſs it is, and the moſt intereſted cannot propoſe any thing ſo much to their own Advantage, notwithſtanding which, the Inclination is nevertheleſs unſelfiſh. The Pleaſure which attends the Gratification of our Hunger and Thirſt, is not the Cauſe of theſe Appetites; they are previous to any ſuch Proſpect; and ſo likewiſe is the Deſire of doing Good; with this Difference, that being ſeated in the Intellectual Part, this laſt, though Antecedent

to Reaſon, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwiſe a Virtue than as it is ſo. Thus have I contended for the Dignity of that Nature I have the Honour to partake of, and, after all the Evidence produced, think I have a Right to conclude, againſt the Motto of this Paper, that there is ſuch a thing as Generoſity in the World. Though if I were under a Miſtake in this I ſhould ſay, as *Cicero* in Relation to the Immortality of the Soul, I willingly err, and ſhould believe it very much for the Intereſt of Mankind to lie under the ſame Deluſion. For the contrary Notion naturally tends to diſpirit the Mind, and ſinks it into a Meanneſs fatal to the God-like Zeal of doing good. As on the other Hand, it teaches People to be Ungrateful, by poſſeſſing them with a Perſwaſion concerning their Benefactors, that they have no Regard to them in the Benefits they beſtow. Now he that baniſhes Gratitude from among Men, by ſo doing ſtops up the Stream of Beneficence. For though in conferring Kindneſſes, a truly generous Man doth not aim at a Return, yet he looks to the Qualities of the Perſon obliged, and as nothing renders a Perſon more unworthy of a Benefit, than his being without all Reſentment of it, he will not be extreamly forward to oblige ſuch a Man.

Friday

N° 589. *Friday, September* 3.

Perſequitur ſcelus ille ſuum: labefactaque tandem
Ictibus innumeris adductaque funibus arbor
Corruit.—— Ovid.

SIR,

'I Am ſo great an Admirer of Trees, that 'the Spot of Ground I have cho- 'ſen to build a ſmall Seat upon, in 'the Country, is almoſt in the midſt of a 'large Wood. I was obliged, much a- 'gainſt my Will, to cut down ſeveral Trees, 'that I might have any ſuch thing as a Walk 'in my Gardens; but then I have taken 'Care to leave the Space, between every 'Walk, as much a Wood as I found it. The 'Moment you turn either to the Right or 'Left, you are in a Foreſt, where Nature 'preſents you with a much more beautiful 'Scene than could have been raiſed by 'Art.

'INSTEAD of *Tulips* or *Carnations*, 'I can ſhew you *Oakes* in my Gardens of 'four hundred Years ſtanding, and a Knot 'of *Elms* that might ſhelter a Troop of 'Horſe from the Rain.

'IT is not without the utmoſt Indigna- 'tion, that I obſerve ſeveral prodigal young Heirs

'Heirs in the Neighbourhood, felling 'down the moſt glorious Monuments of 'their Anceſtors Induſtry, and ruining, 'in a Day, the Product of Ages.

'I am mightily pleaſed with your Diſ- 'courſe upon Planting, which put me up- 'on looking into my Books to give you 'ſome Account of the Veneration the An- 'cients had for Trees. There is an old 'Tradition, that *Abraham* planted a *Cy- 'preſs*, a *Pine*, and a *Cedar*, and that theſe 'three incorporated into one Tree, which 'was cut down for the building of the 'Temple of *Solomon*.

'*ISIDORUS*, who lived in the Reign 'of *Conſtantius*, aſſures us that he ſaw, e- 'ven in his Time, that famous *Oak* in the 'Plains of *Mambré*, under which *Abra- 'ham* is reported to have dwelt, and adds, 'that the People looked upon it with a 'great Veneration, and preſerved it as a 'Sacred Tree.

'THE Heathens ſtill went farther, and 'regarded it as the higheſt Piece of Sacri- 'lege to injure certain Trees which they 'took to be protected by ſome Deity. The 'Story of *Eriſicthon*, the Grove at *Dodo- 'na*, and that at *Delphi*, are all Inſtances 'of this Kind.

'IF we conſider the Machine in *Vir- 'gil*, ſo much blamed by ſeveral Criticks, 'in this Light, we ſhall hardly think it too 'violent.

'*ÆNEAS*,

'*ÆNEAS*, when he built his Fleet, 'in order to ſail for *Italy*, was obliged to 'cut down the Grove on Mount *Ida*, 'which however he durſt not do till he 'had obtained Leave from *Cybele*, to whom 'it was dedicated. The Goddeſs could 'not but think her ſelf obliged to protect 'theſe Ships, which were made of Conſe-'crated Timber, after a very extraordina-'ry Manner, and therefore deſired *Jupi-'ter*, that they might not be obnoxious to 'the Power of Waves or Winds. *Jupi-'ter* would not grant this, but promiſed 'her, that as many as came ſafe to *Italy* 'ſhould be transformed into Goddeſſes of 'the Sea; which the Poet tells us was ac-'cordingly executed.

And now at length the number'd Hours were come,
Prefix'd by Fate's irrevocable Doom,
When the great Mother of the Gods was free
To ſave her Ships, and finiſh Jove's *Decree.*
Firſt, from the Quarter of the Morn, there ſprung
A Light that ſign'd the Heav'ns, and ſhot along:
Then from a Cloud, fring'd round with Golden Fires,
Were Timbrels heard, and Berecynthian *Quires:*
And laſt a Voice, with more than Mortal Sounds,
Both Hoſts in Arms oppos'd, with equal Horror wounds.
O Trojan *Race, your needleſs Aid forbear;*
And know my Ships are my peculiar Care.
With greater eaſe the bold Rutulian *may,*
With hiſſing Brands, attempt to burn the Sea,
Than ſinge my ſacred Pines. But you my Charge,
Loos'd from your crooked Anchors launch at large,

Exalted

Exalted each a Nymph: Forſake the Sand,
And ſwim the Seas, at Cybele's *Command.*
No ſooner had the Goddeſs ceas'd to ſpeak,
When lo, th' obedient Ships, their Haulſers break;
And, ſtrange to tell, like Dolphins in the Main,
They plunge their Prows, and dive, and ſpring again:
As many beauteous Maids the Billows ſweep,
As rode before tall Veſſels on the Deep.

Dryden's Virg.

'THE common Opinion concerning
'the Nymphs, whom the Anciens called
'*Hamadryads*, is more to the Honour of
'Trees than any thing yet mentioned. It
'was thought the Fate of theſe Nymphs
'had ſo near a Dependance on ſome Trees,
'more eſpecially Oaks, that they lived and
'died together. For this Reaſon, they
'were extreamly grateful to ſuch Perſons
'who preſerved thoſe Trees with which
'their Being ſubſiſted. *Apollonius* tells us
'a very remarkable Story to this Purpoſe,
'with which I ſhall conclude my Letter.

'A certain Man, called *Rhœcus*, ob-
'ſerving an old Oak ready to fall, and be-
'ing moved with a ſort of Compaſſion to-
'wards the Tree, ordered his Servants to
'pour in freſh Earth at the Roots, and ſet
'it upright. The *Hamadryad*, or Nymph,
'who muſt neceſſarily have periſhed with
'the Tree, appeared to him the next Day,
'and after having returned him her Thanks,
'told him, ſhe was ready to grant whatever
'he ſhould ask. As ſhe was extreamly
Beauti-

'Beautiful, *Rhœcus* desired he might be 'entertained as her Lover. The *Hamadryad*, not much displeased with the Request, promised to give him a Meeting, but commanded him for some Days to abstain from the Embraces of all other Women, adding, that she would send a Bee to him, to let him know when he was to be happy. *Rhœcus* was, it seems, too much addicted to Gaming, and happened to be in a Run of ill Luck when the faithful Bee came buzzing about him; so that instead of minding his kind Invitation, he had like to have killed him for his Pains. The *Hamadryad* was so provoked at her own Disappointment, and the ill Usage of her Messenger, that she deprived *Rhœcus* of the Use of his Limbs. However, says the Story, he was not so much a Cripple, but he made a Shift to cut down the Tree, and consequently to fell his Mistress.

Monday,

N° 590. *Monday, September* 6.

——Aſſiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non ſecus ac flumen. Neque enim conſiſtere flumen,
Nec levis hora poteſt: ſed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora ſic fugiunt pariter, pariterque ſequuntur;
Et nova ſunt ſemper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum eſt;
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.
Ov. Met.

The following Diſcourſe comes from the ſame Hand with the Eſſays upon Infinitude.

WE conſider infinite Space as an Expanſion without a Circumference: We conſider Eternity, or infinite Duration, as a Line that has neither a Beginning nor an End. In our Speculations of infinite Space, we conſider that particular Place in which we exiſt, as a kind of Center to the whole Expanſion. In our Speculations of Eternity, we conſider the Time which is preſent to us as the Middle, which divides the whole Line into two equal Parts. For this Reaſon, many witty Authors compare the preſent Time to an Iſthmus or narrow Neck of Land, that riſes in the midſt of an Ocean, immeaſurably diffuſed on either Side of it.

PHI-

PHILOSOPHY, and indeed common Senſe, naturally throws Eternity under two Diviſions; which we may call in *Engliſh*, that Eternity which is paſt, and that Eternity which is to come. The learned Terms of, *Æternitas a Parte ante*, and *Æternitas a Parte poſt*, may be more amuſing to the Reader, but can have no other Idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by thoſe Words, an Eternity that is paſt, and an Eternity that is to come. Each of theſe Eternities is bounded at the one Extream; or, in other Words, the former has an End, and the latter a Beginning.

LET us firſt of all conſider that Eternity which is paſt, reſerving that which is to come for the Subject of another Paper. The Nature of this Eternity is utterly inconceivable by the Mind of Man: Our Reaſon demonſtrates to us that it *has been*, but at the ſame Time can frame no Idea of it, but what is big with Abſurdity and Contradiction. We can have no other Conception of any Duration which is paſt, than that all of it was once preſent; and whatever was once preſent is at ſome certain Diſtance from us; and whatever is at any certain Diſtance from us, be the Diſtance never ſo remote, cannot be Eternity. The very Notion of any Duration's being paſt, implies that it was once preſent; for the Idea of being once preſent, is actually included in the Idea of its being paſt.

paſt. This therefore is a Depth not to be ſounded by human Underſtanding. We are ſure that there has been an Eternity, and yet contradict our ſelves when we meaſure this Eternity by any Notion which we can frame of it.

IF we go to the Bottom of this Matter, we ſhall find, that the Difficulties we meet with in our Conceptions of Eternity proceed from this ſingle Reaſon, That we can have no other Idea of any kind of Duration, than that by which we our ſelves, and all other created Beings, do exiſt; which is, a ſucceſſive Duration, made up of paſt, preſent, and to come. There is nothing which exiſts after this Manner, all the Parts of whoſe Exiſtence were not once actually preſent, and conſequently may be reached by a certain Number of Years applied to it. We may aſcend as high as we pleaſe, and employ our Being to that Eternity which is to come, in adding Millions of Years to Millions of Years, and we can never come up to any Fountain-head of Duration, to any Beginning in Eternity: But at the ſame time we are ſure, that whatever was once preſent does lye within the Reach of Numbers, tho' perhaps we can never be able to put enough of 'em together for that Purpoſe. We may as well ſay, that any thing may be actually preſent in any Part of infinite Space, which does not lie at a certain Diſtance from us, as that any

any Part of infinite Duration was once actually preſent, and does not alſo lie at ſome determined Diſtance from us. The Diſtance in both Caſes may be immeaſureable and indefinite as to our Faculties, but our Reaſon tells us that it cannot be ſo in it ſelf. Here therefore is that Difficulty which human Underſtanding is not capable of ſurmounting. We are ſure that ſomething muſt have exiſted from Eternity, and are at the ſame Time unable to conceive that any thing which exiſts, according to our Notion of Exiſtence, can have exiſted from Eternity.

IT is hard for a Reader, who has not rolled this Thought in his own Mind, to follow in ſuch an abſtracted Speculation; but I have been the longer on it, becauſe I think it is a demonſtrative Argument of the Being and Eternity of a God: And tho' there are many other Demonſtrations which lead us to this great Truth, I do not think we ought to lay aſide any Proofs in this Matter which the Light of Reaſon has ſuggeſted to us, eſpecially when it is ſuch a one as has been urged by Men famous for their Penetration and Force of Underſtanding, and which appears altogether concluſive to thoſe who will be at the Pains to examine it.

HAVING thus conſidered that Eternity which is paſt, according to the beſt Idea we can frame of it, I ſhall now draw

up thoſe ſeveral Articles on this Subject which are dictated to us by the Light of Reaſon, and which may be looked upon as the Creed of a Philoſopher in this great Point.

FIRST, It is certain that no Being could have made it ſelf; for if ſo, it muſt have acted before it was, which is a Contradiction.

SECONDLY, That therefore ſome Being muſt have exiſted from all Eternity.

THIRDLY, That whatever exiſts after the manner of created Beings, or according to any Notions which we have of Exiſtence, could not have exiſted from Eternity.

FOURTHLY, That this eternal Being muſt therefore be the great Author of Nature, *the Antient of Days*, who, being at an infinite Diſtance in his Perfections from all finite and created Beings, exiſts in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no Idea.

I know that ſeveral of the School-men, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the Manner of God's Exiſtence, by telling us, That he comprehends infinite Duration in every Moment; That Eternity is with him a *punctum ſtans*, a fixed Point; or, which is as good Senſe, an *Infinite Inſtant*; that nothing with Reference to his Exiſtence is either paſt or to come; To which the ingenious Mr. *Cowley* alludes in his Deſcription of Heaven,

No-

Nothing is there to come, and nothing paſt,
But an Eternal NOW *does always laſt.*

FOR my own Part, I look upon theſe Propoſitions as Words that have no Ideas annexed to them; and think Men had better own their Ignorance, than advance Doctrines, by which they mean nothing, and which indeed are ſelf-contradictory. We cannot be too modeſt in our Diſquiſitions, when we meditate on him, who is environed with ſo much Glory and Perfection, who is the Source of Being, the Fountain of all that Exiſtence which we and his whole Creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmoſt Humility acknowledge, that as ſome Being muſt neceſſarily have exiſted from Eternity, ſo this Being does exiſt after an incomprehenſible manner, ſince it is impoſſible for a Being to have exiſted from Eternity after our Manner or Notions of Exiſtence. Revelation confirms theſe natural Dictates of Reaſon in the Accounts which it gives us of the Divine Exiſtence, where it tells us, that he is the ſame Yeſterday, to Day, and for Ever; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Beginning and the Ending; that a thouſand Years are with him as one Day, and one Day as a thouſand Years; by which, and the like Expreſſions, we are taught, that his Exiſtence, with Re-

lation to Time or Duration, is infinitely different from the Exiſtence of any of his Creatures, and conſequently that it is impoſſible for us to frame any adequate Conceptions of it.

IN the firſt Revelation which he makes of his own Being, he intitles himſelf, *I am that I am*; and when *Moſes* deſires to know what Name he ſhall give him in his Embaſſy to *Pharoah*, he bids him ſay that, *I am* hath ſent you. Our great Creator, by this Revelation of himſelf, does in a manner exclude every thing elſe from a real Exiſtence, and diſtinguiſhes himſelf from his Creatures, as the only Being which truly and really exiſts. The ancient Platonick Nation, which was drawn from Speculations of Eternity, wonderfully agrees with this Revelation which God has made of himſelf. There is nothing, ſay they, which in Reality exiſts, whoſe Exiſtence, as we call it, is pieced up of paſt, preſent, and to come. Such a flitting and ſucceſſive Exiſtence is rather a Shadow of Exiſtence, and ſomething which is like it, than Exiſtence it ſelf. He only properly exiſts whoſe Exiſtence is intirely preſent; that is, in other Words, who exiſts in the moſt perfect manner, and in ſuch a manner as we have no Idea of.

I ſhall conclude this Speculation with one uſeful Inference. How can we ſufficiently proſtrate our ſelves and fall down before

before our Maker, when we conſider that ineffable Goodneſs and Wiſdom which contrived this Exiſtence for finite Natures? What muſt be the Overflowings of that good Will, which prompted our Creator to adapt Exiſtence to Beings, in whom it is not neceſſary? Eſpecially when we conſider, that he himſelf was before, in the compleat Poſſeſſion of Exiſtence and of Happineſs, and in the full Enjoyment of Eternity. What Man can think of himſelf as called out and ſeparated from nothing, of his being made a conſcious, a reaſonable and a happy Creature, in ſhort, of being taken in as a Sharer of Exiſtence and a kind of Partner in Eternity, without being ſwallowed up in Wonder, in Praiſe, in Adoration! It is indeed a Thought too big for the Mind of Man, and rather to be entertained in the Secrecy of Devotion and in the Silence of the Soul, than to be expreſſed by Words. The Supreme Being has not given us Powers or Faculties ſufficient to extol and magnifie ſuch unutterable Goodneſs.

IT his however ſome Comfort to us, that we ſhall be always doing what we ſhall be never able to do, and that a Work which cannot be finiſhed, will however be the Work of an Eternity.

N° 591. *Wedneſday, September* 8.

———*Tenerorum luſor amorum.* Ov.

I Have juſt received a Letter from a Gentleman, who tells me he has obſerved with no ſmall Concern, that my Papers have of late been very barren in relation to Love; a Subject which, when agreeably handled, can ſcarce fail of being well received by both Sexes.

IF my Invention therefore ſhould be almoſt exhauſted on this Head, he offers to ſerve under me in the Quality of a *Love Caſuiſt*; for which Place he conceives himſelf to be throughly qualified, having made this Paſſion his principal Study, and obſerved it in all its different Shapes and Appearances, from the Fifteenth to the Forty fifth Year of his Age.

HE aſſures me with an Air of Confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real Abilities, that he does not doubt of giving Judgment to the Satisfaction of the Parties concerned, on the moſt nice and intricate Caſes which can happen in an Amour; as,

HOW great the Contraction of the Fingers muſt be, before it amounts to a Squeeze by the Hand.

WHAT

WHAT can be properly termed an abſolute Denial from a Maid, and what from a Widow.

WHAT Advances a Lover may preſume to make, after having received a Patt upon his Shoulder from his Miſtreſs's Fan.

WHETHER a Lady, at the firſt Interview, may allow an humble Servant to kiſs her Hand.

HOW far it may be permitted to careſs the Maid, in order to ſucceed with the Miſtreſs.

WHAT Conſtructions a Man may put upon a Smile, and in what Caſes a Frown goes for nothing.

ON what Occaſions a ſheepiſh Look may do Service, *&c.*

AS a farther Proof of his Skill, he has alſo ſent me ſeveral Maxims in Love, which he aſſures me are the Reſult of a long and profound Reflection, ſome of which I think my ſelf obliged to communicate to the Publick, not remembring to have ſeen them before in any Author.

'THERE are more Calamities in the 'World ariſing from Love than from Ha-'tred.

'LOVE is the Daughter of *Idleneſs*, 'but the Mother of *Diſquietude*.

'MEN of grave Natures (ſays Sir *Francis* '*Bacon*) are the moſt conſtant; for the 'ſame Reaſon Men ſhould be more con-'ſtant than Women.

THE Gay Part of Mankind is moſt a-
'morous, the Serious moſt loving.

'A Coquet often loſes her Reputation
'whilſt ſhe preſerves her Virtue.

'A Prude often preſerves her Reputati-
'on when ſhe has loſt her Virtue.

'LOVE refines a Man's Behaviour,
'but makes a Woman's ridiculous.

'LOVE is generally accompanied with
'Good-will in the Young, Intereſt in the
'Middle-Aged, and a Paſſion too groſs to
'name in the Old.

'THE Endeavours to revive a decaying
'Paſſion generally extinguiſh the Remains
'of it.

'A Woman who from being a Slattern
'becomes over-neat, or from being over-
'neat becomes a Slattern, is moſt certain-
'ly in Love.

I ſhall make uſe of this Gentleman's Skill as I ſee Occaſion; and ſince I am got upon the Subject of Love, ſhall conclude this Paper with a Copy of Verſes which were lately ſent me by an unknown Hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary Run of Sonneteers.

THE Author tells me they were written in one of his deſpairing Fits; and I find entertains ſome Hope that his Miſtreſs may pity ſuch a Paſſion as he has deſcribed, before ſhe knows that ſhe is her ſelf *Corinna.*

Conceal,

*CO*nceal, *fond Man, conceal the mighty Smart,*
Nor tell Corinna *ſhe has fir'd thy Heart.*
In vain would'ſt thou complain, in vain pretend
To ask a Pity which ſhe muſt not lend.
She's too much thy Superior to comply,
And too too fair to let thy Paſſion die.
Languiſh in Secret, and with dumb Surprize
Drink the reſiſtleſs Glances of her Eyes.
At awful Diſtance entertain thy Grief,
Be ſtill in Pain, but never ask Relief.
Ne'er tempt her Scorn of thy conſuming State,
Be any way undone, but fly her Hate.
Thou muſt ſubmit to ſee thy Charmer bleſs
Some happier Youth, that ſhall admire her leſs;
Who in that lovely Form, that heav'nly Mind,
Shall miſs ten thouſand Beauties thou could'ſt find;
Who with low Fancy ſhall approach her Charms,
While half enjoy'd ſhe ſinks into his Arms.
She knows not, muſt not know, thy nobler Fire,
Whom ſhe, and whom the Muſes do inſpire;
Her Image only ſhall thy Breaſt employ,
And fill thy captiv'd Soul with Shades of Joy.
Direct thy Dreams by Night, thy Thoughts by Day;
And never, never, from thy Boſom ſtray.

N° 592. *Friday, September* 10

——*Studium ſine divite Vena.* Hor.

I Look upon the Play-houſe as a World within it ſelf. They have lately furniſhed the middle Region of it with a new

new Sett of Meteors, in order to give the Sublime to many modern Tragedies. I was there laſt Winter at the firſt Rehearſal of the new Thunder, which is much more deep and ſonorous than any hitherto made uſe of. They have a *Salmoneus* behind the Scenes, who plays it off with great Succeſs. Their Lightnings are made to flaſh more briskly than heretofore; their Clouds are alſo better furbelow'd, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent Storm locked up in a great Cheſt that is deſigned for the *Tempeſt*. They are alſo provided with above a Dozen Showers of Snow, which, as I am informed, are the Plays of many unſucceſsful Poets artificially cut and ſhreaded for that Uſe. Mr. *Rimer*'s *Edgar* is to fall in Snow at the next acting of King *Lear*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the Diſtreſs of that unfortunate Prince; and to ſerve by way of Decoration to a Piece which that great Critick has written againſt.

I do not indeed wonder that the Actors ſhould be ſuch profeſſed Enemies to thoſe among our Nation who are commonly known by the Name of Criticks, ſince it is a Rule among theſe Gentlemen to fall upon a Play, not becauſe it is ill written, but becauſe it takes. Several of them lay it down as a Maxim, That what-ever Dramatick Performance has a long Run, muſt of Neceſſity be good for nothing; as tho' the firſt Precept in Poetry were

were *not to pleaſe*. Whether this Rule holds good or not, I ſhall leave to the Determination of thoſe who are better Judges than my ſelf: If it does, I am ſure it tends very much to the Honour of thoſe Gentlemen who have eſtabliſhed it; few of their Pieces having been diſgraced by a Run of three Days, and moſt of them being ſo exquiſitely written, that the Town would never give them more than one Night's Hearing.

I have a great Eſteem for a true Critick, ſuch as *Ariſtotle* and *Longinus* among the *Greeks*, *Horace* and *Quintilian* among the *Romans*, *Boileau* and *Dacier* among the *French*. But it is our Misfortune, that ſome who ſet up for profeſſed Criticks among us are ſo ſtupid, that they do not know how to put ten Words together with Elegance or common Propriety, and withal ſo illiterate, that they have no Taſte of the learned Languages, and therefore criticiſe upon old Authors only at ſecond Hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any Notions they have of the Authors themſelves. The Words Unity, Action, Sentiment, and Diction, pronounced with an Air of Authority, give them a Figure among unlearned Readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, becauſe they are unintelligible. The ancient Criticks are full of the Praiſes of their Contemporaries; they diſcover Beauties which

which eſcaped the Obſervation of the Vulgar, and very often find out Reaſons for palliating and excuſing ſuch little Slips and Over-ſights as were committed in the Writings of eminent Authors. On the contrary, moſt of the Smatterers in Criticiſm who appear among us, make it their Buſineſs to vilify and depreciate every new Production that gains Applauſe, to deſcry imaginary Blemiſhes, and to prove by far-fetched Arguments, that what paſs for Beauties in any celebrated Piece are Faults and Errors: In ſhort, the Writings of theſe Criticks compared with thoſe of the Ancients, are like the Works of the Sophiſts compared with thoſe of the old Philoſophers.

ENVY and Cavil are the natural Fruits of Lazineſs and Ignorance; which was probably the Reaſon, that in the Heathen Mythology *Momus* is ſaid to be the Son of *Nox* and *Somnus*, of Darkneſs and Sleep. Idle Men, who have not been at the Pains to accompliſh or diſtinguiſh themſelves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant Men are very ſubject to decry thoſe Beauties in a celebrated Work which they have not Eyes to diſcover. Many of our Sons of *Momus*, who dignify themſelves by the Name of Criticks, are the genuine Deſcendants of theſe two illuſtrious Anceſtors. They are often led into thoſe numerous Abſurdities, in which they daily inſtruct the People, by not conſidering that,

1*ſt*, There

1ſt, There is ſometimes a greater Judgment ſhewn in deviating from the Rules of Art, than in adhering to them; and, *2dly*, That there is more Beauty in the Works of a great Genius who is ignorant of all the Rules of Art, than in the Works of a little Genius, who not only knows, but ſcrupulouſly obſerves them.

FRIST, We may often take Notice of Men who are perfectly acquainted with all the Rules of good Writing, and notwithſtanding chuſe to depart from them on extraordinary Occaſions. I could give Inſtances out of all the Tragick Writers of Antiquity who have ſhewn their Judgment in this Particular, and purpoſely receded from an eſtabliſhed Rule of the Drama, when it has made way for a much higher Beauty than the Obſervation of ſuch a Rule would have been. Thoſe who have ſurveyed the nobleſt Pieces of Architecture and Statuary both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent Deviations from Art in the Works of the greateſt Maſters, which have produced a much nobler Effect than a more accurate and exact way of Proceeding could have done. This often ariſes from what the *Italians* call the *Guſto Grande* in theſe Arts, which is what we call the Sublime in Writing.

IN the next Place, our Criticks do not ſeem ſenſible that there is more Beauty in

in the Works of a great Genius who is ignorant of the Rules of Art, than in thoſe of a little Genius who knows and obſerves them. It is of theſe Men of Genius that *Terence* ſpeaks, in Oppoſition to the little artificial Cavillers of his Time;

Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potiùs, quàm iſtorum obſcuram diligentiam.

A Critick may have the ſame Conſolation in the ill Succeſs of his Play, as Dr. *South* tells us a Phyſician has at the Death of a Patient, That he was killed *ſecundum artem.* Our inimitable *Shakeſpear* is a Stumbling-block to the whole Tribe of theſe rigid Criticks. Who would not rather read one of his Plays, where there is not a ſingle Rule of the Stage obſerved, than any Production of a modern Critick, where there is not one of them violated? *Shakeſpear* was indeed born with all the Seeds of Poetry, and may be compared to the Stone in *Pyrrhus*'s Ring, which, as *Pliny* tells us, had the Figure of *Apollo* and the Nine Muſes in the Veins of it, produced by the ſpontaneous Hand of Nature, without any Help from Art.

Monday,

N° 593. *Monday, September* 13.

Quale per incertam Lunam ſub luce maligna
Eſt iter in Sylvis: ——— Virg.

MY dreaming Correſpondent, Mr. *Shadow*, has ſent me a ſecond Letter, with ſeveral curious Obſervations on Dreams in general, and the Method to render Sleep improving: An Extract of his Letter will not, I preſume, be diſagreeable to my Readers.

'SINCE we have ſo little Time to ſpare, that none of it may be loſt, 'I ſee no Reaſon why we ſhould neglect 'to examine thoſe imaginary Scenes we 'are preſented with in Sleep, only be'cauſe they have leſs Reality in them 'than our waking Meditations. A Tra'veller would bring his Judgment in Que'ſtion who ſhould deſpiſe the Directions 'of his Map for want of real Roads in 'it, becauſe here ſtands a *Dott* inſtead 'of a Town, or a *Cypher* inſtead of a 'City, and it muſt be a long Day's Jour'ney to travel thro' two or three Inches. 'Fancy in Dreams gives us much ſuch 'another Landskip of Life as that does 'of Countries, and tho' its Appearances 'may ſeem ſtrangely jumbled together, we

'we may often obſerve ſuch Traces and 'Footſteps of noble Thoughts, as, if 'carefully purſued, might lead us into a 'proper Path of Action. There is ſo 'much Rapture and Extaſie in our fan-'cied Bliſs, and ſomething ſo diſmal and 'ſhocking in our fancied Miſery, that 'tho' the Inactivity of the Body has gi-'ven Occaſion for calling Sleep the I-'mage of *Death*, the Briskneſs of the 'Fancy affords us a ſtrong Intimation of 'ſomething within us, that can never 'die.

'I have wondered, that *Alexander* the 'Great, who came into the World ſuffi-'ciently dreamt of by his Parents, and 'had himſelf a tolerable Knack at dream-'ing, ſhould often ſay, that *Sleep was 'one thing which made him ſenſible he 'was Mortal.* I who have not ſuch Fields 'of Action in the Day-time to divert 'my Attention from this Matter, plainly 'perceive, that in thoſe Operations of the 'Mind, while the Body is at reſt, there 'is a certain Vaſtneſs of Conception very 'ſuitable to the Capacity, and demon-'ſtrative of the Force, of that Divine 'Part in our Compoſition which will laſt 'for ever. Neither do I much doubt but 'had we a true Account of the Wonders 'the Hero laſt mentioned performed in 'his Sleep, his conquering this little 'Globe would hardly be worth menti-

'oning.

'oning. I may affirm, without Vanity, 'that when I compare ſeveral Actions in '*Quintus Curtius* with ſome others in my 'own Noctuary, I appear the greater He-'ro of the two.

I ſhall cloſe this Subject with obſerving, that while we are awake, we are at Liberty to fix our Thoughts on what we pleaſe, but in Sleep we have not the Command of them. The Ideas which ſtrike the Fancy, ariſe in us without our Choice, either from the Occurrences of the Day paſt, the Temper we lye down in, or it may be the Direction of ſome ſuperior Being.

IT is certain the Imagination may be ſo differently affected in Sleep, that our Actions of the Day might be either rewarded or puniſhed with a little Age of Happineſs or Miſery. St. *Auſtin* was of Opinion, that if in *Paradiſe* there was the ſame Viciſſitude of ſleeping and waking as in the preſent World, the Dreams of its Inhabitants would be very happy.

AND ſo far at preſent our Dreams are in our Power, that they are generally conformable to our waking Thoughts, ſo that it is not impoſſible to convey our ſelves to a Conſort of Muſick, the Converſation of diſtant Friends, or any other Entertainment which has been before lodged in the Mind.

MY Readers, by applying theſe Hints, will find the Neceſſity of making a *good*

Day of it, if they heartily wiſh themſelves a *good Night*.

I have often conſidered *Marcia*'s Prayer, and *Lucius*'s Account of *Cato*, in this Light.

Marc. *O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Juſt,*
Watch round his Couch, and ſoften his Repoſe,
Baniſh his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With eaſie Dreams; remember all his Virtues!
And ſhow Mankind that Goodneſs is your Care.

Luc. *Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!*
O Marcia, *I have ſeen thy Godlike Father:*
Some Pow'r inviſible ſupports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing Sleep is fallen upon him:
I ſaw him ſtretcht at Eaſe, his Fancy loſt
In pleaſing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,
He ſmil'd, and cry'd, Cæſar *thou can'ſt not hurt me.*

MR. *Shadow* acquaints me in a Poſtſcript, that he has no manner of Title to the Viſion which ſucceeded his firſt Letter; but adds, that as the Gentleman who wrote it Dreams very ſenſibly, he ſhall be glad to meet him ſome Night or other, under the great Elm Tree by which *Virgil* has given us a fine Metaphorical Image of Sleep, in order to turn over a few of the Leaves together, and oblige the Publick with an Account of the Dreams that lie under them.

Wedneſday,

N° 594. *Wedneſday, September* 15.

——Abſentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; ſolutos
Qui captat riſus hominum, famamque dicacis,
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, commiſſa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger eſt: hunc tu Romane caveto.
Hor.

WERE all the Vexations of Life put together, we ſhould find that a great Part of them proceed from thoſe Calumnies and Reproaches which we ſpread abroad concerning one another.

THERE is ſcarce a Man living who is not in ſome Degree, guilty of this Offence; tho', at the ſame time, however we treat one another, it muſt be confeſſed, that we all conſent in ſpeaking ill of the Perſons who are notorious for this Practice. It generally takes its Riſe either from an Ill-will to Mankind, a private Inclination to make our ſelves eſteemed, an Oſtentation of Wit, a Vanity of being thought in the Secrets of the World, or from a Deſire of gratifying any of theſe Diſpoſitions of Mind in thoſe Perſons with whom we converſe.

THE Publiſher of Scandal is more or leſs odious to Mankind, and criminal in himſelf, as he is influenced by any one or

more of the foregoing Motives. But whatever may be the Occaſion of ſpreading theſe falſe Reports, he ought to conſider, that the Effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the Perſon at whom they are aimed: The Injury is the ſame, tho' the Principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

AS every one looks upon himſelf with too much Indulgence, when he paſſes a Judgment on his own Thoughts or Actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable Proceeding, which is ſo univerſally practiſed, and, at the ſame time, ſo univerſally blamed, I ſhall lay down three Rules by which I would have a Man examine and ſearch into his own Heart, before he ſtands acquitted to himſelf of that evil Diſpoſition of Mind which I am here mentioning.

Firſt of all, LET him conſider whether he does not take Delight in hearing the Faults of others.

Secondly, WHETHER he is not too apt to believe ſuch little blackning Accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured Side.

Thirdly, WHETHER he is not ready to ſpread and propagate ſuch Reports as tend to the Diſreputation of another.

THESE are the ſeveral Steps by which this Vice proceeds, and grows up into Slander and Defamation.

IN

IN the first Place, A Man who takes delight in hearing the Faults of others, shows sufficiently that he has a true Relish of Scandal, and consequently the Seeds of this Vice within him. If his Mind is gratified with hearing the Reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same Pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A Man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his Mind this criminal Curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such Stories as tend to the Disreputation of others.

IN the second Place, A Man should consult his own Heart, whether he be not apt to *believe* such little blackening Accounts; and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured Side.

SUCH a Credulity is very vicious in it self, and generally arises from a Man's Consciousness of his own secret Corruptions. It is a pretty Saying of *Thales*, Falshood is just as far distant from Truth, as the Ears are from the Eyes. By which he would intimate, that a Wise Man should not easily give Credit to the Reports of Actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this Head, mention two or three remarkable Rules to be observed by the Members of the cele-

brated Abbey *de la Trape*, as they are publiſhed in a little *French* Book.

THE Fathers are there ordered, never to give an Ear to any Accounts of baſe or criminal Actions; to turn off all ſuch Diſcourſe if poſſible; but in Caſe they hear any thing of this Nature ſo well atteſted that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to ſuppoſe that the criminal Action may have proceeded from a good Intention in him who is guilty of it. This is perhaps carrying Charity to an Extravagance, but it is certainly much more Laudable, than to ſuppoſe, as the Ill-natured part of the World does, that Indifferent, and even Good Actions, proceed from bad Principles and wrong Intentions.

IN the third Place, A Man ſhould examine his Heart, whether he does not find in it a ſecret Inclination to Propagate ſuch Reports, as tend to the Diſreputation of another.

WHEN the Diſeaſe of the Mind, which I have hitherto been ſpeaking of, ariſes to this Degree of Malignity, it diſcovers its ſelf in its worſt Symptome, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore inſiſt upon the Guilt in this laſt Particular, which every one cannot but diſapprove, who is not void of Humanity, or even common Diſcretion. I ſhall only add, that whatever Pleaſure any Man may take in ſpreading Whiſpers of this Nature, he will

will find an infinitely greater Satisfaction in conquering the Temptation he is under, by letting the Secret die within his own Breaſt.

N° 595. *Friday, September* 17.

——*Non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut*
Serpentes avibus geminenter, tigribus agni. Hor.

IF ordinary Authors would condeſcend to write as they think, they would at leaſt be allowed the Praiſe of being intelligible. But they really take Pains to be ridiculous; and, by the ſtudied Ornaments of Stile, perfectly diſguiſe the little Senſe they aim at. There is a Grievance of this Sort in the Common-wealth of Letters, which I have for ſome time reſolved to redreſs, and accordingly I have ſet this Day apart for Juſtice. What I mean is *the Mixture of inconſiſtent Metaphors*, which is a Fault but too often found in learned Writers, but in all the unlearned without Exception.

IN order to ſet this Matter in a clear Light to every Reader, I ſhall in the firſt Place obſerve, that a Metaphor is a Simile in one Word, which ſerves to convey the Thoughts of the Mind under Reſemblances and Images which affect the Senſes. There

is not any thing in the World, which may not be compared to ſeveral things, if conſidered in ſeveral diſtinct Lights; or, in other Words, the ſame thing may be expreſſed by different Metaphors. But the Miſchief is, that an unskilful Author ſhall run theſe Metaphors ſo abſurdly into one another, that there ſhall be no Simile, no agreeable Picture, no apt Reſemblance, but Confuſion, Obſcurity and Noiſe. Thus I have known a Hero compared to a Thunder-bolt, a Lion and the Sea; all, and each of them proper Metaphors for Impetuoſity, Courage or Force. But by bad Management it hath ſo happened, that the Thunder-bolt hath overflowed its Banks; the Lion hath been darted through the Skies, and the Billows have rolled out of the *Libyan* Deſart.

THE Abſurdity in this Inſtance is obvious. And yet every time that claſhing Metaphors are put together, this Fault is commited more or leſs. It hath already been ſaid, that Metaphors are Images of things which affect the Senſes. An Image therefore, taken from what acts upon the Sight, cannot, without Violence, be applied to the Hearing; and ſo of the reſt. It is no leſs an Impropriety to make any Being in Nature or Art to do things in its Metaphorical State, which it could not do in its Original. I ſhall illuſtrate what I have ſaid, by an Inſtance which I have read more than

than once in Controverſial Writers. *The heavy Laſhes*, ſaith a celebrated Author, *that have drop'd from your Pen*, &c. I ſuppoſe this Gentleman having frequently heard of *Gall dropping from a Pen*, and *being laſhed in a Satyr*, he was reſolved to have them both at any Rate, and ſo uttered this compleat Piece of Nonſenſe. It will moſt effectually diſcover the Abſurdity of theſe monſtrous Unions, if we will ſuppoſe theſe Metaphors or Images actually painted. Imagine then a Hand holding a Pen, and ſeveral Laſhes of Whip-cord falling from it, and you have the true Repreſentation of this ſort of Eloquence. I believe, by this very Rule, a Reader may be able to judge of the Union of all Metaphors whatſoever, and determine which are Homogeneous and which Heterogeneous; or to ſpeak more plainly, which are Conſiſtent, and which Inconſiſtent.

THERE is yet one Evil more which I muſt take notice of, and that is the running of Metaphors into tedious Allegories; which, though an Error on the better Hand, cauſes Confuſion as much as the other. This becomes abominable, when the Luſtre of one Word leads a Writer out of his Road, and makes him wander from his Subject for a Page together. I remember a young Fellow, of this Turn, who having ſaid by Chance that his Miſtreſs had a *World* of Charms, thereupon took Occaſion

ſion to conſider her as one poſſeſſed of Frigid and Torrid Zones, and purſued her from the one Pole to other.

I ſhall conclude this Paper with a Letter written in that enormous Stile, which I hope my Reader hath by this time ſet his Heart againſt. The Epiſtle hath heretofore received great Applauſe; but after what hath been ſaid, let any Man commend it if he dare.

SIR,

'AFTER the many heavy *Laſhes* that have fallen from your *Pen*, you may 'juſtly expect in return, all the *Load* that 'my *Ink* can lay upon your Shoulders. You 'have *Quartered* all the foul *Language* up'on me, that could be *raked* out of the *Air* 'of *Billingſgate*, without knowing who I 'am, or whether I deſerve to be *Cupped* 'and *Scarified* at this rate. I tell you once 'for all, turn your *Eyes* where you pleaſe, 'you ſhall never *Smell* me out. Do you 'think that the *Panicks*, which you *ſow* 'about the Pariſh, will ever *build* a Mo'nument to your Glory. No, Sir, you 'may *Fight* theſe Battels as long as you 'will, but when you come to *Ballance* the 'Account, you will find that you have been '*Fiſhing* in troubled Waters, and that an '*Ignus fatuus* hath bewildered you, and 'that indeed you have *built* upon a ſandy

'Foundati-

'Foundation, and brought your *Hogs* to a 'fair Market.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

N° 596. *Monday, September* 20.

Molle meum levibus Cor eſt violabile Telis. Ovid.

THE Caſe of my Correſpondent who ſends me the following Letter has ſomewhat in it ſo very whimſical, that I know not how to entertain my Readers better than by laying it before them.

SIR,

'I Am fully convinced that there is not 'upon Earth a more impertinent Crea-'ture than an importunate Lover: We are 'daily complaining of the Severity of our 'Fate, to People who are wholly uncon-'cerned in it; and hourly improving a Paſ-'ſion, which we would perſwade the World 'is the Torment of our Lives. Notwith-'ſtanding this Reflection, Sir, I cannot 'forbear acquainting you with my own 'Caſe. You muſt know then, Sir, that 'even from my Childhood, the moſt pre-'vailing Inclination I could perceive in my ſelf,

'ſelf, was a ſtrong Deſire to be in Favour
'with the Fair Sex. I am at preſent in
'the one and twentieth Year of my Age,
'and ſhould have made Choice of a She
'Bed-fellow many Years ſince, had not
'my Father, who has a pretty good Eſtate
'of his own getting, and paſſes in the
'World for a prudent Man, been pleaſed
'to lay it down as a Maxim, That nothing
'ſpoils a young Fellow's Fortune ſo much
'as marrying early; and that no Man ought
'to think of Wedlock 'till ſix and twenty.
'Knowing his Sentiments upon this Head,
'I thought it in vain to apply my ſelf to
'Women of Condition, who expect Set-
'tlements; ſo that all my Amours have hi-
'therto been with Ladies who had no For-
'tunes: But I know not how to give you
'ſo good an Idea of me, as by laying be-
'fore you the Hiſtory of my Life.

'I can very well remember, that at my
'School-Miſtreſſes, whenever we broke
'up, I was always for joining my ſelf with
'the Miſs who *Lay in*, and was conſtant-
'ly one of the firſt to make a Party in the
'Play of *Husband and Wife*. This Paſſi-
'on for being well with the Females ſtill
'increaſed as I advanced in Years. At
'the Dancing-School I contracted ſo ma-
'ny Quarrels by ſtruggling with my Fel-
'low-Scholars for the Partner I liked beſt,
'that upon a Ball Night, before our Mo-
'thers made their Appearance, I was uſu-

'ally

'ally up to the Noſe in Blood. My Fa-
'ther, like a diſcreet Man, ſoon removed
'me from this Stage of Softneſs to a School
'of Diſcipline, where I learnt *Latin* and
'*Greek*. I underwent ſeveral Severities in
'this Place, 'till it was thought conveni-
'ent to ſend me to the Univerſity; though,
'to confeſs the Truth, I ſhould not have
'arrived ſo early at that Seat of Learning,
'but from the Diſcovery of an Intrigue be-
'tween me and my Maſter's Houſe-Kee-
'per; upon whom I had employed my
'Rhetorick ſo effectually, that, though ſhe
'was a very elderly Lady, I had almoſt
'brought her to conſent to marry me. Up-
'on my Arrival at *Oxford*, I found Logick
'ſo dry, that, inſtead of giving Attenti-
'on to the Dead, I ſoon fell to addreſſing
'the Living. My firſt Amour was with a
'pretty Girl whom I ſhall call *Parthenope*:
'Her Mother ſold Ale by the Town Wall.
'Being often caught there by the Proctor,
'I was forced at laſt, that my Miſtreſs's
'Reputation might receive no Blemiſh, to
'confeſs my Addreſſes were honourable.
'Upon this I was immediately ſent Home;
'but *Parthenope* ſoon after marrying a
'Shooe-maker, I was again ſuffered to re-
'turn. My next Affair was with my Tay-
'lor's Daughter, who deſerted me for the
'ſake of a young Barber. Upon my com-
'plaining to one of my particular Friends
'on this Misfortune, the cruel Wagg made

'a

'a meer Jeſt of my Calamity, and asked 'me with a Smile, *Where the* Needle *ſhould 'turn but to the* Pole? After this I was 'deeply in Love with a Millener, and at 'laſt with my Bed-maker; upon which I 'was ſent away, or, in the Univerſity 'Phraſe, *Ruſticated* for ever.

'UPON my coming home, I ſettled to 'my Studies ſo heartily, and contracted 'ſo great a Reſervedneſs by being kept 'from the Company I moſt affected, that 'my Father thought he might venture 'me at the *Temple*.

'WITHIN a Week after my Arrival 'I began to ſhine again, and became en-'amoured with a mighty pretty Creature, 'who had every thing but Mony to re-'commend her. Having frequent Oppor-'tunities of uttering all the ſoft things 'which an Heart formed for Love could 'inſpire me with, I ſoon gained her Con-'ſent to treat of Marriage; but, unfortu-'nately for us all, in the Abſence of my 'Charmer I uſually talked the ſame Lan-'guage to her elder Siſter, who is alſo ve-'ry pretty. Now I aſſure you, Mr. SPEC-'TATOR, this did not proceed from any 'real Affection I had conceived for her; 'but being a perfect Stranger to the Con-'verſation of Men, and ſtrongly addicted 'to aſſociate with the Women, I knew no 'other Language but that of Love. I ſhould 'however be very much obliged to you, if

you

'you could free me from the Perplexity 'I am at preſent in. I have ſent Word to 'my old Gentleman in the Country, that 'I am deſperately in Love with the younger 'Siſter; and her Father, who knew no 'better, poor Man! acquainted him by the 'ſame Poſt, that I had for ſome time made 'my Addreſſes to the Elder. Upon this, 'old Teſty ſends me up Word, that he 'has heard ſo much of my Exploits, that 'he intends immediately to order me to 'the *South Sea*. Sir, I have occaſionally 'talked ſo much of dying, that I begin to 'think there is not much in it; and if the 'old Squire perſiſts in his Deſign, I do 'hereby give him Notice that I am provi-'ding my ſelf with proper Inſtruments for 'the Deſtruction of deſpairing Lovers. Let 'him therefore look to it, and conſider 'that by this Obſtinacy he may himſelf 'loſe the Son of his Strength, the World 'an hopeful Lawyer, my Miſtreſs a paſſio-'nate Lover, and you, Mr. SPECTA-'TOR,

Your conſtant Admirer,

Middle-Temple,
Sept. 18. Jeremy Lovemore.

Wedneſ-

N° 597. *Wedneſday, September* 22.

— *Mens ſine Pondere ludit.* Petr.

SINCE I received my Friend *Shadow*'s Letter, ſeveral of my Correſpondents have been pleaſed to ſend me an Account how they have been employed in Sleep, and what notable Adventures they have been engaged in during that Moonſhine in the Brain. I ſhall lay before my Readers an Abridgment of ſome few of their Extravagancies, in hopes that they will in Time accuſtom themſelves to dream a little more to the Purpoſe.

ONE who ſtiles himſelf *Gladio*, complains heavily that his Fair One charges him with Inconſtancy, and does not uſe him with half the Kindneſs which the Sincerity of his Paſſion may demand; the ſaid *Gladio* having by Valour and Stratagem put to death Tyrants, Inchanters, Monſters, Knights, *&c.* without Number, and expos'd himſelf to all manner of Dangers for her Sake and Safety. He deſires in his Poſtſcript to know, Whether, from a conſtant Succeſs in them, he may not promiſe himſelf to ſucceed in her Eſteem at laſt.

ANO-

ANOTHER who is very prolix in his Narrative writes me Word, That having ſent a Venture beyond Sea, he took Occaſion one Night to fancy himſelf gone along with it, and grown on a ſudden the richeſt Man in all the *Indies*. Having been there about a Year or two, a Guſt of Wind that forced open him his Caſement blew him over to his native Country again; where awaking at Six a Clock, and the Change of the Air not agreeing with him, he turned to his Left Side in order to a ſecond Voyage; but e'er he could get on Shipboard, was unfortunately apprehended for ſtealing a Horſe, tryed and condemned for the Fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if ſome Body ſtepping haſtily into his Chamber had not brought him a Reprieve. This Fellow too wants Mr. *Shadow*'s Advice, who, I dare ſay, would bid him be content to riſe after his firſt Nap, and learn to be ſatisfied as ſoon as Nature is.

THE next is a publick-ſpirited Gentleman, who tells me, That on the Second of *September* at Night the whole City was on Fire, and would certainly have been reduced to Aſhes again by this Time, if he had not flown over it with the *New River* on his Back, and happily extinguiſhed the Flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a Right to petition the Lord Mayor and Aldermen for a Reward.

A Letter dated *September* the Ninth acquaints me, That the Writer being reſolved to try his Fortune, had faſted all that Day; and that he might be ſure of dreaming upon ſomething at Night, procured an handſome Slice of Bride-Cake, which he placed very conveniently under his Pillow. In the Morning his Memory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd Fancy that he had eaten his Cake; which being found upon Search reduced to a few Crums, he is reſolved to remember more of his Dreams another Time, believing from this that there may poſſibly be ſomewhat of Truth in them.

I have received numerous Complaints from ſeveral delicious Dreamers, deſiring me to invent ſome Method of ſilencing thoſe noiſy Slaves, whoſe Occupations lead them to take their early Rounds about the City in a Morning, doing a deal of Miſchief, and working ſtrange Confuſion in the Affairs of its Inhabitants. Several Monarchs have done me the Honour to acquaint me, how often they have been ſhook from their reſpective Thrones by the rattling of a Coach or the rumbling of a Wheelbarrow. And many private Gentlemen, I find, have been baul'd of vaſt Eſtates by Fellows not worth Three-pence. A fair Lady was juſt upon the Point of being married to a young, handſome, rich, ingenious Nobleman, when an impertinent Tinker

Tinker paſſing by, forbid the Banns; and an hopeful Youth, who had been newly advanced to great Honour and Preferment, was forced by a neighbouring Cobler to reſign all for an old Song. It has been repreſented to me, that thoſe inconſiderable Raſcals do nothing but go about diſſolving of Marriages and ſpoiling of Fortunes, impoveriſhing rich and ruining great People, interrupting Beauties in the midſt of their Conqueſts, and Generals in the Courſe of their Victories. A boiſterous Peripatetick hardly goes through a Street without waking half a Dozen Kings and Princes to open their Shops or clean Shooes, frequently transforming Scepters into Paring-Shovels, and Proclamations into Bills. I have by me a Letter from a young Stateſman, who in five or ſix Hours came to be Emperor of *Europe*, after which he made War upon the Great Turk, routed him Horſe and Foot, and was crowned Lord of the Univerſe in *Conſtantinople*; the Concluſion of all his Succeſſes is, that on the 12th Inſtant, about Seven in the Morning, his Imrial Majeſty was depoſed by a Chimney-Sweeper.

ON the other hand, I have Epiſtolary Teſtimonies of Gratitude from many miſerable People, who owe to this clamorous Tribe frequent Deliverances from great Misfortunes. A Small-coal-man, by waking of one of theſe diſtreſs'd Gentlemen, ſaved

him from ten Years Impriſonment. An honeſt Watchman bidding aloud Good-morrow to another, freed him from the Malice of many potent Enemies, and brought all their Deſigns againſt him to nothing. A certain Valetudinarian confeſſes he has often been cured of a ſore Throat by the Hoarſeneſs of a Carman, and relieved from a Fit of the Gout by the Sound of *old Shooes*. A noiſy Puppy that plagued a ſober Gentleman all Night long with his Impertinence, was ſilenced by a Cinder-Wench with a Word ſpeaking.

INSTEAD therefore of ſuppreſſing this Order of Mortals, I would propoſe it to my Readers to make the beſt Advantage of their Morning Salutations. A famous *Macedonian* Prince, for fear of forgetting himſelf in the midſt of his good Fortune, had a Youth to wait on him every Morning, and bid him remember that he was a Man. A Citizen who is waked by one of theſe Criers, may regard him as a kind of Remembrancer, come to admoniſh him that it is time to return to the Circumſtances he has overlook'd all the Night-time, to leave off fancying himſelf what he is not, and prepare to act ſuitably to the Condition he is really placed in.

PEOPLE may dream on as long as they pleaſe, but I ſhall take no Notice of any imaginary Adventures that do not happen while the Sun is on this Side the Horizon.

For

For which Reaſon I ſtifle *Fritilla*'s Dream at Church laſt *Sunday*, who, while the reſt of the Audience were enjoying the Benefit of an excellent Diſcourſe, was loſing her Money and Jewels to a Gentleman at Play, till after a ſtrange Run of ill Luck, ſhe was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty Children for her laſt Stake. When ſhe had thrown them away her Companion went off, diſcovering himſelf by his uſual Tokens, a cloven Foot and a ſtrong Smell of Brimſtone; which laſt proved only a Bottle of Spirits, which a good old Lady applied to her Noſe, to put her in a Condition of hearing the Preacher's third Head concerning Time.

IF a Man has no Mind to paſs abruptly from his imagin'd to his real Circumſtances, he may employ himſelf a while in that new kind of Obſervation which my Oncicrocritical Correſpondent has directed him to make of himſelf. Purſuing the Imagination through all its Extravagancies, whether in Sleeping or Waking, is no improper Method of correcting and bringing it to act in Subordinancy to Reaſon, ſo as to be delighted only with ſuch Objects as will affect it with Pleaſure, when it is never ſo cool and ſedate.

N° 598. *Friday, September* 24.

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de ſapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter? Juv.

MANKIND may be divided into the Merry and the Serious, who, both of them, make a very good Figure in the Species, ſo long as they keep their reſpective Humours from degenerating into the neighbouring Extreme; there being a natural Tendency in the one to a melancholy Moroſeneſs, and in the other to a fantaſtick Levity.

THE merry Part of the World are very amiable, whilſt they diffuſe a Chearfulneſs through Converſation at proper Seaſons and on proper Occaſions; but, on the contrary, a great Grievance to Society, when they infect every Diſcourſe with inſipid Mirth, and turn into Ridicule ſuch Subjects as are not ſuited to it. For tho' Laughter is looked upon by the Philoſophers as the Property of Reaſon, the Exceſs of it has been always conſidered as the Mark of Folly.

ON the other Side, Seriouſneſs has its Beauty whilſt it is attended with Chearfulneſs

neſs and Humanity, and does not come in unſeaſonably to pall the good Humour of thoſe with whom we converſe.

THESE two Sets of Men, notwithſtanding they each of them ſhine in their reſpective Characters, are apt to bear a natural Averſion and Antipathy to one another.

WHAT is more uſual, than to hear Men of ſerious Tempers and auſtere Morals, enlarging upon the Vanities and Follies of the young and gay Part of the Species; whilſt they look with a kind of Horror upon ſuch Pomps and Diverſions as are innocent in themſelves, and only culpable when they draw the Mind too much?

I could not but ſmile upon reading a Paſſage in the Account which Mr. *Baxter* gives of his own Life, wherein he repreſents it as a great Bleſſing, that in his Youth he very narrowly eſcaped getting a Place at Court.

IT muſt indeed be confeſſed that Levity of Temper takes a Man off his Guard, and opens a Paſs to his Soul for any Temptation that aſſaults it. It favours all the Approaches of Vice, and weakens all the Reſiſtance of Virtue. For which Reaſon a renowned Stateſman in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Days, after having retired from Court and publick Buſineſs, in order to give himſelf up to the Duties of Religi-

on; when any of his old Friends uſed to viſit him, had ſtill this Word of Advice in his Mouth, *Be ſerious.*

AN eminent *Italian* Author of this Caſt of Mind, ſpeaking of the great Advantage of a ſerious and compoſed Temper, wiſhes very gravely, that for the Benefit of Mankind he had *Trophonius*'s Cave in his Poſſeſſion; which, ſays he, would contribute more to the Reformation of Manners than all the Work-houſes and *Bridewells* in *Europe.*

WE have a very particular Deſcription of this Cave in *Pauſanias*, who tells us, that it was made in the Form of a huge Oven, and had many particular Circumſtances, which diſpoſed the Perſon who was in it to be more penſive and thoughtful than ordinary; inſomuch that no Man was ever obſerved to laugh all his Life after, who had once made his Entry into this Cave. It was uſual in thoſe Times, when any one carried a more than ordinary Gloomineſs in his Features, to tell him that he looked like one juſt come out of *Trophonius*'s Cave.

ON the other Hand, Writers of a more merry Complexion have been no leſs ſevere on the oppoſite Party; and have had one Advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more Turns of Wit and Humour.

AFTER

AFTER all, if a Man's Temper were at his own Diſpoſal, I think he would not chuſe to be of either of theſe Parties; ſince the moſt perfect Character is that which is formed out of both of them. A Man would neither chuſe to be a Hermit nor a Buffoon: Humane Nature is not ſo miſerable, as that we ſhould be always melancoly; nor ſo happy, as that we ſhould be always merry. In a Word, a Man ſhould not live as if there was no God in the World; nor, at the ſame Time, as if there were no Men in it.

N° 599. *Monday, September* 27.

——*Ubique*
Luctus, ubique pavor—— Virg.

IT has been my Cuſtom, as I grow old, to allow my ſelf in ſome little Indulgences which I never took in my Youth. Among others is that of an Afternoon's Napp, which I fell into in the fifty fifth Year of my Age, and have continued for the three Years laſt paſt. By this Means I enjoy a double Morning, and riſe twice a Day freſh to my Speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that ſome of my Dreams have proved inſtructive to my Countrymen, ſo that I may be ſaid to ſleep,

ſleep, as well as to wake, for the Good of the Publick. I was Yeſterday meditating on the Account with which I have already entertained my Readers concerning the Cave of *Trophonius*. I was no ſooner fallen into my uſual Slumber, but I dreamt that this Cave was put into my Poſſeſſion, and that I gave publick Notice of its Virtue, inviting every one to it, who had a Mind to be a ſerious Man for the remaining part of his Life. Great Multitudes immediately reſorted to me. The firſt who made the Experiment was a *Merry-Andrew*, who was put into my Hands by a neighbouring Juſtice of Peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of Life. Poor Pickle-herring had not taken above one Turn in it, when he came out of the Cave, like a Hermit from his Cell, with a penitential Look and a moſt rueful Countenance. I then put in a young laughing Fop, and, watching for his Return aſked him, with a Smile, how he liked the Place? he replied, Prithee Friend be not impertinent; and ſtalked by me as grave as a Judge. A Citizen then deſired me to give free Ingreſs and Egreſs to his Wife, who was dreſſed in the gayeſt coloured Ribbons I had ever ſeen. She went in with a Flirt of her Fan and a ſmirking Countenance, but came out with the Severity of a Veſtal, and, throwing from her ſeveral Female Gugaws, told me, with a Sigh,

Sigh, that ſhe reſolved to go into deep Mourning, and to wear Black all the reſt of her Life. As I had many Coquets recommended to me by their Parents, their Husbands and their Lovers, I let them in all at once, deſiring them to divert themſelves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into Day-light, you would have fancied my Cave to have been a Nunnery, and that you had ſeen a ſolemn Proceſſion of Religious marching out, one behind another, in the moſt profound Silence and the moſt exemplary Decency. As I was very much delighted with ſo edifying a Sight, there came towards me a great Company of Males and Females laughing, ſinging and dancing, in ſuch a manner that I could hear them a great while before I ſaw them. Upon my asking their Leader, what brought them thither? they told me all at once, that they were *French* Proteſtants lately arrived in *Great Britain*, and that finding themſelves of too gay a Humour for my Country, they applied themſelves to me in order to compoſe them for *Britiſh* Converſation. I told them, that to oblige them I would ſoon ſpoil their Mirth; upon which I admitted a whole Shole of them, who, after having taken a Survey of the Place, came out in very good Order, and with Looks entirely *Engliſh*. I afterwards put in a *Dutch* Man, who had a great Fancy

to

to ſee the *Kelder*, as he called it, but I could not obſerve that it had made any manner of Alteration in him.

A Comedian who had gained great Reputation in Parts of Humour, told me, that he had a mighty Mind to act *Alexander* the Great, and fancied that he ſhould ſucceed very well in it, if he could ſtrike two or three laughing Features out of his Face: He tried the Experiment, but contracted ſo very ſolid a Look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no Part hereafter, but a *Timon* of *Athens*, or a Mute in the *Funeral*.

I then clapt up an empty fantaſtick Citizen, in order to qualifie him for an Alderman. He was ſucceeded by a young Rake of the *Middle-Temple*, who was brought to me by his Grandmother; but to her great Sorrow and Surprize, he came out a *Quaker*. Seeing my ſelf ſurrounded with a Body of *Free-Thinkers*, and Scoffers at Religion, who were making themſelves merry at the ſober Looks and thoughtful Brows of thoſe who had been in the Cave; I thruſt 'em all in, one after another, and lock'd the Door upon 'em. Upon my opening it, they all look'd as if they had been frighted out of their Wits, and were marching away with Ropes in their Hands, to a Wood that was within Sight of the Place. I found they were not able to bear themſelves in their firſt ſerious Thoughts;

Thoughts; but knowing theſe would quickly bring them to a better Frame of Mind, I gave them into the Cuſtody of their Friends, 'till that happy Change was wrought in them.

THE laſt that was brought to me, was a young Woman, who at the firſt Sight of my ſhort Face fell into an immoderate Fit of Laughter, and was forced to hold her Sides all the while her Mother was ſpeaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old Lady, and taking her Daughter by the Hand, Madam, ſaid I, be pleaſed to retire into my Cloſet, while your Mother tells me your Caſe. I then put her into the Mouth of the Cave, when the Mother, after having begged Pardon for the Girl's Rudeneſs, told me, that ſhe often treated her Father and the graveſt of her Relations in the ſame Manner; that ſhe would ſit giggling and laughing with her Companions from one End of a Tragedy to the other; nay, that ſhe would ſometimes burſt out in the middle of a Sermon, and ſet the whole Congregation a ſtaring at her. The Mother was going on, when the young Lady came out of the Cave to us with a compoſed Countenance, and a low Curtſie. She was a Girl of ſuch exuberant Mirth, that her Viſit to *Trophonius* only reduced her to a more than ordinary Decency of Behaviour, and made a very pretty Prude of her. After having performed innumerable

innumerable Cures, I looked about me with great Satisfaction, and ſaw all my Patients walking by themſelves in a very penſive and muſing Poſture, ſo that the whole Place ſeemed covered with Philoſophers. I was at length reſolved to go into the Cave my ſelf, and ſee what it was that had produced ſuch wonderful Effects upon the Company; but as I was ſtooping at the Entrance, the Door being ſomething low, I gave ſuch a Nod in my Chair, that I awaked. After having recovered my ſelf from my firſt Startle, I was very well pleaſed at the Accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little Stay in the Place might have ſpoil'd my SPECTATORS.

June 29. &c Conclusion & Hartham Copies

N° 600. *Wedneſday, September* 29.

—*Solemque ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt.* Virg.

I Have always taken a particular Pleaſure in examining the Opinions which Men of different Religions, different Ages, and different Countries, have entertained concerning the Immortality of the Soul, and the State of Happineſs which they promiſe themſelves in another World. For whatever Prejudices and Errors human Nature lies under; we find that either Reaſon, or Tradition from our firſt Parents,

rents, has discovered to all People something in these great Points which bears Analogy to Truth, and to the Doctrines opened to us by Divine Revelation. I was lately discoursing on this Subject with a learned Person who has been very much conversant among the Inhabitants of the more Western Parts of *Africk*. Upon his conversing with several in that Country, he tells me that their Notion of Heaven or of a future State of Happiness is this, That every thing we there wish for will immediately present it self to us. We find, say they, our Souls are of such a Nature that they require Variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same Objects. The Supreme Being therefore, in Compliance with this Taste of Happiness which he has planted in the Soul of Man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every Gratification which it is in the Humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in Groves or Bowers, among running Streams or Falls of Water, we shall immediately find our selves in the midst of such a Scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with Musick and the Melody of Sounds, the Consort rises upon our Wish, and the whole Region about us is filled with Harmony. In short, every Desire will be followed by Fruition, and whatever a Man's Inclination directs him to, will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power

Power creates in Conformity to our Wiſhes, or whether he only produces ſuch a Change in our Imagination, as makes us believe our ſelves converſant among thoſe Scenes which delight us. Our Happineſs will be the ſame, whether it proceed from external Objects, or from the Impreſſions of the Deity upon our own private Fancies. This is the Account which I have received from my learned Friend. Notwithſtanding this Syſtem of Belief be in general very chimerical and viſionary, there is ſomething ſublime in its manner of conſidering the Influence of a Divine Being on a Human Soul. It has alſo, like moſt other Opinions of the Heathen World upon theſe important Points, it has, I ſay, its Foundation in Truth, as it ſuppoſes the Souls of good Men after this Life to be in a State of perfect Happineſs, that in this State there will be no barren Hopes, nor fruitleſs Wiſhes, and that we ſhall enjoy every thing we can deſire. But the particular Circumſtance which I am moſt pleaſed with in this Scheme, and which ariſes from a juſt Reflexion upon Human Nature, is that Variety of Pleaſures which it ſuppoſes the Souls of good Men will be poſſeſſed of in another World. This I think highly probable, from the Dictates both of Reaſon and Revelation. The Soul conſiſts of many Faculties, as the Underſtanding, and the Will, with all

all the Senſes both outward and inward; or to ſpeak more Philoſophically, the Soul can exert her ſelf in many different Ways of Action: She can underſtand, will, imagine, ſee, and hear, love, and diſcourſe, and apply her ſelf to many other the like Exerciſes of different Kinds and Natures; but what is more to be conſidered, the Soul is capable of receiving a moſt exquiſite Pleaſure and Satisfaction from the Exerciſe of any of theſe its Powers, when they are gratified with their proper Objects; ſhe can be entirely happy by the Satisfaction of the Memory, the Sight, the Hearing, or any other Mode of Perception. Every Faculty is as a diſtinct Taſte in the Mind, and hath Objects accommodated to its proper Reliſh. Doctor *Tillotſon* ſomewhere ſays, that he will not preſume to determine in what conſiſts the Happineſs of the Bleſt, becauſe God Almighty is capable of making the Soul happy by Ten Thouſand different Ways. Beſides thoſe ſeveral Avenues to Pleaſure which the Soul is endowed with in this Life; it is not impoſſible, according to the Opinions of many eminent Divines, but there may be new Faculties in the Souls of good Men made perfect, as well as new Senſes in their glorified Bodies. This we are ſure of, that there will be new Objects offered to all thoſe Faculties which are eſſential to us.

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WE are likewiſe to take Notice that every particular Faculty is capable of being employed on a very great Variety of Objects. The Underſtanding, for Example, may be happy in the Contemplation of Moral, Natural, Mathematical, and other Kinds of Truth. The Memory likewiſe may turn it ſelf to an infinite Multitude of Objects, eſpecially when the Soul ſhall have paſſed through the Space of many Millions of Years, and ſhall reflect with Pleaſure on the Days of Eternity. Every other Faculty may be conſidered in the ſame Extent.

WE cannot queſtion but that the Happineſs of a Soul will be adequate to its Nature, and that it is not endowed with any Faculties which are to lye uſeleſs and unemploy'd. The Happineſs is to be the Happineſs of the whole Man, and we may eaſily conceive to our ſelves the Happineſs of the Soul, whilſt any one of its Faculties is in the Fruition of its chief Good. The Happineſs may be of a more exalted Nature in Proportion as the Faculty employ'd is ſo, but as the whole Soul acts in the Exertion of any of its particular Powers, the whole Soul is happy in the Pleaſure which ariſes from any of its particular Acts. For notwithſtanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken Notice of by one of the greateſt modern Philoſophers, we divide the Soul into ſeveral Powers and Facul-

Faculties, there is no ſuch Diviſion in the Soul it ſelf, ſince it is the whole Soul that remembers, underſtands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of conſidering the Memory, Underſtanding, Will, Imagination, and the like Faculties, is for the better enabling us to expreſs our ſelves in ſuch abſtracted Subjects of Speculation, not that there is any ſuch Diviſion in the Soul it ſelf.

SEEING then that the Soul has many different Faculties, or in other Words, many different Ways of acting; that it can be intenſely pleaſed, or made happy by all theſe different Faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with ſeveral latent Faculties, which it is not at preſent in a Condition to exert; that we cannot believe the Soul is endowed with any Faculty which is of no Uſe to it; that whenever any one of theſe Faculties is tranſcendently pleaſed, the Soul is in a State of Happineſs; and in the laſt Place, conſidering that the Happineſs of another World is to be the Happineſs of the whole Man; who can queſtion but that there is an infinite Variety in thoſe Pleaſures we are ſpeaking of; and that this Fulneſs of Joy will be made up of all thoſe Pleaſures which the Nature of the Soul is capable of receiving.

WE ſhall be the more confirmed in this Doctrine, if we obſerve the Nature of Variety, with regard to the Mind of Man.

The Soul does not care to be always in the ſame bent. The Faculties relieve one another by Turns, and receive an additional Pleaſure from the Novelty of thoſe Objects, about which they are converſant.

REVELATION likewiſe very much confirms this Notion, under the different Views which it gives us of our future Happineſs. In the Deſcription of the Throne of God, it repreſents to us all thoſe Objects which are able to gratifie the Senſes and Imagination. In very many Places it intimates to us all the Happineſs which the Underſtanding can poſſibly receive in that State, where all Things ſhall be revealed to us, and we ſhall know, even as we are known; the Raptures of Devotion, of Divine Love, the Pleaſure of converſing with our Bleſſed Saviour, with an innumerable Hoſt of Angels, and with the Spirits of Juſt Men made Perfect, are likewiſe revealed to us in ſeveral Parts of the Holy Writings. There are alſo mentioned thoſe Hierarchies, or Governments, in which the Bleſt ſhall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be ſure a great Part of our Happineſs will likewiſe conſiſt; for it will not be there as in this World, where every one is aiming at Power and Superiority; but on the contrary, every one will find that Station the moſt proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been ſo happy

py in any other Station. Theſe and many other Particulars, are marked in Divine Revelation, as the ſeveral Ingredients of our Happineſs in Heaven, which all imply ſuch a Variety of Joys, and ſuch a Gratification of the Soul in all its different Faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

SOME of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a Set of Angels who know moſt, and the Seraphims a Set of Angels who love moſt. Whether this Diſtinction be not altogether Imaginary, I ſhall not here examine; but it is highly probable that among the Spirits of good Men, there may be ſome who will be more pleaſed with the Employment of one Faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to thoſe innocent and virtuous Habits or Inclinations which have here taken the deepeſt Root.

I might here apply this Conſideration to the Spirits of wicked Men, with relation to the Pain which they ſhall ſuffer in every one of their Faculties, and the reſpective Miſeries which ſhall be appropriated to each Faculty in particular. But leaving this to the Reflection of my Readers, I ſhall conclude, with obſerving how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the Being which he has beſtowed upon us, for having made the Soul ſuſceptible of Pleaſure by ſo many different Ways. We ſee by what a Variety of Paſſages, Joy and

Gladneſs may enter into the Thoughts of Man. How wonderfully a humane Spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper Satisfactions, and taſte the Goodneſs of its Creator. We may therefore look into our ſelves with Rapture and Amazement, and cannot ſufficiently expreſs our Gratitude to him, who has encompaſſed us with ſuch a Profuſion of Bleſſings, and opened in us ſo many Capacities of enjoying them.

THERE cannot be a ſtronger Argument that God has deſigned us for a State of future Happineſs, and for that Heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the Soul for it, and made it a Being capable of receiving ſo much Bliſs. He would never have made ſuch Faculties in vain, and have endowed us with Powers that were not to be exerted on ſuch Objects as are ſuited to them. It is very manifeſt by the inward Frame and Conſtitution of our Minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite Variety of Pleaſures and Gratifications, which are not to be met with in this Life. We ſhould therefore at all times take Care that we do not diſappoint this his gracious Purpoſe and Intention towards us, and make thoſe Faculties which he formed as ſo many Qualifications for Happineſs and Rewards, to be the Inſtruments of Pain and Puniſhment.

Friday,

N° 601. *Friday, October* 1.

ὁ ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετικὸς πεφυκώς. Antonin. Lib. 9.

THE following Eſſay comes from an Hand which has entertained my Readers once before.

NOTWITHSTANDING a narrow contracted Temper be that which obtains moſt in the World, we muſt not therefore conclude this to be the genuine Characteriſtick of Mankind; becauſe there are ſome who delight in nothing ſo much as in doing Good, and receive more of their Happineſs at ſecond hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate Senſation. Now tho' theſe Heroick Souls are but few, and to Appearance ſo far advanced above the groveling Multitude as if they were of another Order of Beings, yet in Reality their Nature is the ſame, moved by the ſame Springs, and endowed with all the ſame eſſential Qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the ſame fluid Body in Winter and in Summer; when it ſtands ſtiffened in Ice, as when it flows along in gentle Streams gladdening a thouſand Fields in its Progreſs.

'Tis a Property of the Heart of Man to be diffuſive: Its kind Wiſhes ſpread abroad over the Face of the Creation; and if there be thoſe, as we may obſerve too many of them, who are all wrap'd up in their own dear ſelves, without any viſible Concern for their Species, let us ſuppoſe that their Good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing Force of ſome contrary Quality reſtrained in its Operations. I ſhall therefore endeavour to aſſign ſome of the principal Checks upon this generous Propenſion of the Human Soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what Method this moſt uſeful Principle may be unfettered, and reſtored to its native Freedom of Exerciſe.

THE firſt and leading Cauſe is an unhappy Complexion of Body. The Heathens, ignorant of the true Source of Moral Evil, generally charged it on the Obliquity of Matter, which, being eternal and independant, was incapable of Change in any of its Properties, even by the Almighty Mind, who, when He came to faſhion it into a World of Beings, muſt take it as he found it. This Notion, as moſt others of theirs, is a Compoſition of Truth and Error. That Matter is eternal, that from the firſt Union of a Soul to it, it perverted its Inclinations, and that the ill Influence it hath upon the Mind is not to be corrected by God himſelf, are all very great Errors, occaſioned by

by a Truth as evident, that the Capacities and Diſpoſitions of the Soul depend, to a great Degree, on the bodily Temper. As there are ſome Fools, others are Knaves, by Conſtitution; and particularly, it may be ſaid of many, that they are born with an illiberal Caſt of Mind; the Matter that compoſes them is tenacious as Birdlime, and a kind of Cramp draws their Hands and their Hearts together, that they never care to open them unleſs to graſp at more. 'Tis a melancholly Lot this; but attended with one Advantage above theirs to whom it would be as painful to forbear good Offices, as it is to theſe Men to perform them; that whereas Perſons naturally Beneficent often miſtake Inſtinct for Virtue, by reaſon of the Difficulty of diſtinguiſhing when one rules them and when the other, Men of the oppoſite Character may be more certain of the Motive that predominates in every Action. If they cannot confer a Benefit with that Eaſe and Frankneſs which are neceſſary to give it a Grace in the Eye of the World, in requital, the real Merit of what they do is inhanc'd by the Oppoſition they ſurmount in doing it. The Strength of their Virtue is ſeen in riſing againſt the Weight of Nature, and every time they have the Reſolution to diſcharge their Duty, they make a Sacrifice of Inclination to Conſcience, which is always too grateful to let its Followers go without ſuit-

ſuitable Marks its Approbation. Perhaps the entire Cure of this ill Quality is no more poſſible, than of ſome Diſtempers that deſcend by Inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a Courſe of Beneficence obſtinately perſiſted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of eſtabliſhing a moral Habit, which ſhall be ſomewhat of a Counterpoiſe to the Force of Mechaniſm. Only it muſt be remembred, that we do not intermit, upon any Pretence whatſoever, the Cuſtom of doing Good, in regard if there be the leaſt Ceſſation, Nature will watch the Opportunity to return, and in a ſhort time to recover the Ground it was ſo long in quitting: For there is this Difference between mental Habits, and ſuch as have their Foundation in the Body; that theſe laſt are in their Nature more forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, need only not to be oppoſed; whereas the former muſt be continually reinforced with freſh Supplies, or they will languiſh and die away. And this ſuggeſts the Reaſon why good Habits, in general, require longer time for their Settlement than bad, and yet are ſooner diſplaced; the Reaſon is, that vicious Habits (as Drunkenneſs for Inſtance) produce a Change in the Body, which the others not doing, muſt be maintained the ſame way they are acquired, by the mere Dint of Induſtry, Reſolution, and Vigilance.

ANO-

ANOTHER Thing which ſuſpends the Operations of Benevolence, is the Love of the World; proceeding from a falſe Notion Men have taken up, that an abundance of the World is an eſſential Ingredient into the Happineſs of Life. Worldly Things are of ſuch a Quality as to leſſen upon dividing, ſo that the more Partners there are, the leſs muſt fall to every Man's private Share. The Conſequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil Eye, each imagining all the reſt to be imbarked in an Intereſt, that cannot take Place but to his Prejudice. Hence are thoſe eager Competitions for Wealth or Power; hence one Man's Succeſs becomes another's Diſappointment; and, like Pretenders to the ſame Miſtreſs, they can ſeldom have common Charity for their Rivals. Not that they are naturally diſpoſed to quarrel and fall out, but 'tis natural for a Man to prefer himſelf to all others, and to ſecure his own Intereſt firſt. If that which Men eſteem their Happineſs were, like the Light, the ſame ſufficient and unconfined Good, whether Ten Thouſand enjoy the Benefit of it, or but one, we ſhould ſee Mens good Will, and kind Endeavours, would be as univerſal.

Homo qui Erranti comiter monſtrat Viam,
Quaſi Lumen de ſuo Lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipſi luceat, cum illi accenderit.

But,

But, unluckily, Mankind agree in making Choice of Objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetual Differences. Learn therefore, like a wiſe Man, the true Eſtimate of Things. Deſire not more of the World than is neceſſary to accommodate you in paſſing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as uſeleſs only, but burthenſome. Place not your Quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beſide them, and thereby making them your Enemies; and which, when attained, will give you more Trouble to keep, than Satisfaction in the Enjoyment. Virtue is a Good of a nobler Kind; it grows by Communication, and ſo little reſembles earthly Riches, that the more Hands it is lodged in, the greater is every Man's particular Stock. So, by propagating and mingling their Fires, not only all the Lights of a Branch together caſt a more extenſive Brightneſs, but each ſingle Light burns with a ſtronger Flame. And laſtly, take this along with you, that if Wealth be an Inſtrument of Pleaſure, the greateſt Pleaſure it can put into your Power, is that of doing Good. 'Tis worth conſidering, that the Organs of Senſe act within a narrow Compaſs, and the Appetites will ſoon ſay they have enough: Which of the two therefore is the happier Man? He, who confining all his Regard to the Gratification of his own Appetites, is capable but o

ſhort

ſhort Fits of Pleaſure? Or the Man, who, reckoning himſelf a Sharer in the Satisfactions of others, eſpecially thoſe which come to them by his Means, enlarges the Sphere of his Happineſs?

THE laſt Enemy to Benevolence I ſhall mention, is Uneaſineſs of any Kind. A guilty, or a diſcontented Mind, a Mind ruffled by ill Fortune, diſconcerted by its own Paſſions, ſowered by Neglect, or fretting at Diſappointments, hath not Leiſure to attend to the Neceſſity or Reaſonableneſs of a Kindneſs deſir'd, nor a Taſte for thoſe Pleaſures which wait on Beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted Heart to reliſh them. The moſt miſerable of all Beings is the moſt envious; as, on the other Hand, the moſt communicative is the happieſt. And if you are in ſearch of the Seat of perfect Love and Friendſhip, you will not find it till you come to the Region of the Bleſſed, where Happineſs, like a refreſhing Stream, flows from Heart to Heart in an endleſs Circulation, and is preſerv'd ſweet and untainted by the Motion. 'Tis old Advice, if you have a Favour to requeſt of any one, to obſerve the ſofteſt times of Addreſs, when the Soul, in a Fluſh of good Humour, takes a Pleaſure to ſhew itſelf pleas'd. Perſons conſcious of their own Integrity, ſatisfied with themſelves, and their Condition, and full of Confidence in a Supreme Being, and the Hope of Immortality,

tality, ſurvey all about them with a Flow of Good-will. As Trees which like their Soil, they ſhoot out in Expreſſions of Kindneſs, and bend beneath their own precious Load, to the Hand of the Gatherer. Now if the Mind be not thus eaſie, 'tis an infallible Sign that it is not in its natural State: Place the Mind in its right Poſture, it will immediately diſcover its innate Propenſion to Beneficence.

N° 602. *Monday, October* 4.

——Facit hoc illos Hyacinthos. Juv.

THE following Letter comes from a Gentleman, who, I find, is very diligent in making his Obſervations, which I think too material not to be communicated to the Publick.

SIR,

'IN order to execute the Office of Love-Caſuiſt to *Great Britain*, with which 'I take my ſelf to be inveſted by your Paper of *September* 8, I ſhall make ſome 'further Obſervations upon the two Sexes 'in general, beginning with that which always ought to have the upper Hand. 'After having obſerved with much Curio-

'ſity

'ſity the Accompliſhments which are apt 'to captivate female Hearts, I find that there 'is no Perſon ſo irreſiſtable as one who is 'a Man of Importance, provided it be in 'Matters of no Conſequence. One who 'makes himſelf talked of, tho' it be for the 'particular Cock of his Hat, or for pra-'ting aloud in the Boxes at a Play, is in a 'fair way of being a Favourite. I have 'known a young Fellow make his Fortune 'by knocking down a Conſtable; and may 'venture to ſay, tho' it may ſeem a Paradox, 'that many a Fair One has died by a Duel 'in which both the Combatants have ſur-'vived.

'ABOUT three Winters ago I took 'Notice of a young Lady at the Theatre, 'who conceived a Paſſion for a notorious 'Rake that headed a Party of Cat-calls; 'and am credibly informed, that the Em-'peror of the Mohocks married a rich Wi-'dow within three Weeks after having ren-'dered himſelf formidable in the Cities of '*London* and *Weſtminſter*. Scowring and 'breaking of Windows have done frequent 'Execution upon the Sex; but there is no 'Sett of theſe Male Charmers who make 'their way more ſucceſsfully, than thoſe 'who have gained themſelves a Name for 'Intrigue, and have ruined the greateſt 'Number of Reputations. There is a 'ſtrange Curioſity in the female World to 'be acquainted with the dear Man who

'has

'has been loved by others, and to know 'what it is that makes him ſo agreeable. 'His Reputation does more than half his 'Buſineſs. Every one that is ambitious of 'being a Woman of Faſhion, looks out for 'Opportunities of being in his Company; 'ſo that, to uſe the old Proverb, When 'his Name is up he may lye a-bed.

'I was very ſenſible of the great Advan- 'tage of being a Man of Importance upon 'theſe Occaſions on the Day of the King's 'Entry, when I was ſeated in a Balcony 'behind a Cluſter of very pretty Country 'Ladies, who had one of theſe ſhowy Gen- 'tlemen in the Midſt of them. The firſt 'Trick I caught him at, was bowing to ſe- 'veral Perſons of Quality whom he did not 'know; nay, he had the Impudence to hem 'at a Blue Garter who had a finer Equi- 'page than ordinary, and ſeemed a little 'concerned at the impertinent Huzzas of 'the Mob, that hindered his Friend from 'taking Notice of him. There was indeed 'one who pull'd off his Hat to him, and 'upon the Ladies asking who it was, he 'told them, it was a Foreign Miniſter that 'he had been very merry with the Night 'before; whereas in Truth, it was the 'City Common-Hunt.

'HE was never at a Loſs when he was 'asked any Perſon's Name, tho' he ſeldom 'knew any one under a Peer. He found 'Dukes and Earls among the Aldermen,

'very

'very good-natured Fellows among the 'Privy-Counſellors, with two or three a-'greeable old Rakes among the Biſhops 'and Judges.

'IN ſhort, I collected from his whole 'Diſcourſe, that he was acquainted with 'every Body, and knew no Body. At the 'ſame Time, I am miſtaken if he did not 'that Day make more Advances in the Af-'fections of his Miſtreſs, who ſat near him, 'than he could have done in half a Year's 'Courtſhip.

'*OVID* has finely touched this Me-'thod of making Love, which I ſhall here 'give my Reader in Mr. *Dryden*'s Tran-'ſlation.

Page the Eleventh.

Thus Love in Theatres did firſt improve,
And Theatres are ſtill the Scene of Love:
Nor ſhun the Chariots, and the Courſer's Race;
The Circus *is no inconvenient Place.*
Nor Need is there of talking on the Hand,
Nor Nods, nor Signs, which Lovers under-
ſtand;
But boldly next the Fair you Seat provide,
Cloſe as you can to hers, and Side by Side:
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no Matter; crowding ſit;
For ſo the Laws of publick Shows permit.
Then find Occaſion to begin Diſcourſe,
Enquire whoſe Chariot this, and whoſe that
Horſe;

To whatsoever Side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your Inclinations to her Mind;
Like what she likes, from thence your Court begin,
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.

Again, Page the Sixteenth.

O when will come the Day, by Heaven design'd,
When thou, the best and fairest of Mankind,
Drawn by white Horses, shalt in Triumph ride,
With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy Side;
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in Flight;
O glorious Object! O surprizing Sight!
O Day of Publick Joy, too good to end in Night!
On such a Day, if thou, and next to thee
Some Beauty sits, the Spectacle to see;
If she enquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,
Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs;
Answer to all thou knowest; and, if Need be,
Of Things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, *crown'd with Reeds; and there*
Flows the swift Tigris, *with his Sea-green Hair.*
Invent new Names of Things unknown before;
Call this Armenia; *that, the* Caspian *Shore:*
Call this a Mede, *and that a* Parthian *Youth;*
Talk probably; no Matter for the Truth.

Wednesday,

Nº 603. *Wedneſday, October 6.*

Ducite ab Urbe Domum, mea Carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Virg.

THE following Copy of Verſes comes from one of my Correſpondents, and has ſomething in it ſo Original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my Readers.

I.

MY Time, O ye Muſes, was happily ſpent,
When Phebe *went with me wherever I went;*
Ten thouſand ſweet Pleaſures I felt in my Breaſt,
Sure never fond Shepherd like Colin *was bleſt!*
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a ſudden I find?
When Things were as fine as could poſſibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was ſhe.

II.

With ſuch a Companion, to tend a few Sheep,
To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep,
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful, and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day.
But now I ſo croſs and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known.
My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart——I am ſure it weighs more than a Pound.

III.

The Fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, little Cupid, *if* Phebe *was there,*
'Twas Pleaſure to look at, 'twas Muſick to hear:
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its Side,
And ſtill as it murmurs do nothing but chide,
Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phebe *and I were as joyful as they,*
How pleaſant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
When Spring, Love and Beauty, were all in their Prime?
But now in their Frolicks when by me they paſs,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Graſs;
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

V.

My Dog I was ever well pleaſed to ſee,
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair one and me;
And Phebe *was pleas'd too, and to my Dog ſaid,*
Come hither, poor Fellow; and patted his Head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a ſour Look.
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a Blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another; for why ſhoud not Tray
Be as dull as his Maſter, when Phebe's *away?*

VI. *When*

VI.

When walking with Phebe, *what Sights have I ſeen?*
How fair was the Flower, how freſh was the Green?
What a lovely appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
But now ſhe has left me, tho' all are ſtill there,
They none of 'em now ſo delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,
Made ſo many beautiful Proſpects ariſe.

VII.

Sweet Muſick went with us both all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throſtle, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Graſshopper under our Feet.
But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone:
Her Voice in the Conſort, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing elſe its agreeable Sound.

VIII.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does ought of its Sweetneſs the Bloſſom beguile,
That Meadow, thoſe Daiſies, why do they not ſmile?
Ah! Rivals, I ſee what it was that you dreſt,
And made your ſelves fine for, a Place in her Breaſt:
You put on your Colours to pleaſure her Eye,
To be pluckt by her Hand, on her Boſom to die.

IX.

How ſlowly Time creeps till my Phebe *return?*
While amidſt the ſoft Zephyrs, cool Breezes, I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead.
Fly ſwifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't when ſhe is here.
Ah Colin! *old Time is full of Delay,*
Nor will budge one Foot faſter for all thou canſt ſay.

X.

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Diſquiet, or ſoften my Pain?
To be cur'd, thou muſt, Colin, *thy Paſſion remove;*
But what Swain is ſo ſilly to live without Love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! What ſhall I do? I ſhall die with Deſpair;
Take Heed, all ye Swains, how you love one ſo fair.

Nº 603. *Friday, October* 8.

Tu ne quæſieris (ſcire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoe; nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. ——— Hor.

THE Deſire of knowing future Events, is one of the ſtrongeſt Inclinations in the Mind of Man. Indeed an Ability of foreſeeing probable Accidents

cidents is what, in the Language of Men, is called Wiſdom and Prudence: But, not ſatisfied with the Light that Reaſon holds out, Mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiouſly into Futurity. Magick, Oracles, Omens, lucky Hours, and the various Arts of Superſtition, owe their Riſe to this powerful Cauſe. As this Principle is founded in Self-Love, every Man is ſure to be ſolicitous in the firſt Place about his own Fortune, the Courſe of his Life, and the Time and Manner of his Death.

IF we conſider that we are free Agents, we ſhall diſcover the Abſurdity of ſuch Enquiries. One of our Actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the Cauſe of another that ſucceeds it, and ſo the whole Chain of Life is linked together. Pain, Poverty, or Infamy, are the natural Product of vicious and imprudent Acts; as the contrary Bleſſings are of good ones; ſo that we cannot ſuppoſe our Lot to be determined without Impiety. A great Enhancement of Pleaſure ariſes from its being unexpected; and Pain is doubled by being foreſeen. Upon all theſe, and ſeveral other Accounts, we ought to reſt ſatisfied in this Portion beſtowed on us; to adore the Hand that hath fitted every Thing to our Nature, and hath not more diſplayed his Goodneſs in our Knowledge than in our Ignorance.

IT is not unworthy Obſervation, that ſuperſtitious Enquiries into future Events prevail more or leſs, in proportion to the Improvement of liberal Arts and uſeful Knowledge in the ſeveral Parts of the World. Accordingly we find, that magical Incantations remain in *Lapland*; in the more remote Parts of *Scotland* they have their ſecond Sight, and ſeveral of our own Countrymen ſee abundance of Fairies. In *Aſia* this Credulity is ſtrong; and the greateſt Part of refined Learning there conſiſts in the Knowledge of Amulets, Taliſmans, occult Numbers, and the like.

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo*, I fell into the Acquaintance of a good-natured Muſſulman, who promiſed me many good Offices, which he deſigned to do me when he became the Prime Miniſter, which was a Fortune beſtowed on his Imagination by a Doctor very deep in the curious Sciences. At his repeated Sollicitations I went to learn my Deſtiny of this wonderful Sage. For a ſmall Sum I had his Promiſe; but was required to wait in a dark Apartment till he had run thro' the preparatory Ceremonies. Having a ſtrong Propenſity, even then, to Dreaming, I took a Nap upon the Sofa where I was placed, and had the following Viſion, the Particulars whereof I picked up the other Day among my Papers.

I found my ſelf in an unbounded Plain, where methought the whole World, in ſeveral Habits, and with different Tongues, was aſſembled. The Multitude glided ſwiftly along, and I found in my ſelf a ſtrong Inclination to mingle in the Train. My Eyes quickly ſingled out ſome of the moſt ſplendid Figures. Several in rich Caftans and glittering Turbans buſtled through the Throng, and trampled over the Bodies of thoſe they threw down; till to my great Surprize I found, that the great Pace they went only haſtened them to a Scaffold or a Bowſtring. Many beautiful Damſels on the other Side moved forward with great Gaiety; ſome danced till they fell all along; and others painted their Faces till they loſt their Noſes. A Tribe of Creatures with buſie Looks falling into a Fit of Laughter at the Misfortunes of the unhappy Ladies, I turned my Eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his Pockets with Gold and Jewels, and when there was no Room left for more, theſe Wretches looking round with Fear and Horror, pined away before my Face with Famine and Diſcontent.

THIS Proſpect of humane Miſery ſtruck me dumb for ſome Miles. Then it was that, to disburthen my Mind, I took Pen and Ink, and did every Thing that hath ſince happened under my Office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing my

my ſelf for the Good of Mankind, I was ſurprized to meet with very unſuitable Returns from my Fellow-Creatures. Never was poor Author ſo beſet with Pamphleteers, who ſometimes marched directly againſt me, but oftner ſhot at me from ſtrong Bulwarks, or roſe up ſuddenly in Ambuſh. They were of all Characters and Capacities, ſome with Enſigns of Dignity, and others in Liveries; but what moſt ſurprized me, was to ſee two or three in Black Gowns among my Enemies. It was no ſmall Trouble to me, ſometimes to have a Man come up to me with an angry Face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never ſeen or heard of him in my Life. With the Ladies it was otherwiſe: Many became my Enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who reſented the Satyr which they imagined I had directed againſt them. My great Comfort was in the Company of half a Dozen Friends, who, I found ſince, were the Club which I have ſo often mentioned in my Papers. I laughed often at Sir *Roger* in my Sleep, and was the more diverted with *Will Honeycomb*'s Gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted) becauſe I had foreſeen his Marriage with a Farmer's Daughter. The Regret which aroſe in my Mind upon the Death of my Companions, my Anxieties for the Publick, and the many

ny Calamities ſtill fleeting before my Eyes, made me repent my Curioſity; when the Magician entered the Room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was juſt going to begin.

N. B. I have only delivered the Prophecy of that Part of my Life which is paſt, it being inconvenient to divulge the ſecond Part 'till a more proper Opportunity.

N° 605. *Monday, October* 11.

Exuerint ſylveſtrem animum, cultuque frequenti
In quaſcunque voces artes, haud tarda ſequentur. Virg.

HAVING peruſed the following Letter, and finding it to run upon the Subject of Love, I referr'd it to the Learned *Caſuiſt*, whom I have retain'd in my Service for Speculations of that Kind. He returned it to me the next Morning with his Report annexed to it, with both of which I ſhall here preſent my Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'FINDING that you have Entertained 'an uſeful Perſon in your Service in 'quality of *Love-Caſuiſt*, I apply my ſelf 'to you, under a very great Difficulty, that 'hath for ſome Months perplexed me. I 'have a Couple of humble Servants, one 'of

'of which I have no Averſion to; the 'other I think of very kindly. The firſt 'hath the Reputation of a Man of good 'Senſe, and is one of thoſe People that 'your Sex are apt to Value. My Spark is 'reckoned a Coxcomb among the Men, 'but is a Favourite of the Ladies. If I 'marry the Man of Worth, as they call 'him, I ſhall oblige my Parents and im-'prove my Fortune; but with my dear 'Beau I promiſe my ſelf Happineſs, al-'tho' not a Jointure. Now I would ask 'you, whether I ſhould conſent to lead 'my Life with a Man that I have only no 'Objection to, or with him againſt whom 'all Objections to me appear frivolous. I 'am determined to follow the *Caſuiſt's* Ad-'vice, and I dare ſay he will not put me upon 'ſo ſerious a thing as Matrimony, contra-'ry to my Inclination.

I am, &c.

Fanny Fickle.

P. S. 'I forgot to tell you, that the 'pretty Gentleman is the moſt complaiſant 'Creature in the World, and is always of 'my Mind; but the other forſooth, fan-'cies he hath as much Wit as my ſelf, 'ſlights my Lap-dog, and hath the Inſo-'lence to contradict me when he thinks I 'am not in the Right. About half an

'Hour

'Hour ago, he maintained to my Face,
'that a Patch always implies a Pimple.

AS I look upon it to be my Duty rather to ſide with the Parents than the Daughter, I ſhall propoſe ſome Conſiderations to my gentle Queriſt, which may incline her to comply with thoſe, under whoſe Direction ſhe is: And at the ſame time, convince her, that it is not impoſſible but ſhe may, in time, have a true Affection for him who is, at preſent, indifferent to her: Or, to uſe the old Family Maxim, that *If ſhe marries firſt, Love will come after.*

THE only Objection, that ſhe ſeems to inſinuate againſt the Gentleman propoſed to her, is his want of Complaiſance, which, I perceive, ſhe is very willing to return. Now, I can diſcover from this very Circumſtance, that ſhe and her Lover, whatever they may think of it, are very good Friends in their Hearts. It is difficult to determine, whether Love delights more in giving Pleaſure or Pain. Let Miſs *Fickle* ask her own Heart, if ſhe doth not take a Secret Pride in making this Man of good Senſe look very ſilly. Hath ſhe ever been better pleaſed, than when her Behaviour hath made her Lover ready to hang himſelf? Or doth ſhe ever rejoice more, than when ſhe thinks ſhe hath driven him to the very Brink of a purling Stream? Let her conſider, at the ſame time, that it is not impoſſible but her Lover may have diſcovered her

her Tricks, and hath a Mind to give her as good as ſhe brings. I remember a handſome young Baggage that treated a hopeful *Greek* of my Acquaintance, juſt come from *Oxford*, as if he had been a *Barbarian*. The firſt Week, after ſhe had fixed him, ſhe took a Pinch of Snuff out of his Rival's Box, and apparently touched the Enemy's little Finger. She became a profeſt Enemy to the Arts and Sciences, and ſcarce ever wrote a Letter to him without willfully miſ-pelling his Name. The young Scholar, to be even with her, railed at *Coquettes* as ſoon as he had got the Word; and did not want Parts to turn into Ridicule her Men of Wit and Pleaſure of the Town. After having irritated one another, for the Space of five Months, ſhe made an Aſſignation with him fourſcore Miles from *London*. But as he was very well acquainted with her Pranks, he took a Journey the quite contrary Way. Accordingly they met, quarrel'd, and in a few Days were Married. Their former Hoſtilities are now the Subject of their Mirth, being content at preſent with that Part of Love only, which beſtows Pleaſure.

WOMEN, who have been married ſome time, not having it in their Heads to draw after them a numerous Train of Followers, find their Satisfaction in the Poſſeſſion of one Man's Heart. I know very well, that Ladies in their Bloom deſire

ſire to be excuſed in this Particular. But when Time hath worn out their natural Vanity and taught them Diſcretion, their Fondeſs ſettles on its proper Object. And it is probably for this Reaſon, that among Husbands, you will find more that are fond of Women beyond their Prime, than of thoſe who are actually in the Inſolence of Beauty. My Reader will apply the ſame Obſervation to the other Sex.

I need not inſiſt upon the Neceſſity of their purſuing one common Intereſt, and their united Care for their Children; but ſhall only obſerve, by the Way, that married Perſons are both more warm in their Love, and more hearty in their Hatred, than any others whatſoever. Mutual Favours and Obligations, which may be ſuppoſed to be greater here than in any other State, naturally beget an Intenſe Affection in generous Minds. As, on the contrary, Perſons who have beſtowed ſuch Favours, have a particular Bitterneſs in their Reſentments, when they think themſelves ill treated by thoſe of whom they have deſerved ſo much.

BESIDES, Miſs *Fickle* may conſider, that as there are often many Faults concealed before Marriage, ſo there are ſometimes many Virtues unobſerved.

TO this we may add the great Efficacy of Cuſtom, and conſtant Converſation, to produce a mutual Friendſhip and Benevolence

lence in two Perſons. It is a nice Reflection, which I have heard a Friend of mine make, that you may be ſure a Woman loves a Man, when ſhe uſes his Expreſſions, tells his Stories, or imitates his Manner. This gives a ſecret Delight; for Imitation is a kind of artleſs Flattery, and mightily favours the powerful Principle of Self-love. It is certain, that married Perſons, who are poſſeſt with a mutual Eſteem, not only catch the Air and way of Talk from one another, but fall into the ſame Traces of thinking and liking. Nay, ſome have carried the Remark ſo far as to aſſert, that the Features of Man and Wife grow, in time, to reſemble one another. Let my fair Correſpondent therefore conſider, that the Gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own Face in two or three Years; which ſhe muſt not expect from the Beau, who is too full of his dear ſelf to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own Judgment, if that Perſon will not be the handſomeſt, that is the moſt like her ſelf.

WE have a remarkable Inſtance to our preſent Purpoſe in the Hiſtory of King *Edgar*, which I ſhall here relate, and leave it with my fair Correſpondent to be applied to her ſelf.

THIS great Monarch, who is ſo famous in *Britiſh* Story, fell in Love, as he made his Progreſs through his Kingdom, with a certain

certain Duke's Daughter who lived near *Winchester*, and was the moſt celebrated Beauty of the Age. His Importunities and the Violence of his Paſſion were ſo great, that the Mother of the young Lady promiſed him to bring her Daughter to his Bed the next Night, tho' in her Heart ſhe abhorr'd ſo infamous an Office. It was no ſooner dark than ſhe conveyed into his Room a young Maid of no diſagreeable Figure, who was one of her Attendants, and did not want Addreſs to improve the Opportunity for the Advancement of her Fortune. She made ſo good uſe of her Time, that when ſhe offered to riſe a little before Day, the King could by no means think of parting with her. So that finding her ſelf under a Neceſſity of diſcovering who ſhe was, ſhe did it in ſo handſome a Manner, that his Majeſty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his Protection; inſomuch that our Chronicles tell us he carry'd her along with him, made her his firſt Miniſter of State, and continued true to her alone, 'till his Marriage with the beautiful *Elfrida*.

N° 606. *Wedneſday, October* 13.

——longum cantu ſolata laborem
Arguto Conjux percurrit pectine Telas. Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have a couple of Neices under my 'Direction, who ſo often run gad-'ding abroad, that I don't know where 'to have them. Their Dreſs, their Tea, 'and their Viſits, take up all their Time, 'and they go to Bed as tired with doing 'nothing, as I am after quilting a whole 'Under-Petticoat. The only time they 'are not idle, is while they read your 'SPECTATORS; which being dedicated to 'the Intereſts of Virtue, I deſire you to 'recommend the long neglected Art of 'Needle-work. Thoſe Hours which in 'this Age are thrown away in Dreſs, Play, 'Viſits, and the like, were employed, in 'my time, in writing out Receipts, or 'working Beds, Chairs and Hangings for 'the Family. For my Part, I have ply'd 'my Needle theſe fifty Years, and by my 'good Will would never have it out of 'my Hand. It grieves my Heart to ſee a 'couple of proud idle Flirts ſipping their 'Tea, for a whole Afternoon, in a Room

'hung

'hung round with the Induſtry of their 'great Grandmother. Pray, Sir, take the 'laudable Myſtery of Embroidery into 'your ſerious Conſideration, and as you 'have a great deal of the Virtue of the 'laſt Age in you, continue your Endea-'vours to reform the preſent.

I am, &c.

IN Obedience to the Commands of my venerable Correſpondent, I have duly weighed this important Subject, and promiſe my ſelf, from the Arguments here laid down, that all the fine Ladies of *England* will be ready, as ſoon as their Mourning is over, to appear covered with the Work of their own Hands.

WHAT a delightful Entertainment muſt it be to the Fair Sex, whom their native Modeſty, and the Tenderneſs of Men towards them, exempts from publick Buſineſs, to paſs their Hours in imitating Fruits and Flowers, and tranſplanting all the Beauties of Nature into their own Dreſs, or raiſing a new Creation in their Cloſets and Apartments. How pleaſing is the Amuſement of walking among the Shades and Groves planted by themſelves, in ſurveying Heroes ſlain by their Needle, or little *Cupids* which they have brought into the World without Pain!

THIS is, methinks, the moſt proper way wherein a Lady can ſhew a fine Genius, and I cannot forbear wiſhing, that ſeveral Writers of that Sex had choſen to apply themſelves rather to Tapeſtry than Rhime. Your Paſtoral Poeteſſes may vent their Fancy in Rural Landskips, and place deſpairing Shepherds under ſilken Willows, or drown them in a Stream of Mohair. The Heroick Writers may work up Battles as ſucceſsfully, and inflame them with Gold or ſtain them with Crimſon. Even thoſe who have only a Turn to a Song or an Epigram, may put many valuable Stitches into a Purſe, and crowd a thouſand Graces into a Pair of Garters.

IF I may, without breach of good Manners, imagine that any pretty Creature is void of Genius, and would perform her Part herein but very awkardly, I muſt nevertheleſs inſiſt upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of Harm's way.

ANOTHER Argument for buſying good Women in Works of Fancy, is, becauſe it takes them off from Scandal, the uſual Attendant of Tea-Tables, and all other unactive Scenes of Life. While they are forming their Birds and Beaſts, their Neighbours will be allowed to be the Fathers of their own Children: And *Whig* and *Tory* will be but ſeldom mentioned, where the great Diſpute is, whether Blue or

or Red is the more proper Colour. How much greater Glory would *Sophronia* do the General, if ſhe would chuſe rather to work the Battel of *Blenheim* in Tapeſtry, than ſignalize her ſelf with ſo much Vehemence againſt thoſe who are *Frenchmen* in their Hearts!

A Third Reaſon that I ſhall mention, is the Profit that is brought to the Family where theſe pretty Arts are encouraged. It is manifeſt that this way of Life not only keeps fair Ladies from running out into Expences, but is at the ſame time an actual Improvement. How memorable would that Matron be, who ſhould have it Inſcribed upon her Monument, 'that 'ſhe Wrought out the whole Bible in 'Tapeſtry, and died in a good old Age, 'after having covered three hundred Yards 'of Wall in the Manſion-Houſe.

THE Premiſes being conſidered, I humbly ſubmit the following Propoſals to all Mothers in *Great Britain*.

I. THAT no young Virgin whatſoever be allowed to receive the Addreſſes of her firſt Lover, but in a Suit of her own Embroidering.

II. THAT before every freſh Servant, ſhe be obliged to appear with a new Stomacher at the leaſt.

III. THAT no one be actually Married, till ſhe hath the Child-bed Pil-

lows, &c. ready Stitched, as likwiſe the Mantle for the Boy quite finiſhed.

THESE Laws, if I miſtake not, would effectually reſtore the decayed Art of Needle-work, and make the Virgins of *Great Britain* exceedingly Nimble-finger'd in their Buſineſs.

THERE is a memorable Cuſtom of the *Grecian* Ladies, in this Particular, preſerved in *Homer*, which I hope will have a very good Effect with my Country-women. A Widow in Ancient Times, could not, without Indecency, receive a ſecond Husband, till ſhe had Woven a Shrowd for her deceaſed Lord, or the next of Kin to him. Accordingly, the Chaſt *Penelope* having, as ſhe thought, loſt *Ulyſſes* at Sea, ſhe employed her time in preparing a Winding-ſheet for *Laertes* the Father of her Husband. The Story of her Web being very Famous, and yet not ſufficiently known in its ſeveral Circumſtances, I ſhall give it to my Reader, as *Homer* makes one of her Wooers relate it.

Sweet Hope ſhe gave to every Youth apart,
With well taught Looks, and a deceitful Heart:
A Web ſhe wove of many a ſlender Twine,
Of curious Texture, and perplext Deſign;
My Youths, ſhe cry'd, my Lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd Bed,
Till I have wov'n, as ſolemn Vows require,
This Web - Shrowd for poor Ulyſſes' *Sire.*

His

His Limbs, when Fate the Hero's Soul demands,
Shall claim this Labour of his Daughter's Hands:
Leaſt all the Dames of Greece *my Name deſpiſe,*
While the great King without a Covering lies.
Thus ſhe. Nor did my Friends miſtruſt the Guile.
All Day ſhe ſped the long laborious Toil:
But when the burning Lamps ſupply'd the Sun,
Each Night unravell'd what the Day begun.
Three live-long Summers did the Fraud prevail,
The Fourth, her Maidens told th' amazing Tale.
Theſe Eyes beheld, as cloſe I took my Stand,
The backward Labours of her faithleſs Hand:
'Till watch'd at length, and preſs'd on every Side,
Her Task ſhe ended, and commenc'd a Bride.

N° 607. *Friday, October* 15.

Dicite Iō Pæan, et Iō bis dicite Pæan:
Decidit in caſſes præda petita meos. Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING in your Paper of *Mon-*
'*day* laſt publiſhed my Report on
'the Caſe of Mrs. *Fanny Fickle*,
'wherein I have taken Notice, that Love
'comes after Marriage; I hope your Read-
'ers are ſatisfied of this Truth, that as Love
'generally produces Matrimony, ſo it of-
'ten happens that Matrimony produces
'Love.

'IT perhaps requires more Virtues to
'make a good Husband or Wife, than

'what go to the finiſhing any the moſt ſhi-
'ning Character whatſoever.

'DISCRETION ſeems abſolutely
'neceſſary; and accordingly we find that
'the beſt Husbands have been moſt fa-
'mous for their Wiſdom. *Homer*, who
'hath drawn a perfect Pattern of a pru-
'dent Man, to make it the more com-
'pleat, hath celebrated him for the juſt
'Returns of Fidelity and Truth to his *Pe-*
'*nelope*; inſomuch that he refuſed the Ca-
'reſſes of a Goddeſs for her ſake, and, to
'uſe the Expreſſion of the beſt of Pagan
'Authors, *vetulam ſuam prætulit Immor-*
'*talitati*, his old Woman was dearer to
'him than Immortality.

'VIRTUE is the next neceſſary Qua-
'lification for this domeſtick Character, as
'it naturally produces Conſtancy and mu-
'tual Eſteem. Thus *Brutus* and *Porcia*
'were more remarkable for Virtue and
'Affection than any others of the Age in
'which they lived.

'GOOD-NATURE is a third neceſſary
'Ingredient in the Marriage State, without
'which it would inevitably ſower upon a
'thouſand Occaſions. When Greatneſs of
'Mind is joined with this amiable Quality,
'it attracts the Admiration and Eſteem of
'all who behold it. Thus *Cæſar*, not
'more remarkable for his Fortune and Va-
'lour than for his Humanity, ſtole into
'the Hearts of the *Roman* People, when

'breaking

'breaking through the Cuſtom, he pro-
'nounced an Oration at the Funeral of
'his firſt and beſt beloved Wife.

'GOOD-NATURE is inſufficient,
'unleſs it be ſteady and uniform, and ac-
'companied with an Evenneſs of Temper,
'which is, above all things, to be preſer-
'ved in this Friendſhip contracted for Life.
'A Man muſt be eaſie within himſelf, be-
'fore he can be ſo to his other Self. *So-*
'*crates*, and *Marcus Aurelius*, are Inſtan-
'ces of Men, who, by the Strength of
'Philoſophy, having entirely compoſed
'their Minds and ſubdued their Paſſions,
'are celebrated for good Husbands, not-
'withſtanding the firſt was yoked with
'*Xantippe*, and the other with *Fauſtina*.
'If the wedded Pair would but habitu-
'ate themſelves for the firſt Year to bear
'with one another's Faults, the Difficulty
'would be pretty well conquered. This
'mutual Sweetneſs of Temper and Com-
'placency, was finely recommended in the
'Nuptial Ceremonies among the Heathens,
'who when they ſacrificed to *Juno* at that
'Solemnity, always tore out the Gall from
'the Entrails of the Victim, and caſt it be-
'hind the Altar.

'I ſhall conclude this Letter with a Paſ-
'ſage out of Dr. *Plott*'s *Natural Hiſtory of*
'*Staffordſhire*, not only as it will ſerve to
'fill up your preſent Paper; but if I find
'my ſelf in the Humour, may give Riſe

'to

'to another; I having by me an old Regi-
'ſter, belonging to the Place here under-
'mentioned.

SIR *Philip de Somervile*, held the Manors of *Whichenovre*, *Scireſcot*, *Ridware*, *Netherton*, and *Cowlee*, all in *Com. Stafford*, of the Earls of *Lancaſter*, by this memorable Service. The ſaid Sir *Philip* ſhall find, maintain, and ſuſtain, one *Bacon-Flitch*, hanging in his Hall at *Whichenovre*, ready arrayed all times of the Year, but in *Lent*, to be given to every Man or Woman married, after the Day and the Year of their Marriage be paſt, in Form following.

WHENSOEVER that any one ſuch before named will come to enquire for the Bacon, in their own Perſon, they ſhall come to the Bailiff, or to the Porter of the Lordſhip of *Whichenovre*, and ſhall ſay to them in the Manner as enſueth.

'BAYLIFF, or Porter, I doo you
'to know, that I am come for my ſelf, to
'demand one *Bacon Flyke*, hanging in the
'Hall of the Lord of *Whichenovre*, after
'the Form thereunto belonging.

AFTER which Relation, the Bayliff or Porter ſhall aſſign a Day to him, upon Promiſe by his Faith to return, and with him to bring Twain of his Neighbous. And in the mean Time, the ſaid Bayliff ſhall take with him Twain of the Freeholders of the Lordſhip of *Whichenovre*, and they three ſhall go to the Manor of *Rudlow*, belonging

ing to *Robert Knightleye*, and there ſhall ſummon the aforeſaid *Knightleye*, or his Bayliff, commanding him to be ready at *Whichenovre* the Day appointed, at Prime of Day, with his Carriage, that is to ſay, a Horſe and a Saddle, a Sack and a Pryke, for to convey the ſaid Bacon and Corn a Journey out of the County of *Stafford*, at his Coſtages. And then the ſaid Bayliff ſhall, with the ſaid Freeholders, ſummon all the Tenants of the ſaid Manor, to be ready at the Day appointed, at *Whichenovre*, for to do and perform the Services which they owe to the Bacon. And at the Day aſſigned, all ſuch as owe Services to the Bacon, ſhall be ready at the Gate of the Manor of *Whichenovre*, from the Sun-riſing to Noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the Bacon. And when he is come, there ſhall be delivered to him and his Fellows, Chapelets; and to all thoſe which ſhall be there, to do their Services due to the Bacon. And they ſhall lead the ſaid Demandant with Trumps and Tabours, and other manner of Minſtrels to the Hall-Door, where he ſhall find the Lord of *Whichenovre*, or his Steward, ready to deliver the Bacon in this Manner.

He ſhall enquire of him, which demandeth the Bacon, if he have brought twain of his Neighbours with him: Which muſt anſwer, *They be here ready.* And then the Steward ſhall cauſe theſe two Neighbours to

to ſwear, if the ſaid Demandant be a wedded Man, or have been a Man wedded; and if ſince his Marriage one Year and a Day be paſt; and if he be a Free-man, or a Villain. And if his ſaid Neighbours make Oath, that he hath for him all theſe three Points rehearſed; then ſhall the Bacon be taken down, and brought to the Hall Door, and ſhall there be laid upon one half Quarter of Wheat, and upon one other of Rye. And he that demandeth the Bacon ſhall kneel upon his Knee, and ſhall hold his Right Hand upon a Book, which Book ſhall be laid upon the Bacon and the Corn, and ſhall make Oath in this manner.

'HERE ye, Sir *Philip* de *Somervile*, 'Lord of *Whichenovre*, mayntener and 'gyver of this Baconne: That I *A.* ſithe 'I Wedded *B.* my Wife, and ſythe I hadd 'hyr in my kepying, and at my Wylle, 'by a Year and a Day after our Marri-'age, I wold not have chaunged for 'none other; farer ne fowler; richer, 'ne pourer; ne for none other deſcen-'ded of greater Lynage; ſlepyng ne 'waking, at noo tyme. And if the ſeyd '*B.* were ſole and I ſole I would take her 'to be my Wyfe before all the Wymen 'of the Worlde, of what condiciones ſo-'ever they be: good or evylle, as help 'me God ond his Seyntes, and this Fleſh 'and all Fleſhes.

AND

AND his Neighbours ſhall make Oath, that they truſt verily he hath ſaid truly. And if it be found by his Neighbours before-named that he be a Freeman, there ſhall be delivered to him half a Quarter of Wheat and a Cheeſe; and if he be a Villain, he ſhall have half a Quarter of Rye without Cheeſe. And then ſhall *Knightleye* the Lord of *Rudlow* be called for, to carry all theſe Things tofore rehearſed; and the ſaid Corn ſhall be laid on one Horſe and the Bacon above it: and he to whom the Bacon appertaineth ſhall aſcend upon his Horſe, and ſhall take the Cheeſe before him, if he have a Horſe. And if he have none, the Lord of *Whichenovre* ſhall cauſe him to have one Horſe and Saddle, to ſuch time as he be paſſed his Lordſhip: and ſo ſhall they depart the Manor of *Whichenovre* with the Corn and the Bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with Trumpets, Tabourets, and other manner of Minſtrelſie. And all the Free Tenants of *Whichenovre* ſhall Conduct him to be paſſed the Lordſhip of *Whichenovre*. And then ſhall they all return; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the Carriage and Journey without the County of *Stafford*, at the Coſts of his Lord of *Whichenovre*.

Monday,

N° 608. *Monday, October* 18.

——*Perjuria ridet Amantum.* Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'ACCORDING to my Promiſe, I herewith tranſmit to you a Liſt of ſeveral Perſons, who from time to time demanded the *Flitch of Bacon*, of Sir *Philip de Somerville* and his Deſcendants; as it is preſerved in an ancient Manuſcript, under the Title of, *The Regiſter of Whichenovre-Hall, and of the Bacon Flitch there maintained.*

'IN the Beginning of this Record is recited the Law or Inſtitution in Form, as it is already printed in your laſt Paper: To which are added Two By-Laws, as a Comment upon the General Law, the Subſtance whereof is, That the Wife ſhall take the ſame Oath as the Husband, *mutatis mutandis*; and that the Judges ſhall, as they think meet, interrogate or croſs-examine the Witneſſes. After this proceeds the Regiſter in Manner following.

'AUBRY de Falſtaff, *Son of Sir* John Falſtaff, *Kt. with Dame* Maude *his Wife, were the firſt that demanded the Bacon, he*

'*having*

'*having bribed twain of his Father's Companions to ſwear falſely in his Behoof, 'whereby he gained the Flitch: But he and 'his ſaid Wife falling immediately into a 'Diſpute how the ſaid Bacon ſhould be 'dreſſed, it was by Order of the Judges 'taken from him, and hung up again in the 'Hall.*

'ALISON, *the Wife of* Stephen Frec-'kle, *brought her ſaid Husband along with 'her, and ſet forth the good Conditions and 'Behaviour of her Conſort, adding withall, 'that ſhe doubted not but he was ready to 'atteſt the like of her, his Wife; where-'upon he, the ſaid* Stephen, *ſhaking his Head, 'ſhe turned ſhort upon him, and gave him a 'Box on the Ear.*

'PHILIP de Waverland, *having laid 'his Hand upon the Book, when the Clauſe,* 'Were I ſole and ſhe ſole, *was rehearſed, 'found a ſecret Compunction riſing in his 'Mind, and ſtole it off again.*

'RICHARD de Loveleſs, *who was 'a Courtier, and a very well-bred Man, 'being obſerved to heſitate at the Words,* 'after our Marriage, *was thereupon requi-'red to explain himſelf. He replied, by 'talking very largely of his exact Complai-'ſance while he was a Lover; and alledg'd, 'that he had not in the leaſt diſobliged his 'Wife for a Year and a Day* before *Mar-'riage, which he hoped was the ſame Thing.*

'Rejected.

'JO-

'JOCELINE Jolly, *Esq*; *making it 'appear by unquestionable Testimony, That 'he and his Wife had preserved full and en-'tire Affection for the Space of the first 'Month, commonly called the* Honey-Moon; *'he had, in Consideration thereof, one Rasher 'bestowed upon him.*

'AFTER this, says the Record, many 'Years passed over before any Demandant 'appeared at *Whichenovre-Hall*; insomuch 'that one would have thought that the 'whole Country were turned *Jews*, so 'little was their Affection to the Flitch 'of Bacon.

'THE next Couple enrolled had like 'to have carried it, if one of the Witnes-'ses had not deposed, That dining on a '*Sunday* with the Demandant, whose Wife 'had sate below the Squire's Lady at 'Church, she the said Wife dropped some 'Expressions, as if she thought her Hus-'band deserved to be knighted; to which 'he returned a passionate *Pish!* The 'Judges taking the Premises into Conside-'ration, declared the aforesaid Behaviour 'to imply an unwarrantable Ambition in 'the Wife, and Anger in the Husband.

'IT is recorded as a sufficient Disqua-'lification of a certain Wife, that speak-'ing of her Husband she said, *God forgive 'him!*

'IT is likewise remarkable, that a Cou-'ple were rejected upon the Deposition of 'one

'one of their Neighbours, that the Lady 'had once told her Husband, that *it was* 'her *Duty to obey*; to which he replied, '*Oh! my Dear, you are never in the* 'Wrong.

'THE violent Paſſion of one Lady for 'her Lap-dog; the turning away of the 'old Houſe-Maid by another; a Tavern-'Bill torn by the Wife, and a Taylor's by 'the Husband; a Quarrel about the Kiſ-'ſing-Cruſt; ſpoiling of Dinners, and com-'ing in late of Nights; are ſo many ſeve-'ral Articles which occaſioned the Repro-'bation of ſome Scores of Demandants, 'whoſe Names are recorded in the afore-'ſaid Regiſter.

'WITHOUT enumerating other par-'ticular Perſons, I ſhall content my ſelf 'with obſerving, that the Sentence pro-'nounced againſt one *Gervaſe Poacher* is, 'that *he might have had Bacon to his Eggs,* '*if he had not heretofore ſcolded his Wife* '*when they were over-boiled.* And the 'Depoſition againſt *Dorothy Do-little* runs 'in theſe Words; *That ſhe had ſo far u-*'*ſurped the Dominion of the Coal-fire,* (*the* '*Stirring whereof her Husband claimed to* '*himſelf*) *that by her good Will ſhe never* '*would ſuffer the Poker out of her Hand.*

'I find but Two Couples, in this Firſt 'Century, that were ſucceſsful: The Firſt, 'was a Sea-Captain and his Wife, who, 'ſince the Day of their Marriage, had not

'ſeen one another till the Day of the Claim. 'The Second, was an honeſt Pair in the 'Neighbourhood: The Husband was a 'Man of plain good Senſe, and a peace-'able Temper; the Woman was dumb.

N° 609. *Wedneſday, October* 20.

——— *Farrago libelli.* Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have for ſome Time deſired to ap-'pear in your Paper, and have there-'fore choſen a Day to ſteal into the 'SPECTATOR, when I take it for granted 'you will not have many ſpare Minutes 'for Speculations of your own. As I was 'the other Day walking with an honeſt 'Country-Gentleman, he very often was 'expreſſing his Aſtoniſhment to ſee the 'Town ſo mightily crowded with Do-'ctors of Divinity: Upon which I told 'him, He was very much miſtaken if he 'took all thoſe Gentlemen he ſaw in Scarfs 'to be Perſons of that Dignity; for, that 'a young Divine, after his firſt Degree in 'the Univerſity, uſually comes hither only 'to ſhow himſelf; and on that Occaſion 'is apt to think he is but half equipp'd 'with a Gown and Caſſock for his pub-'lick

'lick Appearance, if he hath not the ad-
'ditional Ornament of a Scarf of the firſt
'Magnitude to intitle him to the Appel-
'lation of Doctor from his Lanlady and
'the Boy at *Child*'s. Now ſince I know
'that this Piece of Garniture is looked
'upon as a Mark of Vanity or Affectati-
'on, as it is made uſe of among ſome of
'the little ſpruce Adventurers of the
'Town, I ſhould be glad if you would
'give it a Place among thoſe Extravagan-
'cies you have juſtly expoſed in ſeveral
'of your Papers; being very well aſſured
'that the main Body of the Clergy both
'in the Country and the Univerſities, who
'are almoſt to a Man untainted with it,
'would be very well pleaſed to ſee this
'venerable Foppery well expoſed. When
'my Patron did me the Honour to take
'me into his Family, (for I muſt own my
'ſelf of this Order) he was pleaſed to ſay
'he took me as a Friend and Companion;
'and whether he looked upon the Scarf,
'like the Lace and Shoulder-knot of a
'Footman, as a Badge of Servitude and
'Dependance, I do not know, but he was
'ſo kind as to leave my wearing of it to
'my own Diſcretion; and not having any
'juſt Title to it from my Degrees, I am con-
'tent to be without the Ornament. The
'Privileges of our Nobility to keep a cer-
'tain Number of Chaplains are undiſputed,
'though perhaps not one in ten of thoſe

'reverend Gentlemen have any Relation 'to the noble Families their Scarfs 'belong to; the Right generally of 'creating all Chaplains, except the Do-'meſtick, where there is one, being 'nothing more than the Perquiſite of a 'Steward's Place, who, if he happens to 'out-live any conſiderable Number of his 'noble Maſters, ſhall probably, at one 'and the ſame Time, have fifty Chaplains, 'all in their proper Accoutrements, of 'his own Creation; though perhaps 'there hath been neither Grace nor Prayer 'ſaid in the Family ſince the Introduction 'of the firſt Coronet.

I am, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Wiſh you would write a Philoſophical 'Paper about Natural Antipathies, with 'a Word or two concerning the Strength 'Imagination. I can give you a Liſt, upon 'the firſt Notice, of a Rational *China* Cup, 'of an Egg that walks upon two Legs, 'and a Quart-Pot that ſings like a Night-'ingale. There is in my Neighbourhood 'a very pretty prattling Shoulder of Veal, 'that ſquawls out at the Sight of a Knife. 'Then as for Natural Antipathies, I know 'a General Officer, who was never con-'quered but by a ſmother'd Rabbit; and 'a Wife that domineers over her Husband 'by the Help of a Breaſt of Mutton. A

'Story

'Story that relates to my ſelf on this Sub-
'ject may be thought not unentertaining,
'eſpecially when I aſſure you that it is
'litterally true. I had long made Love
'to a Lady, in the Poſſeſſion of whom I
'am now the happieſt of Mankind, whoſe
'Hand I ſhould have gained with much
'Difficulty without the Aſſiſtance of a
'Cat. You muſt know then, that my
'moſt dangerous Rival had ſo ſtrong an
'Averſion to this Species, that he infallibly
'ſwooned away at the Sight of that harm-
'leſs Creature. My Friend Mrs. *Lucy*,
'her Maid, having a greater Reſpect for
'me and my Purſe than ſhe had for my
'Rival, always took Care to pin the Tail
'of a Cat under the Gown of her Mi-
'ſtreſs, whenever ſhe knew of his coming;
'which had ſuch an Effect, that every
'Time he entred the Room, he looked
'more like one of the Figures in Mrs.
'*Salmon*'s Wax-work, than a deſirable Lo-
'ver. In ſhort, he grew ſick of her Com-
'pany; which the young Lady taking No-
'tice of, (who no more knew why, than
'he did) ſhe ſent me a Challenge to meet
'her in *Lincoln's-Inn* Chappel, which I
'joyfully accepted, and have (amongſt o-
'ther Pleaſures) the Satisfaction of being
'praiſed by her for my Stratagem. I am, *&c.*

From the Hoop. Tom. Nimble.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'THE Virgins of *Great Britain* are ve-
'ry much oblig'd to you for putting
'them upon ſuch tedious Drudgeries in
'Needlework, as were fit only for the
'*Hilpa*'s and the *Nilpa*'s that lived before
'the Flood. Here's a Stir indeed with
'your Hiſtories in Embroidery, your
'Groves with Shades of Silk and Streams
'of Mohair! I would have you to know,
'that I hope to kill a hundred Lovers
'before the beſt Houſwife in *England* can
'ſtitch out a Battel, and do not fear but
'to provide Boys and Girls much faſter
'than your Diſciples can embroider them.
'I love Birds and Beaſts as well as you,
'but am content to fancy them when
'they are really made. What do you
'thnk of Gilt Leather for Furniture?
'There's your pretty Hanging for a
'Chamber; and what is more, our own
'Country is the only Place in *Europe*
'where Work of that Kind is tolerably
'done. Without minding your muſty
'Leſſons, I am this Minute going to
'*Paul*'s Church-Yard, to beſpeak a Skreen
'and a Set of Hangings; and am reſolved to
'encourage the Manufacture of my Coun-
'try.

Yours,

CLEORA.

Monday,

N° 610. *Friday, October* 22.

Sic, cum tranſierint mei
Nullo cum ſtrepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar ſenex.
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur ſibi. Seneca.

I Have often wondered that the *Jews* ſhould contrive ſuch a worthleſs Greatneſs for the Deliverer whom they expected, as to dreſs him up in external Pomp and Pageantry, and repreſent him to their Imagination, as making Havock amongſt his Creatures, and acted with the poor Ambition of a *Cæſar* or an *Alexander*. How much more illuſtrious doth he appear in his real Character, when conſidered as the Author of univerſal Benevolence among Men, as refining our Paſſions, exalting our Nature, giving us vaſt Ideas of Immortality, and teaching us a Contempt of that little ſhowy Grandeur, wherein the *Jews* made the Glory of their *Meſſiah* to conſiſt?

Nothing (ſays *Longinus*) *can be Great, the Contempt of which is Great.* The Poſſeſſion of Wealth and Riches cannot give a Man a Title to Greatneſs, becauſe it is looked upon as a Greatneſs of Mind, to

contemn these Gifts of Fortune, and to be above the Desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think, that there are greater Men who lye concealed among the Species, than those who come out, and draw upon themselves the Eyes and Admiration of Mankind. *Virgil* would never have been heard of, had not his Domestick Misfortunes driven him out of his Obscurity, and brought him to *Rome*.

IF we suppose that there are Spirits or Angels who look into the Ways of Men, as it is highly probable there are, both from Reason and Revelation; how different are the Notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another? Were they to give us in their Catalogue of such Worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that, which any of our own Species would draw up?

WE are dazled with the Splendour of Titles, the Ostentation of Learning, the Noise of Victories: They, on the contrary, see the Philosopher in the Cottage, who possesses his Soul in Patience and Thankfulness, under the Pressures of what little Minds call Poverty and Distress. They do not look for Great Men at the Head of Armies, or among the Pomps of a Court, but often find them out in Shades and Solitudes, in the private Walks and By-paths of Life. The Evening's Walk of a wise Man is more illustrious in their Sight, than the

the March of a General at the Head of a hundred thouſand Men. A Contemplation on God's Works; a voluntary Act of Juſtice to our own Detriment; a generous Concern for the Good of Mankind; Tears that are ſhed in Silence for the Miſery of others; a private Deſire or Reſentment broken and ſubdued; in ſhort, an unfeigned Exerciſe of Humility, or any other Virtue; are ſuch Actions as are glorious in their Sight, and denominate Men great and reputable. The moſt famous among us are often looked upon with Pity, with Contempt, or with Indignation; while thoſe who are moſt obſcure among their own Species, are regarded with Love, with Approbation, and Eſteem.

THE Moral of the preſent Speculation amounts to this, That we ſhould not be led away by the Cenſures and Applauſes of Men, but conſider the Figure that every Perſon will make, at that Time when Wiſdom ſhall be juſtified of her Children, and nothing paſs for Great or Illuſtrious, which is not an Ornament and Perfection to humane Nature.

THE Story of *Gyges* the rich *Lydian* Monarch is a memorable Inſtance to our preſent Purpoſe. The Oracle being asked by *Gyges*, Who was the happieſt Men, replied *Aglaüs*. *Gyges*, who expected to have heard himſelf named on this Occaſion, was much ſurprized, and very curious to know who

who this *Aglaüs* ſhould be. After much Enquiry he was found to be an obſcure Country Man, who employed all his Time in cultivating a Garden, and a few Acres of Land about his Houſe.

Cowley's agreeable Relation of this Story ſhall cloſe this Day's Speculation.

Thus Aglaüs (*a Man unknown to Men,*
But the Gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obſcurely then without a Name,
Aglaüs, *now conſign'd t' eternal Fame.*
For Gyges, *the rich King, wicked and great,*
Preſum'd at wiſe Apollo's Delphick *Seat,*
Preſum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole World's Eye,
See'ſt thou a Man that happier is than I?
The God, who ſcorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
Aglaüs *happier is. But* Gyges *cry'd,*
In a proud Rage, Who can that Aglaüs *be?*
We've heard as yet of no ſuch King as he.
And true it was, through the whole Earth around,
No King of ſuch a Name was to be found.
Is ſome old Hero *of that Name alive,*
Who his high Race does from the Gods derive?
Is it ſome mighty Gen'ral, that has done
Wonders in Fight, and God-like Honours won?
Is it ſome Man of endleſs Wealth? ſaid he:
None, none of theſe; who can this Aglaüs *be?*
After long Search, and vain Enquiries paſt,
In an obſcure Arcadian *Vale at laſt,*
(*Th' Arcadian Life has always ſhady been*)
Near Sopho's *Town* (*which he but once had ſeen*)
This Aglaüs, *who Monarch's Envy drew,*
Whoſe Happineſs the Gods ſtood Witneſs to,
This mighty Aglaüs *was lab'ring found,*
With his own Hands, in his own little Ground.

So,

So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among thoſe fooliſh Gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on ſuch a private Stage,
The laſt dull Scenes of my declining Age;
After long Toils and Voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my toſs'd Veſſel gain;
Of heav'nly Reſt, this Earneſt to me lend,
Let my Life ſleep, and learn to love her End.

N° 611. *Monday, October* 25.

Perfide! ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, Hircanæque admôrunt ubera tigres. Virg.

I Am willing to poſtpone every thing, to do any the leaſt Service for the Deſerving and Unfortunate. Accordingly I have cauſed the following Letter to be inſerted in my Paper the Moment that it came to my Hands, without altering one Tittle in an Account which the Lady relates ſo handſomely her ſelf.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Flatter my ſelf, you will not only 'pity, but, if poſſible, redreſs a 'Misfortune my ſelf and ſeveral others 'of my Sex lye under. I hope you will 'not be offended, nor think I mean by 'this to juſtifie my own imprudent Con'duct, or expect You ſhould. No! I am 'ſen-

'ſenſible how ſeverely, in ſome of your
'former Papers, you have reproved Per-
'ſons guilty of the like Miſmanagements.
'I was ſcarce Sixteen, and, I may ſay with-
'out Vanity, Handſome, when courted by
'a falſe perjured Man; who, upon Pro-
'miſe of Marriage, rendered me the moſt
'unhappy of Women. After he had de-
'luded me from my Parents, who were
'People of very good Faſhion, in leſs than
'three Months he left me. My Parents
'would not ſee, nor hear from me; and
'had it not been for a Servant, who had
'lived in our Family, I muſt certainly have
'periſhed for want of Bread. However,
'it pleaſed Providence, in a very ſhort
'time, to alter my miſerable Condition.
'A Gentleman ſaw me, liked me, and
'married me. My Parents were recon-
'ciled; and I might be as happy in the
'change of my Condition, as I was before
'miſerable, but for ſome things, that you
'ſhall know, which are inſupportable to
'me; and I am ſure you have ſo much
'Honour and Compaſſion as to let thoſe
'Perſons know, in ſome of your Papers, how
'much they are in the wrong. I have been
'married near five Years, and do not know
'that in all that time I ever went abroad
'without my Husband's Leave and Appro-
'bation. I am obliged, through the Im-
'portunities of ſeveral of my Relations, to
'go abroad oftner than ſuits my Temper.

'Then

'Then it is, I labour under inſupportable 'Agonies. That Man, or rather Monſter, 'haunts every Place I go to. Baſe Villain! 'By reaſon I will not admit his nauſeous 'wicked Viſits and Appointments, he ſtrives 'all the ways he can to ruin me. He left 'me deſtitute of Friend or Money, nor 'ever thought me worth enquiring after, 'till he unfortunately happened to ſee me 'in a Front Box ſparkling with Jewels. 'Then his Paſſion returned. Then the 'Hypocrite pretended to be a Penitent. 'Then he practiſed all thoſe Arts that helped 'before to undo me. I am not to be de-'ceived a ſecond time by him. I hate and 'abhor his odious Paſſion; and, as he plain-'ly perceives it, either out of Spight or 'Diverſion, he makes it his Buſineſs to 'expoſe me. I never fail ſeeing him in all 'publick Company, where he is always 'moſt induſtriouſly ſpightful. He hath, in 'ſhort, told all his Acquaintance of our 'unhappy Affair; they tell theirs; ſo that 'it is no Secret among his Companions, 'which are numerous. They, to whom he 'tell it, think they have a Title to be very 'familiar. If they bow to me, and I out 'of good Manners return it, then I am pe-'ſter'd with Freedoms that are no ways a-'greeable to my ſelf or Company. If I 'turn my Eyes from them, or ſeem diſ-'pleaſed, they ſower upon it, and whiſ-'per the next Perſon; he his next; till I

'have

'have at laſt the Eyes of the whole Com-
'pany upon me. Nay, they report abo-
'minable Falſhoods, under that miſtaken
'Notion, *She that will grant Favours to*
'*one Man, will to a hundred.* I beg you
'will let thoſe, who are guilty, know, how
'ungenerous this way of proceeding is.
'I am ſure he will know himſelf the Per-
'ſon aimed at, and perhaps put a ſtop to
'the Inſolence of others. Curſed is the
'Fate of unhappy Women! that Men may
'boaſt and glory in thoſe things that we
'muſt think of with Shame and Horror!
'You have the Art of making ſuch odious
'Cuſtoms appear deteſtable. For my Sake,
'and I am ſure, for the Sake of ſeveral
'others, who dare not own it, but, like
'me, lie under the ſame Misfortunes, make
'it as infamous for a Man to boaſt of Fa-
'vours, or expoſe our Sex, as it is to take
'the Lie or a Box on the Ear, and not
'reſent it.

Your conſtant Reader,

and Admirer,

LESBIA.

P. S. 'I am the more Impatient, under
'this Misfortune, having received freſh
'Provocation, laſt *Wedneſday*, in the Ab-
'bey.

I

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate *LESBIA*, that an Inſult upon a Woman in her Circumſtances, is as infamous in a Man, as a tame Behaviour when the Lie or a Buffet is given; which Truth, I ſhall beg leave of her to illuſtrate by the following Obſervation.

IT is a Mark of Cowardiſe paſſively to forbear reſenting an Affront, the Reſenting of which would lead a Man into Danger: it is no leſs a Sign of Cowardiſe to affront a Creature, that hath not Power to avenge it ſelf. Whatever Name therefore this ungenerous Man may beſtow on the helpleſs Lady he hath injured, I ſhall not ſcruple to give him in return for it, the Appellation of *Coward*.

A Man, that can ſo far deſcend from his Dignity, as to ſtrike a Lady, can never recover his Reputation with either Sex, becauſe no Provocation is thought ſtrong enough to juſtifie ſuch Treatment from the Powerful towards the Weak. In the Circumſtances, in which poor *LESBIA* is ſituated, ſhe can appeal to no Man whatſoever to avenge an Inſult, more grievous than a Blow. If ſhe could open her Mouth, the baſe Man knows, that a Husband, a Brother, a generous Friend would die to ſee her righted.

A generous Mind, however enraged againſt an Enemy, feels its Reſentments ſink and vaniſh away, when the Object of its Wrath

Wrath falls into its Power. An eſtranged Friend, filled with Jealouſie and Diſcontent towards a Boſom-Acquaintance, is apt to overflow with Tenderneſs and Remorſe, when a Creature, that was once dear to him, undergoes any Misfortune. What Name then ſhall we give to his Ingratitude, (who forgetting the Favours he ſollicited with Eagerneſs, and received with Rapture) can inſult the Miſeries that he himſelf cauſed, and make Sport with the Pain to which he owes his greateſt Pleaſure? There is but one Being in the Creation, whoſe Province it is to practiſe upon the Imbecilities of frail Creatures, and triumph in the Woes which his own Artifices brought about; and we well know, thoſe who follow his Example, will receive his Reward.

LEAVING my fair Correſpondent to the Direction of her own Wiſdom and Modeſty; and her Enemy, and his mean Accomplices, to the Compunction of their own Hearts; I ſhall conclude this Paper with a memorable Inſtance of Revenge, taken by a *Spaniſh* Lady upon a guilty Lover, which may ſerve to ſhow what violent Effects are wrought by the moſt tender Paſſion, when ſower'd into Hatred; and may deter the Young and Unwary from unlawful Love. The Story, however Romantick it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a Truth.

NOT

NOT many Years ago an *Engliſh* Gentleman, who in a Recounter by Night in the Streets of *Madrid* had the Misfortune to kill his Man, fled into a Church-Porch for Sanctuary. Leaning againſt the Door, he was ſurprized to find it open, and a glimmering Light in the Church. He had the Courage to advance towards the Light; but was terribly ſtartled at the ſight of a Woman in White who aſcended from a Grave, with a bloody Knife in her Hand. The Phantome marched up to him, and asked him, what he did there. He told her the Truth without reſerve, believing that he had met a Ghoſt: Upon which, ſhe ſpoke to him in the following Manner. "Stranger, thou art in my Power: I am a "Murderer, as thou art. Know then, that "I am a Nun of a noble Family. A baſe "perjured Man undid me, and boaſted of "it. I ſoon had him diſpatched; but not "content with the Murder, I have bribed "the Sexton to let me enter his Grave, "and have now plucked out his falſe "Heart from his Body; and thus I uſe "a Traitor's Heart. At theſe Words ſhe tore it in Pieces, and trampled it under her Feet.

N° 612. *Wedneſday, October* 27.

Murranum hic atavos et avorum antiqua ſonantem
Nomina, per regeſque actum genus omne Latinos,
Præcipitem ſcopulo, atque ingentis turbine ſaxi
Excutit, effunditque ſolo. Virg.

IT is highly laudable to pay Reſpect to Men who are deſcended from worthy Anceſtors, not only out of Gratitude to thoſe who have done Good to Mankind, but as it is an Encouragement to others to follow their Example. But this is an Honour to be received, not demanded, by the Deſcendants of great Men; and they who are apt to remind us of their Anceſtors, only put us upon making Compariſons to their own Diſadvantage. There is ſome Pretence for boaſting of Wit, Beauty, Strength, or Wealth, becauſe the Communication of them may give Pleaſure or Profit to others; but we can have no Merit, nor ought we to claim any Reſpect, becauſe our Fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

THE following Letter ridicules the Folly I have mentioned in a new, and, I think, not diſagreeable Light.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WERE the Genealogy of every Fami-
'ly preſerved, there would proba-
'bly be no Man valued or deſpiſed on
'Account of his Birth. There is ſcarce
'a Beggar in the Streets, who would
'not find himſelf lineally deſcended
'from ſome great Man; nor any one of
'the higheſt Title, who would not diſ-
'cover ſeveral baſe and indigent Perſons
'among his Anceſtors. It would be a plea-
'ſant Entertainment to ſee one Pedigree
'of Men appear together, under the ſame
'Characters they bore when they acted
'their reſpective Parts among the Living.
'Suppoſe therefore a Gentleman, full of
'his illuſtrious Family, ſhould, in the ſame
'manner as *Virgil* makes *Æneas* look over
'his Deſcendants, ſee the whole Line of
'his Progenitors paſs in Review before
'his Eyes. With how many varying Paſ-
'ſions would he behold Shepherds and
'Soldiers, States-men and Artificers, Prin-
'ces and Beggars, walk in the Proceſſion
'of five thouſand Years! How would his
'Heart ſink or flutter at the ſeveral Sports
'of Fortune in a Scene ſo diverſified with
'Rags and Purple, Handicraft Tools and
'Sceptres, Enſigns of Dignity and Em-
'blems of Diſgrace; and how would his
'Fears and Apprehenſions, his Tranſports
'and Mortifications, ſucceed one another,

'as the Line of his Genealogy appear'd 'bright or obſcure?

'IN moſt of the Pedigrees hung up in 'old Manſion Houſes, you are ſure to 'find the firſt in the Catalogue a great 'Stateſman, or a Soldier with an honou-'rable Commiſſion. The honeſt Artificer 'that begot him, and all his frugal Ance-'ſtors before him, are torn off from the 'Top of the Regiſter; and you are not 'left to imagine, that the noble Founder 'of the Family ever had a Father. Were 'we to trace many boaſted Lines farther 'backwards, we ſhould loſe them in a Mob 'of Tradeſmen, or a Crowd of Ruſticks, 'without hope of ſeeing them emerge 'again: not unlike the old *Appian* way, 'which, after having run many Miles in 'Length, loſes it ſelf in a Bog.

'I lately made a Viſit to an old Coun-'try Gentleman, who is very far gone 'in this ſort of *Family-Madneſs*. I found 'him in his Study peruſing an old Regi-'ſter of his Family, which he had juſt 'then diſcovered, as it was branched out 'in the Form of a Tree, upon a Skin of 'Parchment. Having the honour to have 'ſome of his Blood in my Veins, he per-'mitted me to caſt my Eye over the 'Boughs of this venerable Plant; and 'asked my Advice in the Reforming of 'ſome of the ſuperfluous Branches.

'WE

'WE paſſed ſlightly over three or four 'of our immediate Forefathers, whom we 'knew by Tradition, but were ſoon ſtop-'ped by an Alderman of *London*, who, I 'perceived, made my Kinſman's Heart 'go pit-a-pat. His Confuſion increaſed 'when he found the Alderman's Father to 'be a Graſier; but he recovered his Fright 'upon ſeeing *Juſtice of the Quorum* at the 'end of his Titles. Things went on pret-'ty well, as we threw our Eyes occaſio-'nally over the Tree, when unfortunate-'ly he perceived a Merchant-Tailor per-'ched on a Bough, who was ſaid greatly 'to have encreaſed the Eſtate; he was juſt 'a going to cut him off, if he had not ſeen '*Gent.* after the Name of his Son; who 'was recorded to have mortgaged one 'of the Manors his honeſt Father had 'purchaſed. A Weaver, who was burnt 'for his Religion in the Reign of Queen '*Mary*, was pruned away without Mercy; 'as was likewiſe a Yeoman, who died of 'a Fall from his own Cart. But great 'was our Triumph in one of the Blood 'who was beheaded for High-Treaſon; 'which nevertheleſs was not a little allayed 'by another of our Anceſtors who was 'hanged for ſtealing Sheep. The Expe-'ctations of my good Couſin were won-'derfully raiſed by a Match into the Fa-'mily of a Knight, but unfortunately for 'us this Branch proved barren: On the o-

'ther hand *Margery* the Milk-maid being 'twined round a Bough, it flouriſhed out 'into ſo many Shoots, and bent with ſo 'much Fruit, that the old Gentleman was 'quite out of Countenance. To comfort 'me, under this Diſgrace, he ſingled out 'a Branch ten times more fruitful than 'the other, which, he told me, he va-'lued more than any in the Tree, and 'bad me be of good Comfort. This 'enormous Bough was a Graft out of a '*Welch* Heireſs, with ſo many *Ap's* upon it 'that it might have made a little Grove 'by it ſelf. From the Trunk of the Pe-'digree, which was chiefly compoſed of 'Labourers and Shepherds, aroſe a huge 'Sprout of Farmers; this was branched 'out into Yeomen; and ended in a She-'riff of the County, who was Knighted 'for his good Service to the Crown, in 'bringing up an Addreſs. Several of the 'Names, that ſeemed to diſparage the Fa-'mily, being looked upon as Miſtakes, 'were lopped off as rotten or withered; 'as, on the contrary, no ſmall Number 'appearing without any Titles, my Cou-'ſin, to ſupply the Defects of the Manu-'ſcript, added *Eſq*; at the End of each 'of them.

'THIS Tree ſo pruned, dreſſed, and 'cultivated, was, within a few Days, 'tranſplanted into a large Sheet of Vel-'lum and placed in the great Hall, where

'it

'it attracts the Veneration of his Tenants, 'every *Sunday* Morning, while they wait 'till his Worſhip is ready to go to Church; 'wondering that a Man, who had ſo ma-'ny Fathers before him, ſhould not be 'made a Knight, or at leaſt a Juſtice of 'the Peace.

N° 613. *Friday, October* 29.

——*Studiis florentem ignobilis oti.* Virg.

IT is reckoned a Piece of Ill-breeding for one Man to engroſs the whole Talk to himſelf. For this Reaſon, ſince I keep three Viſiting-Days in the Week, I am content now and then to let my Friends put in a Word. There are ſeveral Advantages hereby accruing both to my Readers and my ſelf. As firſt, Young and modeſt Writers have an Opportunity of getting into Print: Again, The Town enjoys the Pleaſure of Variety; and Poſterity will ſee the Humour of the preſent Age, by the help of theſe little Lights into private and domeſtick Life. The Benefits I receive from thence, are ſuch as theſe: I gain more Time for future Speculations; pick up Hints which I improve for the publick Good; give Ad-

vice; redreſs Grievances; and, by leaving commodious Spaces between the ſeveral Letters that I print, furniſh out a *Spectator* with little Labour and great Oſtentation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Was mightily pleaſed with your Speculation of *Friday*. Your Sentiments 'are Noble, and the whole worked up in 'ſuch a manner, as cannot but ſtrike up-'on every Reader. But give me leave to 'make this Remark: That while you write 'ſo Pathetically on Contentment, and a 'retired Life, you ſooth the Paſſion of 'Melancholy, and depreſs the Mind from 'Actions truly Glorious. Titles and Ho-'nours are the Reward of Virtue: We 'therefore ought to be affected with them. 'And tho' light Minds are too much puf-'fed up with exteriour Pomp, yet I can-'not ſee why it is not as truly philoſo-'phical, to admire the glowing Ruby, 'or the ſparkling Green of an Emerald, 'as the fainter and leſs permanent Beau-'ties of a Roſe or a Mirtle. If there are 'Men of extraordinary Capacities who 'lye concealed from the World, I ſhould 'impute it to them as a Blot in their Cha-'racter, did not I believe it owing to the 'Meanneſs of their Fortune rather than 'of their Spirit. *Cowley*, who tells the 'Story of *Aglaüs* with ſo much Plea-'ſure, was no Stranger to Courts, nor in-'ſenſible of Praiſe. *What*

What ſhall I do to be for ever known,
And make the Age to come my own?

'was the Reſult of a laudable Ambition.
'It was not till after frequent Diſappoint-
'ments, that he termed himſelf the Melan-
'choly *Cowley*; and he praiſed Solitude,
'when he deſpaired of ſhining in a Court.
'The Soul of Man is an active Principle.
'He therefore, who withdraws himſelf
'from the Scene before he has played his
'Part, ought to be hiſſed off the Stage,
'and cannot be deemed Virtuous, becauſe
'he refuſes to anſwer his End. I muſt own
'I am fired with an honeſt Ambition to imi-
'tate every illuſtrious Example. The Bat-
'tles of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies* have more
'than once made me wiſh my ſelf a Soldi-
'er. And when I have ſeen thoſe Acti-
'ons ſo nobly celebrated by our Poets,
'I have ſecretly aſpired to be one of that
'diſtinguiſhed Claſs. But in vain I wiſh,
'in vain I pant with the Deſire of Action.
'I am chained down in Obſcurity, and
'the only Pleaſure I can take, is in ſeeing
'ſo many brighter Genius's join their
'friendly Lights, to add to the Splendor
'of the Throne. Farewel then dear *Spec*,
'and believe me to be with great Emula-
'tion, and no Envy,

Your profeſſed Admirer,
Will. Hopeleſs.

SIR,

SIR, *Middle-Temple*, *Octob.* 26. 1714.

'THO' you have formerly made *Elo-*
'*quence* the Subject of one or more
'of your Papers, I do not remember that
'you ever conſidered it as poſſeſſed by a
'Set of People, who are ſo far from
'making *Quintilian*'s Rules their Practice,
'that, I dare ſay for them, they never
'heard of ſuch an Author, and yet are
'no leſs Maſters of it than *Tully* or *De-*
'*moſthenes* amongſt the Ancients, or whom
'you pleaſe amongſt the Moderns. The
'Perſons I am ſpeaking of are our com-
'mon Beggars about this Town; and that
'what I ſay is true, I appeal to any Man
'who has a Heart one Degree ſofter than
'a Stone. As for my part, who don't pre-
'tend to more Humanity than my Neigh-
'bours, I have oftentimes gone from my
'Chambers with Mony in my Pocket,
'and returned to them not only Penny-
'leſs, but deſtitute of a Farthing, with-
'out beſtowing of it any other way than
'on theſe ſeeming Objects of Pity. In
'ſhort, I have ſeen more Eloquence in a
'*Look* from one of theſe deſpicable Crea-
'tures, than in the *Eye* of the faireſt *She*
'I ever ſaw, yet no one a greater Admi-
'rer of that Sex than my ſelf. What I
'have to deſire of you is, to lay down
'ſome Directions in order to guard againſt
'theſe powerful Orators, or elſe I know

'no-

'nothing to the contrary but I muſt my
'ſelf be forced to leave the Profeſſion of
'the Law, and endeavour to get the Qua-
'lifications neceſſary to that more profita-
'ble one of Begging. But in which ſoever
'of theſe two Capacities I ſhine, I ſhall
'always deſire to be your conſtant Reader,
'and ever will be

Your moſt humble Servant,

J. B.

SIR,

'UPON Reading a *Spectator* laſt Week,
'where Mrs. *Fanny Fickle* ſubmitted
'the Choice of a Lover for Life to your
'deciſive Determination, and imagining I
'might claim the Favour of your Advice
'in an Affair of the like, but much more
'difficult Nature, I called for Pen and Ink,
'in order to draw the Characters of Seven
'Humble Servants, whom I have equally
'incourag'd for ſome time: But alas!
'while I was reflecting on the agreeable
'Subject, and contriving an advantage-
'ous Deſcription of the dear Perſon I
'was moſt inclined to favour, I happened
'to look into my Glaſs. The ſight of the
'Small-Pox, out of which I am juſt reco-
'vered, tormented me at once with the
'Loſs of my captivating Arts and my
'Captives: The Confuſion I was in, on
'this

'this unhappy, unſeaſonable Diſcovery, is 'inexpreſſible. Believe me, Sir, I was ſo 'taken up with the Thoughts of your fair 'Correſpondent's Caſe, and ſo intent 'on my own Deſign, that I fancied my 'ſelf as Triumphant in my Conqueſts as 'ever.

'NOW, Sir, finding I was Incapacita-'ted to Amuſe my ſelf on that pleaſing 'Subject, I reſolved to apply my ſelf to 'you, or your Caſuiſtical Agent, for Ad-'vice in my preſent Circumſtances. I am 'ſenſible the Tincture of my Skin, and 'the Regularity of my Features, which 'the Malice of my late Illneſs has altered, 'are irrecoverable; yet don't deſpair, but 'that Loſs, by your Aſſiſtance, may in 'ſome Meaſure be reparable, if you'll 'pleaſe to propoſe a way for the Recovery 'of one only of my Fugitives.

'ONE of them is in a more particular 'Manner beholden to me than the reſt; 'he for ſome private Reaſons being deſi-'rous to be a Lover Incognito, always ad-'dreſſed me with *Billet-Doux*, which I 'was ſo careful of in my Sickneſs, that I 'ſecured the Key of my Love-Magazine 'under my Head, and hearing a Noiſe of 'opening a Lock in my Chamber, indan-'ger'd my Life by getting out of Bed to 'prevent, if it had been attempted, the 'Diſcovery of that Amour.

'I

'I have formerly made uſe of all thoſe 'Artifices, which our Sex daily practiſes 'over yours, to draw, as it were undeſign-'edly, the Eyes of a whole Congregation 'to my Pew; I have taken a Pride in the 'Number of Admirers at my Afternoon 'Levée; but am now quite another Crea-'ture. I think, could I regain the attractive 'Influence I once had, if I had a Legion 'of Suitors, I ſhould never be ambitious 'of Entertaining more than one. I have 'almoſt contracted an Antipathy to the 'trifling Diſcourſes of Impertinent Lovers, 'though I muſt needs own, I have thought 'it very odd of late, to hear Gentlemen, 'inſtead of their uſual Complacencies, 'fall into Diſputes before me of Poli-'ticks, or elſe weary me with the tedi-'ous Repetition of how thankful I ought 'to be, and ſatisfied with my Recovery 'out of ſo dangerous a Diſtemper: This, 'though I am very ſenſible of the Bleſ-'ſing, yet I cannot but diſlike, becauſe 'ſuch Advice from them rather ſeems 'to Inſult than Comfort me, and re-'minds me too much of what I was; which 'Melancholy Conſideration I cannot yet 'perfectly ſurmount, but hope your Sen-'timents on this Head will make it ſup-'portable.

'TO ſhew you what a Value I have 'for your Dictates, theſe are to certifie 'the Perſons concerned, that unleſs one of

'them

'them returns to his Colours, (if I may 'ſo call them now) before the Winter is 'over, I'll voluntarily confine my ſelf to 'a Retirement, where I'll puniſh them all 'with my Needle. I'll be revenged on 'them by deciphering them on a Carpet, 'humbly begging Admittance, my ſelf 'ſcornfully refuſing it: If you diſapprove 'of this, as favouring too much of Malice, 'be pleaſed to acquaint me with a Draught 'you like better, and it ſhall be faithfully 'performed.

By the Unfortunate
Monimia.

N° 614. *Monday, November* 1.

Si mihi non animo fixum, immotumque ſederet,
Ne cui me vinclo vellem ſociare jugali,
Poſtquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Si non pertæſum thalami, tedæque fuiſſet:
Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere culpæ. Virg.

THE following Account hath been tranſmitted to me by the Love-Caſuiſt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING, in ſome former Papers, ta-'ken Care of the two States of Vir-'ginity and Marriage, and being willing that 'all

'all People ſhould be ſerved in their Turn; 'I this Day drew out my Drawer of Wi-'dows, where I met with ſeveral Caſes, to 'each whereof I have returned ſatisfactory 'Anſwers by the Poſt. The Caſes are as 'follow:

'Q. WHETHER *Amoret* be bound by 'a Promiſe of Marriage to *Philander*, made 'during her Husband's Life?

'Q. WHETHER *Sempronia*, having 'faithfully given a Promiſe to two ſeveral 'Perſons during the laſt Sickneſs of her 'Husband, is not thereby left at Liberty to 'chuſe which of them ſhe pleaſes, or to reject 'them both for the Sake of a new Lover?

'*CLEORA* asks me, Whether ſhe be ob-'liged to continue ſingle, according to a 'Vow made to her Husband at the Time 'of his preſenting her with a Diamond 'Neck-lace; ſhe being informed by a very 'pretty young Fellow of a good Con-'ſcience, that ſuch Vows are in their Na-'ture ſinful?

'ANOTHR enquires, Whether ſhe 'hath not the Right of Widowhood, to diſ-'poſe of her ſelf to a Gentleman of great 'Merit, who preſſes very hard; her Huſ-'band being irrecoverably gone in a Con-'ſumption?

'AN unreaſonable Creature hath the 'Confidence to ask, Whether it be pro-'per for her to marry a Man who is youn-'ger than her eldeſt Son? 'A

'A ſcrupulous well-ſpoken Matron, 'who gives me a great many good Words, 'only doubts, Whether ſhe is not obliged 'in Conſcience to ſhut up her two mar-'riageable Daughters, till ſuch time as ſhe 'hath comfortably diſpoſed of her ſelf?

'*SOPHRONIA*, who ſeems by her 'Phraſe and Spelling to be a Perſon of Con-'dition, ſets forth, That whereas ſhe hath a 'great Eſtate, and is but a Woman, ſhe de-'ſires to be informed, whether ſhe would 'not do prudently to marry *Camillus*, a very 'idle tall young Fellow, who hath no For-'tune of his own, and conſequently hath no-'thing elſe to do but to manage hers?

BEFORE I ſpeak of Widows, I cannot but obſerve one thing, which I do not know how to account for; A Widow is always more ſought after, than an old Maid of the ſame Age. It is common enough among ordinary People, for a ſtale Virgin to ſet up a Shop in a Place where ſhe is not known; where the large Thumb Ring, ſuppoſed to be given her by her Husband, quickly re-commends her to ſome wealthy Neighbour, who takes a Liking to the jolly Widow, that would have over-looked the venerable Spinſter.

THE Truth of it is, if we look into this Sett of Women, we find, according to the different Characters or Circumſtances, wherein they are left, that Widows may be divided into thoſe who raiſe Love, and thoſe who raiſe Compaſſion. BUT

BUT not to ramble from this Subject, there are two Things in which conſiſts chiefly the Glory of a Widow; the Love of her deceaſed Husband, and the Care of her Children: To which may be added a third, ariſing out of the former, Such a prudent Conduct as may do Honour to both.

A Widow, poſſeſſed of all theſe three Qualities, makes not only a virtuous but a ſublime Character.

THERE is ſomething ſo great and ſo generous in this State of Life, when it is accompanied with all its Virtues, that it is the Subject of one of the fineſt among our modern Tragedies in the Perſon of *Andromache*; and hath met with an univerſal and deſerved Applauſe, when introduced upon our *Engliſh* Stage by Mr. *Philips*.

THE moſt memorable Widow in Hiſtory is Queen *Artemiſia*, who not only erected the famous *Mauſoleum*, but drank up the Aſhes of her dead Lord; thereby encloſing them in a nobler Monument than that which ſhe had built, though deſervedly eſteemed one of the Wonders of Architecture.

THIS laſt Lady ſeems to have had a better Title to a ſecond Husband than any I have read of, ſince not one Duſt of her Firſt was remaining. Our modern Heroines might think a Husband a very bitter Draught, and would have good Rea-

ſon to complain, if they might not accept of a ſecond Partner, till they had taken ſuch a troubleſome Method of loſing the Memory of the firſt.

I ſhall add to theſe illuſtrious Examples out of ancient Story, a remarkable Inſtance of the Delicacy of our Anceſtors in Relation to the State of Widowhood, as I find it recorded in *Cowell's* Interpreter. *At* East *and* Weſt-Enborne, *in the County of* Berks, *if a cuſtomary Tenant die, the Widow ſhall have what the Law calls her* Free-Bench *in all his Copy-hold Lands,* dum ſola & caſta fuerit; *that is,* while ſhe lives ſingle and chaſte; *but if ſhe commit Incontinency, ſhe forfeits her Eſtate: Yet, if ſhe will come into the Court riding backward upon a Black Ram, with his Tail in her Hand, and ſay the Words following, the Steward is bound by the Cuſtom to re-admit her to her* Free-Bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;
And, for my Crincum Crancum,
Have loſt my Bincum Bancum;
And, for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame;
Therefore, I pray you Mr. Steward, let me have my Land again.

THE

THE like Cuſtom there is in the Manor of *Torre* in *Devonſhire*, and other Parts of the *Weſt*.

IT is not impoſſible but I may in a little Time preſent you with a Regiſter of *Berkſhire* Ladies and other Weſtern Dames, who rode publickly upon this Occaſion; and I hope the Town will be entertained with a Cavalcade of Widows.

June 30 - gone to Hendon to breakfast

N° 615. *Wedneſday, November* 3.

——Qui Deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejuſque letho flagitium timet:
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire.

IT muſt be owned that Fear is a very powerful Paſſion, ſince it is eſteemed one of the greateſt of Virtues to ſubdue it. It being implanted in us for our Preſervation, it is no Wonder that it ſticks cloſe to us, as long as we have any thing we are willing to preſerve. But as Life, and all its Enjoyments, would be ſcarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual Dread of loſing them; it is the Buſineſs of Religion and Philoſophy to free

us from all unneceſſary Anxities, and direct our Fear to its proper Object.

IF we conſider the Painfulneſs of this Paſſion, and the violent Effects it produces, we ſhall ſee how dangerous it is to give way to it upon ſlight Occaſions. Some have frightened themſelves into Madneſs, others have given up their Lives to theſe Apprehenſions The Story of a Man who grew grey in the Space of one Night's Anxiety is very famous ;

O! Nox, quam longa es, quæ facis una Senem.

THESE Apprehenſions, if they proceed from a Conſciouſneſs of Guilt, are the ſad Warnings of Reaſon ; and may excite our Pity, but admit of no Remedy. When the Hand of the Almighty is viſibly lifted againſt the Impious, the Heart of mortal Man cannot withſtand him. We have this Paſſion ſublimely repreſented in the Puniſhment of the *Egyptians*, tormented with the Plague of Darkneſs, in the *Apocryphal* Book of *Wiſdom*, aſcribed to *Solomon :*

' FOR when unrighteous Men thought
' to oppreſs the holy Nation ; they being
' ſhut up in their Houſes, the Priſoners of
' Darkneſs, and fettered with the Bonds
' of a long Night, lay there exiled from
' the eternal Providence. For while they
' ſuppoſed to lie hid in their ſecret Sins,

' they

'they were ſcattered under a dark Veil of 'Forgetfulneſs, being horribly aſtoniſhed 'and troubled with ſtrange Apparitions.---- 'For Wickedneſs, condemned by her own 'Witneſs, is very timorous, and being op-'preſſed with Conſcience, always fore-'caſteth grievous things. For Fear is no-'thing elſe but a betraying of the Succours 'which Reaſon offereth —— For the whole 'World ſhined with clear Light, and none 'were hindered in their Labour. Over 'them only was ſpread a heavy Night, an 'Image of that Darkneſs which ſhould af-'terwards receive them; but yet were they 'unto themſelves more grievous than the 'Darkneſs.

TO Fear, ſo juſtly grounded, no Remedy can be propoſed; but a Man (who hath no great Guilt hanging upon his Mind, who walks in the plain Path of Juſtice and Integrity, and yet either by natural Complection, or confirmed Prejudices, or Neglect of ſerious Reflection, ſuffers himſelf to be moved by this abject and unmanly Paſſion) would do well to conſider, That there is nothing which deſerves his Fear, but that beneficent Being who is his Friend, his Protector, his Father. Were this one Thought ſtrongly fixed in the Mind, what Calamity would be dreadful? What Load can Infamy lay upon us, when we are ſure of he Approbation of him, who will repay the Diſ-

grace of a Moment with the Glory of Eternity? What Sharpneſs is there in Pain and Diſeaſes, when they only haſten us on to the Pleaſures that will never fade? What Sting is in Death, when we are aſſured that it is only the Beginning of Life? A Man who lives ſo, as not to fear to die, is inconſiſtent with himſelf, if he delivers himſelf up to any incidental Anxiety.

THE Intrepidity of a juſt good Man is ſo nobly ſet forth by *Horace*, that it cannot be too often repeated.

The Man reſolv'd and ſteady to his Truſt,
Inflexible to Ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude Rabble's Inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs Clamours, and tumultuous
Cries;
The Tyrant's Fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern Brow, and the harſh Voice
defies,
And with ſuperior Greatneſs ſmiles.

Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's *black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,*
The ſtubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
Not the Red Arm of Angry Jove,
That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to
fly.

Should

Should the whole Frame of Nature round
him break,
In Ruin and Confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty
Crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling World.

THE Vanity of Fear may be yet farther illuſtrated, if we reflect,

Firſt, WHAT we fear may not come to paſs. No human Scheme can be ſo accurately projected, but ſome little Circumſtance intervening may ſpoil it. He, who directs the Heart of Man at his Pleaſure, and underſtands the Thoughts long before, may by ten thouſand Accidents, or an immediate Change in the Inclinations of Men, diſconcert the moſt ſubtle Project, and turn it to the Benefit of his own Servants.

IN the next Place we ſhould conſider, though the Evil we imagine ſhould come to paſs, it may be much more ſupportable than it appeared to be. As there is no proſperous State of Life without its Calamities, ſo there is no Adverſity without its Benefits. Ask the Great and Powerful, if they do not feel the Pangs of Envy and Ambition. Enquire of the Poor and Needy, if they have not taſted the Sweets of Quiet and Contentment. Even under the Pains of Body; the Infidelity of Friends; or the

Miſconſtructions put upon our laudable Actions, our Minds (when for ſome Time accuſtomed to theſe Preſſures) are ſenſible of ſecret Flowings of Comfort, the preſent Reward of a pious Reſignation. The Evils of this Life appear like Rocks and Precipices, rugged and barren at a Diſtance; but at our nearer Approach, we find little fruitful Spots, and refreſhing Springs, mixed with the Harſhneſs and Deformities of Nature.

IN the laſt Place, we may comfort our ſelves with this Conſideration; that, as the Thing feared may not reach us, ſo we may not reach what we fear: Our Lives may not extend to that dreadful Point which we have in View. He who knows all our Failings, and will not ſuffer us to be tempted beyond our Strength, is often pleaſed in his tender Severity, to ſeparate the Soul from its Body and Miſeries together.

IF we look forward to him for Help, we ſhall never be in Danger of falling down thoſe Precipices which our Imagination is apt to create. Like thoſe who walk upon a Line, if we keep our Eye fixed upon one Point, we may ſtep forward ſecurely; whereas as imprudent or cowardly Glance on either Side will infallibly deſtroy us.

Friday,

N° 616. *Friday, September* 5.

Qui bellus homo eſt, Cotta, puſillus homo eſt. Martial.

CICERO hath obſerved, that a Jeſt is never uttered with a better Grace, than when it is accompanied with a ſerious Countenance. When a pleaſant Thought plays in the Features, before it diſcovers it ſelf in Words, it raiſes too great an Expectation, and loſes the Advantage of giving Surprize. Wit and Humour are no leſs poorly recommended by a Levity of Phraſe, and that kind of Language which may be diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Cant*. Ridicule is never more ſtrong, than when it is concealed in Gravity. True Humour lies in the Thought, and ariſes from the Repreſentation of Images in odd Circumſtances, and uncommon Lights. A pleaſant Thought ſtrikes us by the Force of its natural Beauty; and the Mirth of it is generally rather palled, than heightened by that ridiculous Phraſeology, which is ſo much in faſhion among the Pretenders to Humour and Pleaſantry. This Tribe of Men are like our Mountebanks; they make a Man a Wit, by putting him in a fantaſtick Habit.

OUR

OUR little Burleſque Authors, who are the Delight of ordinary Readers, generally abound in theſe pert Phraſes, which have in them more Vivacity than Wit.

I lately ſaw an Inſtance of this kind of Writing, which gave me ſo lively an Idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a Copy of the Letter from the Gentleman who ſhewed it to me. It is written by a Country Wit, upon the Occaſion of the Rejoycings on the Day of the King's Coronation.

Dear Jack, *Paſt two a Clock and a froſty Morning.*

'I Have juſt left the Right Worſhipful 'and his Myrmidons, about a Sneaker 'of Five Gallons. The whole Magiſtracy 'was pretty well diſguiſed before I gave 'em the Slip. Our Friend the Alderman 'was half Seas over before the Bonfire 'was out. We had with us the Attorney, 'and two or three other bright Fellows. 'The Doctor plays leaſt in Sight.

'AT Nine a Clock in the Evening we 'ſet Fire to the Whore of *Babylon*. The 'Devil acted his Part to a Miracle. He 'he has made his Fortune by it. We e-'quipp'd the young Dog with a Teſter a 'piece. Honeſt old *Brown* of *England* 'was very drunk, and ſhow'd his Loyalty 'to the Tune of a hundred Rockets. The 'Mob drank the King's Health, on their

'Marrow-

'Marrow-bones, in Mother *Day*'s Double.
'They whip'd us half a dozen Hogſheads.
'Poor *Tom. Tyler* had like to have been de-
'moliſhed with the End of a Sky-Rocket,
'that fell upon the Bridge of his Noſe as he
'was drinking the King's Health, and
'ſpoiled his Tip. The Mob were very
'loyal till about Midnight, when they grew
'a little mutinous for more Liquor.
'They had like to have dumfounded the
'Juſtice; but his Clerk came in to his Aſ-
'ſiſtance, and took them all down in Black
'and White.

'WHEN I had been huzza'd out of my
'Seven Senſes, I made a Viſit to the Wo-
'men, who were guzzling very comforta-
'bly. Mrs. Mayoreſs clip'd the King's
'*Engliſh*. Clack was the Word.

'I forgot to tell thee, that every one of
'the Poſſe had his Hat cock'd with a Di-
'ſtich: The Senators ſent us down a Car-
'go of Ribbon and Metre for the Occa-
'ſion.

'SIR *Richard*, to ſhew his Zeal for the
'Proteſtant Religion, is at the Expence of
'a Tar-Barrel and a Ball. I peep'd into
'the Knight's great Hall, and ſaw a very
'pretty Bevy of Spinſters. My dear Relict
'was amongſt them, and ambled in a Coun-
'try-Dance as notably as the beſt of 'em.

'MAY all his Majeſty's liege Subjects
'love him as well as his good People of this
'his ancient Borough. Adieu.

Monday,

N° 617. *Monday, November* 8.

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura ſuperbo
Baſſaris, & lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis,
Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adſonat Echo. Perſius.

THERE are two Extreams in the Stile of Humour, one of which conſiſts in the Uſe of that little pert Phraſeology which I took Notice of in my laſt Paper; the other in the Affectation of ſtrained and pompous Expreſſions, fetched from the learned Languages. The firſt ſavours too much of the Town; the other of the College.

AS nothing illuſtrates better than Example, I ſhall here preſent my Reader with a Letter of Pedantick Humour, which was written by a young Gentleman of the Univerſity to his Friend; on the ſame Occaſion, and from the ſame Place as the lively Epiſtle publiſhed in my laſt *Spectator*.

Dear Chum,

'IT is now the third Watch of the Night, 'the greateſt Part of which I have 'ſpent round a capacious Bowl of *China*, fil-'led with the choiceſt Products of both the 'Indies.

'*Indies*. I was placed at a quadrangular 'Table, diametrically oppoſite to the Mace-'bearer. The Viſage of that venerable 'Herald was, according to Cuſtom, moſt 'gloriouſly illuminated on this joyful Occa-'ſion. The Mayor and Aldermen, thoſe 'Pillars of our Conſtitution, began to tot-'ter; and if any one at the Board could 'have ſo far articulated, as to have de-'manded intelligibly a Reinforcement of 'Liquor, the whole Aſſembly had been by 'this time extended under the Table.

'THE Celebration of this Night's So-'lemnity was opened by the obſtreperous 'Joy of Drummers, who, with their Parch-'ment Thunder, gave a Signal for the Ap-'pearance of the Mob under their ſeveral 'Claſſes and Denominations. They were 'quickly joined by the melodious Clank 'of Marrow-bone and Clever, whilſt a 'Chorus of Bells filled up the Conſort. 'A Pyramid of Stack-Faggots cheared the 'Hearts of the Populace with the Promiſe 'of a Blaze: The Guns had no ſooner 'uttered the Prologue, but the Heavens 'were brightened with artificial Meteors, 'and Stars of our own making; and all the '*High-ſtreet* lighted up, from one End to 'another, with a Galaxy of Candles. We 'collected a Largeſs for the Multitude, 'who tippled Eleemoſynary till they grew 'exceeding Vociferous. There was a

'Paſte-

‘ Paſte-board Pontiff with a little ſwarthy
‘ Dæmon at his Elbow, who, by his dia-
‘ bolical Whiſpers and Inſinuations, tempt-
‘ ed his Holineſs into the Fire, and then
‘ let him to ſhift for himſelf. The Mobile
‘ were very ſarcaſtick with their Clubs,
‘ and gave the old Gentleman ſeveral
‘ Thumps upon his triple Head-piece.
‘ *Tom. Tyler*'s Phiz is ſomething damaged
‘ by the Fall of a Rocket, which hath al-
‘ moſt ſpoiled the Gnomon of his Counte-
‘ nance. The Mirth of the Commons
‘ grew ſo very outrageous, that it found
‘ Work for our Friend of the *Quorum*,
‘ who, by the help of his *Amanuenſis*, took
‘ down all their Names and their Crimes,
‘ with a Deſign to produce his Manuſcript
‘ at the next Quarter-Seſſions. *&c. &c. &c.*

I ſhall ſubjoin to the foregoing Piece of a Letter, the following Copy of Verſes tranſlated from an *Italian* Poet, who was the *Cleveland* of his Age, and had Multitudes of Admirers. The Subject is an Accident that happened under the Reign of Pope *Leo*, when a Firework, that had been prepared upon the Caſtle of St. *Angelo*, begun to play before its Time, being kindled by a Flaſh of Lightning. The Author hath written his Poem in the ſame kind of Style, as that I have already exemplified in Proſe. Every Line in it is a Riddle, and the Reader muſt be forced to conſider it twice or thrice, before

before he will know that the *Cynick*'s Tenement is a *Tub*, and *Bacchus* his Caſt-coat a *Hogſhead*, &c.

'Twas Night, and Heav'n, a Cyclops, *all the Day,*
An Argus *now did countleſs Eyes diſplay;*
In ev'ry Window Rome *her Joy declares,*
All bright, and ſtudded with terreſtrial Stars.
A blazing Chain of Lights her Roofs entwines,
And round her Neck the mingled Luſtre ſhines.
The Cynick*'s rowling Tenement conſpires,*
With Bacchus *his Caſt-coat, to feed the Fires.*

The Pile, ſtill big with undiſcover'd Shows,
The Tuſcan *Pile did laſt its Freight diſcloſe,*
Where the proud Tops of Rome*'s new* Ætna *riſe,*
Whence Giants ſally, and invade the Skies.

Whilſt now the Multitude expect the Time,
And their tir'd Eyes the lofty Mountain climb,
A thouſand Iron Mouths their Voices try,
And thunder out a dreadful Harmony;
In treble Notes the ſmall Artill'ry plays,
The deep-mouth'd Cannon bellows in the Baſs.
The lab'ring Pile now heaves; and having giv'n
Proofs of its Travail, ſighs in Flames to Heav'n.

The Clouds invelop'd Heav'n from Human Sight,
Quench'd every Star, and put out every Light;
New Real Thunder grumbles in the Skies,
And in diſdainful Murmurs Rome *defies;*
Nor doth its anſwer'd Challenge Rome *decline;*
But whilſt both Parties in full Conſort join,
While Heav'n and Earth in Rival Peals reſound,
The doubtful Cracks the Hearer's Senſe confound;
Whether the Claps of Thunder-bolts they hear,
Or elſe the Burſt of Cannon wounds their Ear;

Whether

Whether Clouds rage'd by ſtruggling Metals rent,
Or ſtruggling Clouds in Roman *Metals pent.*
But O, my Muſe, the whole Adventure tell,
As ev'ry Accident in order fell.

Tall Groves of Trees the Hadrian *Tow'r ſurround,*
Fictitious Trees with Paper Garlands crown'd,
Theſe know no Spring, but when their Bodies ſprout
In Fire, and ſhoot their gilded Bloſſoms out;
When blazing Leaves appear above their Head,
And into branching Flames their Bodies ſpread.
Whilſt Real Thunder ſplits the Firmament,
And Heav'n's whole Roof in one vaſt Cleft is rent,
The Three-fork'd Tongue amidſt the Rupture lolls,
Then drops and on the Airy Turret falls.
The Trees now kindle, and the Garland burns,
And thouſand Thunderbolts for one returns.
Brigades of burning Archers upward fly,
Bright Spears and ſhining Spear-men mount on high,
Flaſh in the Clouds and glitter in the Sky.
A Seven-fold Shield of Spheres doth Heav'n defend,
And back again the blunted Weapons ſend;
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,
Pour out their Souls, their Sulph'rous Souls, and groan.

With Joy, great Sir, we view'd this pompous Show,
While Heav'n, that ſate Spectator ſtill till now,
It ſelf turn'd Actor, proud to Pleaſure you.
And ſo 'tis fit, when Leo's *Fires appear,*
That Heav'n it ſelf ſhould turn an Engineer;
That Heav'n it ſelf ſhould all its Wonders ſhow,
And Orbs above conſent with Orbs below.

Wedneſday,

N° 618. *Wedneſday, November* 10.

——Neque enim concludere verſum
Dixeris eſſe ſatis: neque ſiquis ſcribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc eſſe Poetam. Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU having in your two laſt *Spectators* given the Town a couple of remarkable Letters, in very different Styles; I take this opportunity to offer to you ſome Remarks upon the *Epiſtolary* way of writing in Verſe. This is a *Species* of Poetry by it ſelf; and has not ſo much as been hinted at in any of the Arts of Poetry, that have ever fallen into my Hands: Neither has it in any Age, or any Nation, been ſo much cultivated, as the other ſeveral Kinds of Poeſie. A Man of *Genius* may, if he pleaſes, write Letters in Verſe upon all manner of Subjects, that are capable of being embelliſhed with Wit and Language, and may render them new and agreeable by giving the proper Turn to them. But in ſpeaking, at preſent, of *Epiſtolary Poetry*, I would be underſtood to mean only ſuch Writings in this Kind, as have been in Uſe

'amongſt the Ancients, and have been co-
'pied from them by ſome Moderns. Theſe
'may be reduced into two *Claſſes*: In the
'one I ſhall range Love-Letters, Letters
'of Friendſhip, and Letters upon mourn-
'ful Occaſions: In the other I ſhall place
'ſuch Epiſtles in Verſe, as may properly
'be called Familiar, Critical, and Moral;
'to which may be added Letters of Mirth
'and Humour. *Ovid* for the firſt, and
'*Horace* for the latter, are the beſt Origi-
'nals we have left

'HE that is ambitious of ſucceeding in
'the *Ovidian* way, ſhould firſt examine
'his Heart well, and feel whether his Paſ-
'ſions (eſpecially thoſe of the gentler Kind)
'play eaſie, ſince it is not his Wit, but the
'Delicacy and Tenderneſs of his Senti-
'ments, that will affect his Readers. His
'Verſification likewiſe ſhould be ſoft, and
'all his Numbers flowing and querulous.

'THE Qualifications requiſite for wri-
'ting Epiſtles, after the Model given us
'by *Horace*, are of a quite different Na-
'ture. He that would excel in this kind
'muſt have a good Fund of ſtrong Maſcu-
'line Senſe: To this there muſt be joined
'a thorough Knowledge of Mankind, to-
'gether with an Inſight into the Buſineſs,
'and the prevailing Humours of the Age.
'Our Author muſt have his Mind well ſea-
'ſoned with the fineſt Precepts of Mora-
'lity, and be filled with nice Reflections

'upon

'upon the bright and the dark ſides of human Life: He muſt be a Maſter of refined 'Raillery, and underſtand the Delicacies, 'as well as the Abſurdities of Converſation. 'He muſt have a lively Turn of Wit, with 'an eaſie and conciſe manner of Expreſſion; Every thing he ſays, muſt be in a free 'and diſengaged manner. He muſt be 'guilty of nothing that betrays the Air of 'a Recluſe, but appear a Man of the 'World throughout. His Illuſtrations, his 'Compariſons, and the greateſt part of his 'Images muſt be drawn from common Life. 'Strokes of Satyr and Criticiſm, as well as 'Panegyrick, judiciouſly thrown in (and 'as it were by the by) give a wonderful 'Life and Ornament to Compoſitions of 'this kind. But let our Poet, while he 'writes Epiſtles, though never ſo familiar, 'ſtill remember that he writes in Verſe, 'and muſt for that reaſon have a more than 'ordinary care not to fall into Proſe, and 'a vulgar Diction, excepting where the 'Nature and Humour of the Thing does 'neceſſarily require it. In this Point *Horace* hath been thought by ſome Criticks 'to be ſometimes careleſs, as well as too 'negligent of his Verſification; of which 'he ſeems to have been ſenſible himſelf.

'ALL I have to add is, that both theſe 'Manners of Writing may be made as entertaining, in their way, as any other Species 'of Poetry, if undertaken by Perſons du-

'ly qualified; and the latter ſort may be ma-
'naged ſo as to become in a peculiar man-
'ner Inſtructive. *I am, &c.*

I ſhall add an Obſervation or two to the Remarks of my ingenious Correſpondent, and, in the Firſt place, take Notice, that Subjects of the moſt ſublime Nature are often treated in the Epiſtolary way with Advantage, as in the famous Epiſtle of *Horace* to *Auguſtus*. The Poet ſurprizes us with his Pomp, and ſeems rather betrayed into his Subject, than to have aimed at it by deſign: He appears like the Viſit of a King *Incognito*, with a mixture of Familiarity, and Grandeur. In Works of this kind, when the Dignity of the Subject hurries the Poet into Deſcriptions and Sentiments, ſeemingly unpremeditated, by a ſort of Inſpiration; it is uſual for him to Recollect himſelf, and fall back gracefully into the natural Stile of a Letter.

I might here mention an Epiſtolary Poem, juſt Publiſhed by Mr. *Euſden* on the King's Acceſſion to the Throne: Wherein, amongſt many other noble and beautiful Strokes of Poetry, his Reader may ſee this Rule very happily obſerved.

Friday,

N° 619. *Friday, November* 12.

——— *dura*
Exerce imperia, et ramos compeſce fluentes. Virg.

I Have often thought, that if the ſeveral Letters, which are Written to me under the Character of SPECTATOR, and which I have not made uſe of, were publiſhed in a Volume, they would not be an unentertaining Collection. The Variety of the Subjects, Stiles, Sentiments, and Informations, which are tranſmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle Reader, inſenſibly along, through a great many Pages. I know ſome Authors, who would pick up a *Secret Hiſtory* out of ſuch Materials, and make a Bookſeller an Alderman by the Copy. I ſhall therefore carefully preſerve the Original Papers in a Room ſet apart for that Purpoſe, to the end that they may be of Service to Poſterity; but ſhall at preſent content my ſelf, with owning the Receipt of ſeveral Letters, lately come to my Hands, the Authors whereof are impatient for an Anſwer.

CHARISSA, whoſe Letter is dated from *Cornhill*, deſires to be eaſed in ſome Scruples relating to the Skill of Aſtrologers.

gers. *Referred to the Dumb Man for an Anſwer.*

J. C. who propoſes a Love-Caſe, as he calls it, to the Love-Caſuiſt, is hereby deſired to ſpeak of it to the Miniſter of the Pariſh; it being a Caſe of Conſcience.

THE poor young Lady, whoſe Letter is dated *October* 26, who complains of a harſh Guardian, and an unkind Brother, can only have my good Wiſhes, unleſs ſhe pleaſes to be more particular.

THE Petition of a certain Gentleman, whoſe Name I have forgot, famous for renewing the Curls of decayed Perriwigs, is referred to *the Cenſor of ſmall Wares.*

THE Remonſtrance of *T. C.* againſt the Profanation of the Sabbath by Barbers, Shoe-cleaners, *&c.* had better be offered to *the Society of Reformers.*

A learned and laborious Treatiſe upon the Art of Fencing, *returned to the Author.*

TO the Gentleman of *Oxford*, who deſires me to inſert a Copy of *Latin* Verſes, which were denied a Place in the Univerſity Book. Anſwer. *Nonumque prematur in annum.*

TO my learned Correſpondent who writes againſt Maſter's Gowns, and Poke Sleves, with a Word in Defence of large Scarves. Anſwer. *I reſolve not to raiſe Animoſities amongſt the Clergy.*

TO

TO the Lady, who writes with Rage againſt one of her own Sex, upon the Account of Party-Warmth. Anſwer. *Is not the Lady ſhe writes againſt reckoned Handſome?*

I deſire *Tom Truelove*, (who ſends me a Sonnet upon his Miſtreſs, with a Deſire to print it immediately,) to conſider, that it is long ſince I was in Love.

I ſhall anſwer a very profound Letter from my old Friend the Upholſterer, who is ſtill inquiſitive whether the King of *Sweden* be living or dead, by whiſpering him in the Ear, *That I believe he is alive.*

LET Mr. *Dapperwit* conſider, *What is that long Story of the Cuckoldom to me?*

AT the earneſt Deſire of *Monimia*'s Lover, who declares himſelf very penitent, he is recorded in my Paper by the Name of *The faithful* Caſtalio.

THE Petition of *Charles Cockſure*, which the Petitioner ſtiles *very reaſonable* — *Rejected.*

THE Memorial of *Philander*, which he deſires may be diſpatched out of Hand, *Poſtponed.*

I deſire *S. R.* not to repeat the Expreſſion *under the Sun* ſo often in his next Letter.

THE Letter of *P. S.* who deſires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the Flames. *Not to be printed entire.*

N° 620. *Monday, November* 15.

Hic Vir, hic eſt, tibi quem promitti ſepius audis. Virg.

HAVING lately preſented my Reader with a Copy of Verſes full of the falſe Sublime, I ſhall here communicate to him an excellent Specimen of the True. Tho' it hath not been yet publiſhed, the judicious Reader will readily diſcern it to be the Work of a Maſter: And if he hath read that noble Poem on *The Proſpect of Peace*, he will not be at a Loſs to gueſs at the Author.

The ROYAL PROGRESS.

WHEN BRUNSWICK *firſt appear'd, each*
honeſt Heart,
Intent on Verſe, diſdain'd the Rules of Art;
For Him the Songſters, in unmeaſur'd Odes,
Debas'd Alcides, *and dethron'd the Gods,*
In Golden Chains the Kings of India *led,*
Or rent the Turban from the Sultan's *Head.*
One, in old Fables, and the Pagan *Strain,*
With Nymphs *and* Tritons, *wafts him o'er the Main;*
Another draws fierce Lucifer *in Arms,*
And fills th' Infernal Region with Alarms;
A Third awakes ſome Druid, *to foretel*
Each future Triumph from his dreary Cell.
Exploded Fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the Mind nauſeates what ſhe can't believe.

My

My Muſe th'expected Hero ſhall purſue
From Clime to Clime, and keep him ſtill in View:
His ſhining March deſcribe in faithful Lays,
Content to paint him, nor preſume to praiſe;
Their Charms, if Charms they have, the Truth ſupplies,
And from the Theme unlabour'd Beauties riſe.

By longing Nations for the Throne deſign'd,
And call'd to guard the Rights of Human-kind;
With ſecret Grief his God-like Soul repines,
And Britain's *Crown with joyleſs Luſtre ſhines,*
While Prayers and Tears his deſtin'd Progreſs ſtay,
And Crowds of Mourners choak their Sovereign's Way.
Not ſo he march'd, when hoſtile Squadrons ſtood
In Scenes of Death, and fir'd his generous Blood;
When his hot Courſer paw'd th' Hungarian *Plain,*
And adverſe Legions ſtood the Shock in vain.

His Frontiers paſt, the Belgian *Bounds he views,*
And croſs the level Fields his March purſues.
Here pleas'd the Land of Freedom to ſurvey,
He greatly ſcorns the Thirſt of boundleſs Sway.
O'er the thin Soil, with ſilent Joy he ſpies
Tranſplanted Woods, and borrow'd Verdure riſe;
Where every Meadow won with Toil and Blood,
From haughty Tyrants, and the raging Flood,
With Fruits and Flowers the careful Hind ſupplies,
And cloaths the Marſhes in a rich Diſguiſe.
Such Wealth for frugal Hands doth Heaven decree,
And ſuch thy Gifts, Celeſtial Liberty!

Through ſtately Towns, and many a fertile Plain,
The Pomp advances to the neighbouring Main.
Whole Nations crowd around with joyful Cries,
And view the Heroe with inſatiate Eyes.

In

In Haga's *Towers he waits, till Eaſtern Gales*
Propitious riſe to ſwell the Britiſh *Sails.*
Hither the Fame of England's *Monarch brings*
The Vows and Friendſhips of the neighb'ring Kings;
Mature in Wiſdom, his extenſive Mind
Takes in the blended Int'reſts of Mankind,
The World's great Patriot. Calm thy anxious Breaſt,
Secure in him, O Europe *take thy Reſt;*
Henceforth thy Kingdoms ſhall remain confin'd
By Rocks or Streams, the Mounds which Heav'n de-
ſign'd;
The Alps *their new-made Monarch ſhall reſtrain,*
Nor ſhall thy Hills, Pirene, *riſe in vain.*

But ſee! to Britain's *Iſle the Squadrons ſtand,*
And leave the ſinking Towers, and leſſening Land.
The Royal Bark bounds o'er the floating Plain,
Breaks thro' the Billows, and divides the Main.
O'er the vaſt Deep, Great Monarch, dart thine Eyes,
A watry Proſpect bounded by the Skies:
Ten thouſand Veſſels from Ten thouſand Shores
Bring Gums and Gold, and either India's *Stores:*
Behold the Tributes haſtening to thy Throne,
And ſee the wide Horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine; tho' now the chearful Crew
Hail Albion's *Cliffs, juſt whitening to the View.*
Before the Wind with ſwelling Sails they ride,
Till Thames *receives them in his opening Tide.*
The Monarch hears the thundering Peals around,
From trembling Woods and echoing Hills rebound;
Nor miſſes yet, amid the deafening Train,
The Roarings of the hoarſe-reſounding Main.

As in the Flood he ſails, from either Side
He views his Kingdom in its rural Pride;

A

A various Scene the wide-ſpread Landskip yields,
O'er rich Encloſures and luxuriant Fields:
A lowing Herd each fertile Paſture fills,
And diſtant Flocks ſtray o'er a thouſand Hills.
Fair Greenwich *bid in Woods with new Delight,*
(Shade above Shade) now riſes to the Sight:
His Woods ordain'd to viſit every Shore,
And guard the Iſland which they grac'd before.

The Sun now rowling down the Weſtern Way,
A Blaze of Fires renews the fading Day;
Unnumber'd Barks the Regal Barge infold,
Brightening the Twilight with its beamy Gold;
Leſs thick the finny Shoals, a countleſs Fry,
Before the Whale or kingly Dolphin fly.
In one vaſt Shout he ſeeks the crowded Strand,
And in a Peal of Thunder gains the Land.

Welcome, great Stranger, to our longing Eyes,
Oh! King deſir'd, adopted Albion *cries.*
For Thee the Eaſt breath'd out a proſp'rous Breeze,
Bright were the Suns, and gently ſwell'd the Seas.
Thy Preſence did each doubtful Heart compoſe,
And Factions wonder'd that they once were Foes;
That joyful Day they loſt each hoſtile Name,
The ſame their Aſpect, and their Voice the ſame.

So two fair Twins, whoſe Features were deſign'd
At one ſoft Moment in the Mother's Mind,
Show each the other with reflected Grace,
And the ſame Beauties bloom in either Face;
The puzzled Strangers which is which enquire,
Deluſion grateful to the ſmiling Sire.

From that fair * *Hill, where hoary Sages boaſt*
To name the Stars, and count the heavenly Hoſt,

* Mr. Flamſtead's-Houſe.

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By

By the next Dawn doth great Auguſta *riſe,*
Proud Town! the nobleſt Scene beneath the Skies.
O'er Thames *her thouſand Spires their Luſtre ſhed,*
And a vaſt Navy hides his ample Bed,
A floating Foreſt. From the diſtant Strand
A Line of golden Carrs ſtrikes o'er the Land:
Britannia's *Peers in Pomp and rich Array,*
Before their King, triumphant, lead the Way.
Far as the Eye can reach, the gawdy Train,
A bright Proceſſion, ſhines along the Plain.

So haply through the Heav'n's wide pathleſs Ways
A Comet draws a long-extended Blaze;
From Eaſt to Weſt burns through th'ethereal Frame,
And Half Heav'n's Convex glitters with the Flame.

Now to the Regal Towers ſecurely brought,
He plans Britannia's *Glories in his Thought;*
Reſumes the delegated Pow'r he gave,
Rewards the Faithful, and reſtores the Brave.
Whom ſhall the Muſe from out the ſhining Throng
Select to heighten and adorn her Song?
Thee, Halifax. *To thy capacious Mind,*
O Man approv'd, is Britain's *Wealth conſign'd.*
Her Coin (while Naſſau *fought) debas'd and rude,*
By Thee in Beauty and in Truth renew'd,
An Arduous Work! Again thy Charge we ſee,
And thy own Care once more returns to Thee.
O! form'd in every Scene to awe and pleaſe,
Mix Wit with Pomp, and Dignity with Eaſe:
Tho' call'd to ſhine aloft, thou wilt not ſcorn
To ſmile on Arts thy ſelf did once adorn:
For this thy Name ſucceeding Times ſhall paiſe,
And envy leſs thy Garter, than thy Bays.

The Muſe, if fir'd with thy enlivening Beams,
Perhaps ſhall aim at more exalted Themes,

Record

Record our Monarch in a nobler Strain,
And ſing the opening Wonders of his Reign;
Bright CAROLINA*'s heavenly Beauties trace,*
Her valiant CONSORT*, and his blooming Race.*
A Train of Kings their fruitful Love ſupplies,
A glorious Scene to Albion*'s raviſh'd Eyes;*
Who ſees by BRUNSWICK*'s Hand her Sceptre ſway'd,*
And through his Line from Age to Age convey'd.

N° 621. *Wedneſday, November* 17.

———*poſtquam ſe lumine puro*
Implevit, ſtellaſque vagas miratur & Aſtra
Fixa Polis, vidit quanta ſub nocte jaceret
Noſtra dies, riſitque ſui ludibria—— Lucan.

THE following Letter having in it ſome Obſervations out of the common Road, I ſhall make it the Entertainment of this Day.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE common Topicks againſt the 'Pride of Man, which are laboured 'by florid and declamatory Writers, are 'taken from the Baſeneſs of his Original, 'the Imperfections of his Nature, or the 'ſhort Duration of thoſe Goods in which 'he makes his Boaſt. Though it be true 'that we can have nothing in us that ought 'to raiſe our Vanity, yet a Conſciouſneſs

'of

'of our own Merit may be ſometimes 'laudable. The Folly therefore lies here; 'We are apt to pride our ſelves in worth-'leſs, or perhaps ſhameful things; and, on 'the other hand, count that diſgraceful 'which is our trueſt Glory.

'HENCE it is, that the Lovers of 'Praiſe take wrong Meaſures to attain it. 'Would a vain Man conſult his own Heart, 'he would find, that if others knew his 'Weakneſſes as well as he himſelf doth, 'he could not have the Impudence to ex-'pect the publick Eſteem. Pride there-'fore flows from want of Reflection, and 'Ignorance of our ſelves. Knowledge 'and Humility come upon us together.

'THE proper way to make an Eſti-'mate of our ſelves, is to conſider ſeriouſly 'what it is we value or deſpiſe in others. 'A Man who boaſts of the Goods of For-'tune, a gay Dreſs, or a new Title, is ge-'nerally the Mark of Ridicule. We ought 'therefore not to admire in our ſelves, 'what we are ſo ready to laugh at in other 'Men.

'MUCH leſs can we with Reaſon pride 'our ſelves in thoſe things, which at ſome 'time of our Life we ſhall certainly deſpiſe. 'And yet, if we will give our ſelves the 'Trouble of looking backward and for-'ward on the ſeveral Changes, which we 'have already undergone and hereafter 'muſt try, we ſhall find that the greater

'De-

'Degrees of our Knowledge and Wiſdom, 'ſerve only to ſhow us our own Imperfe-'ctions.

'AS we riſe from Childhood to Youth, 'we look with Contempt on the Toys and 'Trifles which our Hearts have hitherto 'been ſet upon. When we advance to Man-'hood, we are held wiſe in proportion to 'our Shame and Regret for the Raſhneſs and 'Extravagance of Youth. Old Age fills 'us with mortifying Reflections upon a 'Life, miſ-ſpent in the Purſuit of anxious 'Wealth or uncertain Honour. Agreeable 'to this Gradation of Thought in this Life, 'it may be reaſonably ſuppoſed, that in a 'future State, the Wiſdom, the Experi-'ence, and the Maxims of old Age, will 'be looked upon by a ſeparate Spirit in 'much the ſame Light, as an ancient Man 'now ſees the little Follies and Toyings 'of Infants. The Pomps, the Honours, 'the Policies, and Arts of Mortal Men, 'will be thought as trifling as Hobby-hor-'ſes, Mock Battles, or any other Sports 'that now employ all the Cunning, and 'Strength, and Ambition of rational Be-'ings from four Years old to nine or ten.

'IF the Notion of a gradual Riſe in Be-'ings, from the meaneſt to the moſt High, 'be not a vain Imagination, it is not impro-'bable than an Angel looks down upon a 'Man, as a Man doth upon a Creature 'which approaches the neareſt to the ra-

'tional

'tional Nature. By the ſame Rule (if I 'may indulge my Fancy in this Particular) 'a ſuperior Brute looks with a kind of Pride 'on one of an inferior Species. If they 'could reflect, we might imagine from 'the Geſtures of ſome of them, that they 'think themſelves the Soveraigns of the 'World, and that all Things were made 'for them. Such a Thought would not 'be more abſurd in Brute Creatures, than 'one which Men are apt to entertain, name-'ly, That all the Stars in the Firmament 'were created only to pleaſe their Eyes 'and amuſe their Imaginations. Mr. *Dry-'den* in his Fable of the *Cock and the Fox*, 'makes a Speech for his Hero the Cock, 'which is a pretty Inſtance for this Pur-'poſe.

Then turning, ſaid to Partlet, *See, my Dear,*
How laviſh Nature hath adorn'd the Year;
How the pale Primroſe and the Violet ſpring,
And Birds eſſay their Throats, diſus'd to ſing:
All theſe are ours, and I with Pleaſure ſee
Man ſtruting on two Legs, and aping me.

'WHAT I would obſerve from the 'Whole is this, That we ought to value 'our ſelves upon thoſe Things only which 'ſuperiour Beings think valuable, ſince 'that is the only way for us not to ſink in 'our own Eſteem hereafter.

Friday,

N° 622. *Friday, November* 19.

——*Fallentis Semita Vitæ.* Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN a former Speculation you have ob-
'ſerved, that true Greatneſs doth
'not conſiſt in that Pomp and Noiſe
'wherein the Generality of Mankind are
'apt to place it. You have there
'taken Notice, that Virtue in Obſcurity
'often appears more illuſtrious in the Eye
'of ſuperior Beings, than all that paſſes
'for Grandeur and Magnificence among
'Men.

'WHEN we look back upon the Hiſto-
'ry of thoſe who have born the Parts of
'Kings, Stateſmen, or Commanders, they
'appear to us ſtripped of thoſe out-ſide
'Ornaments that dazzled their Contempo-
'raries; and we regard their Perſons as
'great or little, in proportion to the Emi-
'nence of their Virtues or Vices. The
'wiſe Sayings, generous Sentiments, or
'diſintereſted Conduct of a Philoſopher
'under mean Circumſtances of Life, ſet
'him higher in our Eſteem than the migh-
'ty Potentates of the Earth, when we
'view them both through the long Pro-

'ſpect of many Ages. Were the Memoirs 'of an obſcure Man, who lived up to the 'Dignity of his Nature, and according 'to the Rules of Virtue, to be laid before 'us, we ſhould find nothing in ſuch a Cha-'racter which might not ſet him on a Le-'vel with Men of the higheſt Stations. 'The following Extract out of the private 'Papers of an honeſt Country-Gentleman, 'will ſet this Matter in a clear Light. 'Your Reader will perhaps conceive a grea-'ter Idea of him from theſe Actions done 'in Secret, and without a Witneſs, than 'of thoſe which have drawn upon them 'the Admiration of Multitudes.

MEMOIRS.

"IN my 22d Year I found a violent "Affection for my Couſin *Charles*'s Wife "growing upon me, wherein I was in "danger of ſucceeding, if I had not upon "that Account begun my Travels into "foreign Countries.

"A little after my Return into *England*, "at a private Meeting with my Uncle *Fran-*"*cis*, I refuſed the Offer of his Eſtate, "and prevailed upon him not to diſinherit "his Son *Ned*.

"*Mem.* NEVER to tell this to *Ned*, "leſt he ſhould think hardly of his deceaſed "Father; though he continues to ſpeak "ill of me for this very Reaſon.

"PRE-

" PREVENTED a ſcandalous Law-
" Suit betwixt my Nephew *Harry* and his
" Mother, by allowing her under-hand,
" out of my own Pocket, ſo much Money
" yearly as the Diſpute was about.

" PROCURED a Benefice for a
" young Divine, who is Siſter's Son to
" the good Man who was my Tutor, and
" hath been dead twenty Years.

" GAVE Ten Pounds to poor Mrs. —,
" my Friend *H*---'s Widow.

" *Mem.* TO retrench one Diſh at my
" Table, till I have fetched it up again.

" *Mem.* TO repair my Houſe and finiſh
" my Gardens in order to employ poor
" People after Harveſt-time.

" ORDERED *John* to let out Good-
" man *D*-----'s Sheep that were pounded
" by Night; but not to let his Fellow-Ser-
" vants know it.

" PREVAILED upon *M. T.* Eſq;
" not to take the Law of the Farmer's
" Son for ſhooting a Partridge, and to give
" him his Gun again.

" PAID the Apothecary for curing an
" old Woman that confeſſed her ſelf a
" Witch.

" GAVE away my favourite Dog for
" biting a Beggar.

" MADE the Miniſter of the Pariſh
" and a *Whig* Juſtice of one Mind, by put-
" ting them upon explaining their Notions
" to one another.

" *Mem.* TO turn off *Peter* for ſhoot-
" ing a Doe while ſhe was eating Acorns
" out of his Hand.

" WHEN my Neighbour *John*, who
" hath often injur'd me, comes to make
" his Requeſt to Morrow:

" *Mem.* I have forgiven him.

" LAID up my Chariot and ſold my
" Horſes, to relieve the Poor in a Scarci-
" ty of Corn.

" IN the ſame Year remitted to my Te-
" nants a Fifth Part of their Rents.

" AS I was airing to Day, I fell into
" a Thought that warmed my Heart, and
" ſhall, I hope, be the better for it as
" long as I live.

" *Mem.* TO charge my Son in private
" to erect no Monument for me; but not
", to put this in my laſt Will.

Monday,

Nº 623. *Monday, November* 22.

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiſcat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violem aut tua jura reſolvam.
Ille meos, primos qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit: ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulchro. Virg.

I Am obliged to my Friend, the *Love-Caſuiſt*, for the following curious Piece of Antiquity, which I ſhall communicate to the Publick in his own Words.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU may remember, that I lately 'tranſmitted to you an Account of 'an ancient Cuſtom, in the Manors of 'East *and* West-Enborne, *in the County of* 'Berks, *and elſewhere. If a cuſtomary Te-* 'nant die, *the Widow ſhall have what the* 'Law calls her Free-Bench *in all his Copy-* 'hold Lands, dum ſola & caſta fuerit; *that* 'is, while ſhe lives ſingle and chaſte; *but if* 'ſhe commit Incontinency, *ſhe forfeits her* 'Eſtate: Yet, *if ſhe will come into the* 'Court riding backward upon a Black Ram, 'with his Tail in her Hand, and ſay the 'Words following, *the Steward is bound*

'*by the Cuſtom to re-admit her to her* Free-
'Bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;
And, for my Crincum Crancum,
Have loſt my Bincum Bancum;
And, for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame;
Therefore, I pray you Mr. Steward, let
me have my Land again.

'AFTER having informed you that
'my Lord *Coke* obſerves, that this is the
'moſt frail and ſlippery Tenure of any in
'*England*, I ſhall tell you, ſince the writ-
'ing of that Letter, I have, according to
'my Promiſe, been at great Pains in ſearch-
'ing out the Records of the *Black Ram*;
'and have at laſt met with the Proceedings
'of the Court-Baron, held in that behalf,
'for the Space of a whole Day. The Re-
'cord ſaith, that a ſtrict Inquiſition having
'been made into the Right of the Tenants,
'to their ſeveral Eſtates, by a crafty old
'Steward, he found that many of the Lands
'of the Manor were, by default of the ſe-
'veral Widows, forfeited to the Lord,
'and accordingly would have entred on
'the Premiſes: Upon which the good Wo-
'men demanded the *Benefit of the Ram.*
'The Steward, after having peruſed their
'ſeve-

'ſeveral Pleas, adjourned the Court to 'Barnaby bright, that they might have 'Day enough before them.

'THE Court being ſet, and filled with a 'great Concourſe of People, who came 'from all Parts to ſee the Solemnity, the 'firſt who entred was the Widow *Frontly*, 'who had made her Appearance in the laſt 'Year's Cavalcade. The Regiſter obſerves, 'that finding it an eaſie Pad-Ram, and fore-'ſeeing ſhe might have further Occaſion 'for it, ſhe purchaſed it of the Steward.

'MRS. *Sarah Dainty*, Relict of Ma-'ſter *John Dainty*, (who was the greateſt 'Prude of the Pariſh) came next in the 'Proceſſion. She at firſt made ſome Diffi-'culty of taking the Tail in her Hand; 'and was obſerved, in pronouncing the 'Form of Penance, to ſoften the two moſt 'emphatical Words into *Clincum Clancum:* 'But the Steward took Care to make her 'ſpeak plain *Engliſh*, before he would 'let her have her Land again.

'THE third Widow that was *brought 'to this worldly Shame*, being mounted 'upon a vicious Ram, had the Misfortune 'to be thrown by him; upon which ſhe 'hoped to be excuſed from going thro' 'the reſt of the Ceremony: But the Stew-'ard being well verſed in the Law, ob-'ſerved very wiſely upon this Occaſion, 'that the breaking of the Rope does not 'hinder the Execution of the Criminal.

'THE fourth Lady upon Record was 'the Widow *Ogle*, a famous Coquette, 'who had kept half a Score young Fellows 'off and on for the ſpace of two Years; 'but, having been more kind to her Car-'ter *John*, ſhe was introduced with the 'Huzza's of all her Lovers about her.

'MRS. *Sable*, appearing in her Weeds, 'which were very new and freſh, and of 'the ſame Colour with her whimſical *Pal-'frey*, made a very decent Figure in the 'Solemnity.

'ANOTHER, who had been Sum-'mon'd to make her Appearance, was ex-'cuſed by the Steward, as well knowing 'in his Heart, that the good Squire him-'ſelf had qualified her for the Ram.

'MRS. *Quick*, having nothing to object 'againſt the Indictment, pleaded her Bel-'ly. But it was remembred that ſhe made 'the ſame Excuſe the Year before. Upon 'which the Steward obſerved, that ſhe 'might ſo contrive it, as never to do the 'Service of the Manor.

'THE Widow *Fidget*, being cited in-'to Court, inſiſted that ſhe had done no 'more ſince the Death of her Husband, 'than what ſhe uſed to do in his Life-'time; and withal deſired Mr. Steward to 'conſider his own Wife's Caſe, if he ſhould 'chance to die before her.

'THE next in Order was a Dowager 'of a very corpulent Make, who would

'have

'have been excuſed as not finding any Ram 'that was able to carry her; upon which 'the Steward commuted her Puniſhment, 'and ordered her to make her Entry upon 'a black Ox.

'THE Widow *Maskwell*, a Woman 'who had long lived with a moſt unble-'miſhed Character, having turned off her 'old Chamber-maid in a Pet, was by that 'Revengeful Creature brought in upon 'the black Ram, Nine times the ſame 'Day.

'SEVERAL Widows of the Neigh-'bourhood, being brought upon their Try-'al, they ſhowed that they did not hold 'of the Manor, and were diſcharged ac-'cordingly.

'A pretty young Creature, who cloſed 'the Proceſſion, came ambling in, with ſo 'bewitching an Air, that the Steward was 'obſerved to caſt a Sheep's Eye upon her, 'and married her within a Month after 'the Death of his Wife.

N. B. 'MRS. *Touchwood* appeared, ac-'cording to Summons, but had nothing 'laid to her Charge; having lived irre-'proachably ſince the Deceaſe of her Huſ-'band, who left her a Widow in the Sixty-'ninth Year of her Age.

I am, SIR, &c.

Wedneſday,

N° 624. *Wedneſday, November* 24.

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore,
Quiſquis luxuria ——— Hor.

MANKIND is divided into two Parts, the Buſie and the Idle. The Buſie World may be divided into the Virtuous and the Vicious: The Vicious again into the Covetous, the Ambitious, and the Senſual. The Idle Part of Mankind are in a State inferior to any one of theſe. All the other are engaged in the Purſuit of Happineſs, though often miſplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to ſuch Means, as ſhall be propoſed to them for that End. The Idle, who are neither wiſe for this World, nor the next, are empatically called by Dr. *Tillotſon*, *Fools at large*. They propoſe to themſelves no End, but run adrift with every Wind. Advice therefore would be but thrown away upon them, ſince they would ſcarce take the Pains to read it. I ſhall not fatigue any of this worthleſs Tribe with a long Harangue; but will leave them with this ſhort Saying of *Plato*, that *Labour is preferable to Idleneſs, as Brightneſs to Ruſt.*

THE

THE Purſuits of the Active Part of Mankind, are either in the Paths of Religion and Virtue; or, on the other hand, in the Roads to Wealth, Honours or Pleaſure. I ſhall therefore compare the Purſuits of Avarice, Ambition and Senſual Delight, with their oppoſite Virtues; and ſhall conſider which of theſe Principles engages Men in a Courſe of the greateſt Labour, Suffering and Aſſiduity. Moſt Men, in their cool Reaſonings, are willing to allow that a Courſe of Virtue will in the End be rewarded the moſt amply; but repreſent the Way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that Men ſtruggle through as many Troubles to be miſerable, as they do to be happy; my Readers may perhaps be perſuaded to be Good, when they find they ſhall loſe nothing by it.

FIRST for Avarice. The Miſer is more Induſtrious than the Saint; The Pains of getting, the Fears of loſing, and the Inability of enjoying his Wealth, have been the mark of Satyr in all Ages. Were his Repentance upon his Neglect of a good Bargain, his Sorrow for being over-reached, his Hope of improving a Sum, and his Fear of falling into Want, directed to their proper Objects; they would make ſo many different *Chriſtian* Graces and Virtues. He may apply to himſelf a great Part of St. *Paul*'s Catalogue of Sufferings, *In journeying often; in Perils of Waters, in Perils of*

of Robbers, in Perils among falſe Brethren. In Wearineſs and Painfulneſs, in Watchings often, in Hunger and Thirſt, in Faſtings often.— At how much leſs Expence might he *lay up to himſelf Treaſures in Heaven*; or if I may, in this place, be allowed to add the Saying of a great Philoſopher, he may *provide ſuch Poſſeſſions, as fear neither Arms, nor Men, nor* Jove *himſelf.*

IN the ſecond Place, if we look upon the Toils of Ambition, in the ſame Light as we have conſidered thoſe of Avarice, we ſhall readily own that far leſs Trouble is requiſite to gain laſting Glory, than the Power and Reputation of a few Years; or, in other Words, we may with more Eaſe deſerve Honour, than obtain it. The Ambitious Man ſhould remember Cardinal *Wolſey*'s Complaint. 'Had I ſerved God, 'with the ſame Application, wherewith I 'ſerved my King, he would not have for-'ſaken me in my old Age. The Cardinal here ſoftens his Ambition by the ſpecious Pretence of *ſerving his King*: Whereas his Words, in the proper Conſtruction, imply, that if inſtead of being acted by Ambition, he had been acted by Religion, he ſhould have now felt the Comforts of it, when the whole World turned its back upon him.

Thirdly, LET us compare the Pains of the Senſual, with thoſe of the Virtuous, and ſee which are heavier in the Balance. It may

may ſeem ſtrange, at the firſt View, that the Men of Pleaſure ſhould be adviſed to change their Courſe, becauſe they lead a painful Life. Yet when we ſee them ſo active and vigilant in queſt of Delight; under ſo many Diſquiets, and the Sport of ſuch various Paſſions; let them anſwer, as they can, if the Pains, they undergo, do not outweigh their Enjoyments. The Infidelities on the one Part between the two Sexes, and the Caprices on the other, the Debaſement of Reaſon, the Pangs of Expectation, the Diſappointments in Poſſeſſion, the Stings of Remorſe, the Vanities and Vexations attending even the moſt refined Delights that make up this Buſineſs of Life, render it ſo ſilly and uncomfortable, that no Man is thought wiſe till he hath got over it, or happy, but in proportion as he hath cleared himſelf from it.

THE Sum of all is this. Man is made an active Being. Whether he walks in the Paths of Virtue or Vice, he is ſure to meet with many Difficulties to prove his Patience, and excite his Induſtry. The ſame, if not greater Labour, is required in the Service of Vice and Folly, as of Virtue and Wiſdom: And he hath this eaſie Choice left him, whether with the Strength he is Maſter of, he will purchaſe Happineſs or Repentance.

Friday,

N° 625. *Friday, November* 26.

——— *amores*
A tenero meditatur Ungui. Hor.

THE *Love-Caſuiſt* hath referred to me the following Letter of Queries, with his Anſwers to each Queſtion, for my Approbation. I have accordingly conſidered the ſeveral Matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratifie his Anſwers, and require the gentle Queriſt to conform her ſelf thereunto.

SIR,

'I Was Thirteen the Ninth of *November* 'laſt, and muſt now begin to think of 'ſettling my ſelf in the World, and ſo I 'would humbly beg your Advice, what I 'muſt do with Mr. *Fondle*, who makes his 'Addreſſes to me. He is a very pretty 'Man, and hath the blackeſt Eyes and 'whiteſt Teeth you ever ſaw. Though 'he is but a younger Brother, he dreſſes 'like a Man of Quality, and no Body comes 'into a Room like him. I know he hath 'refuſed great Offers, and if he cannot 'Marry me, he will never have any Body 'elſe. But my Father hath forbid him the 'Houſe,

'Houſe, becauſe he ſent me a Copy of 'Verſes; for he is one of the greateſt 'Wits in Town. My elder Siſter, who, 'with her good Will, would call me *Miſs* 'as long as I live, muſt be married before 'me, they ſay. She tells them, that Mr. '*Fondle* makes a Fool of me, and will ſpoil 'the Child, as ſhe calls me, like a confi-'dent Thing as ſhe is. In ſhort, I am re-'ſolved to marry Mr. *Fondle*, if it be but 'to ſpite her. But becauſe I would do no-'thing that is imprudent, I beg of you to 'give me your Anſwers to ſome Queſti-'ons I will write down, and deſire you to 'get them printed in the SPECTATOR, 'and I do not doubt but you will give ſuch 'Advice as, I am ſure, I ſhall follow.

'WHEN Mr. *Fondle* looks upon me 'for half an Hour together, and calls me '*Angel*, is he not in Love?

Anſwer, *No.*

'MAY not I be certain he will be a 'kind Husband, that has promiſed me 'half my Portion in Pin-mony, and to 'keep me a Coach and Six in the Bar-'gain?

No.

'WHETHER I, who have been ac-'quainted with him this whole Year al-'moſt, am not a better Judge of his Me-

'rit,

'rit, than my Father and Mother, who 'never heard him talk, but at Table?

No.

'WHETHER I am not old enough 'to chuſe for my ſelf?

No.

'WHETHER it would not have been 'rude in me to refuſe a Lock of his 'Hair?

No.

'SHOULD not I be a very barbarous 'Creature, if I did not pity a Man that is 'always Sighing for my Sake?

No.

'WHETHER you would not adviſe 'me to run away with the poor Man?

No.

'WHETHER you do not think, 'that if I won't have him, he won't drown 'himſelf?

No.

'WHAT ſhall I ſay to him the next 'time he asks me if I will marry him?

No.

THE following Letter requires neither Introduction, nor Anſwer.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Wonder that, in the preſent Situation 'of Affairs, you can take Pleaſure in 'writing any thing but News; for, in a 'Word, who minds any thing elſe? The 'Pleaſure of increaſing in Knowledge, and 'learning ſomething new every Hour of 'Life, is the nobleſt Entertainment of a 'Rational Creature. I have a very good 'Ear for a Secret, and am naturally of a 'communicative Temper; by which Means 'I am capable of doing you great Services 'in this way. In order to make my ſelf 'uſeful, I am early in the Antichamber, 'where I thruſt my Head into the thick 'of the Preſs, and catch the News, at the 'opening of the Door, while it is warm. 'Sometimes I ſtand by the Beef-Eaters, 'and take the Buz as it paſſes by me. At 'other times I lay my Ear cloſe to the 'Wall, and ſuck in many a valuable Whiſ-'per, as it runs in a ſtreight Line from 'Corner to Corner. When I am weary 'with ſtanding, I repair to one of the 'neighbouring Coffee-houſes, where I ſit 'ſometimes for a whole Day, and have 'the News, as it comes from Court, freſh 'and freſh. In ſhort, Sir, I ſpare no pains 'to know how the World goes. A Piece 'of News loſes its Flavour when it hath 'been an Hour in the Air. I love, if I 'may ſo ſpeak, to have it freſh from the

'Tree; and to convey it to my Friends 'before it is faded. Accordingly my Ex-'pences in Coach-hire make no ſmall Arti-'cle; which you may believe, when I aſ-'ſure you, that I poſt away from Coffee-'houſe to Coffee-houſe, and foreſtall the '*Evening-Poſt* by two Hours. There is a 'certain Gentleman, who hath given me 'the ſlip twice or thrice, and hath been 'before-hand with me at *Child*'s. But I have 'played him a Trick. I have purchaſed 'a Pair of the beſt Coach-horſes I could 'buy for Money, and now let him out-ſtrip 'me if he can. Once more, Mr. SPECTA-'TOR, let me adviſe you to deal in News. 'You may depend upon my Aſſiſtance. 'But I muſt break off abruptly, for I have 'twenty Letters to write.

Yours, in haſte,

Tho. Quid-nunc.

N° 626. *Monday, November* 29.

——*Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.* Ov. Met. l. 1.

I Have ſeen a little Work of a learned Man, conſiſting of extemporary Speculations, which owed their Birth to the moſt trifling Occurrences of Life. His uſual Method was, to write down any ſudden

den Start of Thought which aroſe in his Mind upon the Sight of an odd Geſticulation in a Man, any whimſical Mimickry of Reaſon in a Beaſt, or whatever appeared remarkable in any Object of the viſible Creation. He was able to moralize upon a Snuff-box, would flouriſh eloquently upon a Tucker or a Pair of Ruffles, and draw practical Inferences from a full-bottomed Perriwig. This I thought fit to mention, by way of Excuſe, for my ingenious Correſpondent, who hath introduced the following Letter by an Image which, I will beg Leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in ſo ſerious and noble a Speculation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN I have ſeen young Puſs playing her wanton Gambols, and with a thouſand antick Shapes expreſs her own Gaiety at the ſame time that ſhe moved mine, while the old Grannum hath ſat by with a moſt exemplary Gravity, unmoved at all that paſt; it hath made me reflect what ſhould be the Occaſion of Humours ſo oppoſite in two Creatures, between whom there was no viſible Difference but that of Age; and I have been able to reſolve it into nothing elſe but *the Force of Novelty*.

'IN every Species of Creatures, thoſe that have been leaſt Time in the World, appear beſt pleaſed with their Condition;

'for, beſides that to a new Comer the 'World hath a Freſhneſs on it that ſtrikes 'the Senſe after a moſt agreeable Manner, '*Being* it ſelf, unattended with any great 'Variety of Enjoyments, excites a Senſation 'of Pleaſure. But as Age advances, every 'thing ſeems to wither, the Senſes are diſ-'guſted with their old Entertainments, and 'Exiſtence turns flat and inſipid. We may 'ſee this exemplified in Mankind: The 'Child, let him be free from Pain, and 'gratified in his Change of Toys, is diver-'ted with the ſmalleſt Trifle. Nothing 'diſturbs the Mirth of the Boy but a little 'Puniſhment or Confinement. The Youth 'muſt have more violent Pleaſures to em-'ploy his Time; the Man loves the Hurry 'of an active Life, devoted to the Purſuits 'of Wealth or Ambition; and Laſtly, old 'Age, having loſt its Capacity for theſe A-'vocations, becomes its own inſupportable 'Burthen. This Variety may in part be 'accounted for by the Vivacity and Decay 'of the Faculties; but I believe is chiefly 'owing to this, That the longer we have 'been in Poſſeſſion of Being, the leſs ſen-'ſible is the Guſt we have of it, and the 'more it requires of adventitious Amuſe-'ments to relieve us from the Satiety and 'Wearineſs it brings along with it.

'AND as Novelty is of a very powerful, 'ſo of a moſt extenſive Influence. Mora-'liſts have long ſince obſerved it to be the

'Source

'Source of Admiration, which leſſens in pro-
'portion to our Familiarity with Objects,
'and upon a thorough Acquaintance is utter-
'ly extinguiſhed. But I think it hath not
'been ſo commonly remarked, that all the
'other Paſſions depend conſiderably on
'the ſame Circumſtance. What is it but
'Novelty that awakens Deſire, enhances
'Delight, kindles Anger, provokes Envy,
'inſpires Horror? To this Cauſe we muſt
'aſcribe it, that Love languiſhes with Frui-
'tion, and Friendſhip it ſelf is recom-
'mended by Intervals of Abſence: Hence
'Monſters, by uſe, are beheld without
'loathing, and the moſt Enchanting Beau-
'ty without Rapture. That Emotion of
'the Spirits in which Paſſion conſiſts, is
'uſually the Effect of Surprize, and as
'long as it continues, heightens the agree-
'able or diſagreeable Qualities of its Ob-
'ject; but as this Emotion ceaſes (and it
'ceaſes with the Novelty) things appear
'in another Light, and affects us even leſs
'than might be expected from their pro-
'per Energy, for having moved us too
'much before.

'IT may not be a uſeleſs Enquiry, how
'far the Love of Novelty is the unavoida-
'ble Growth of Nature, and in what
'Reſpects it is peculiarly adapted to the
'preſent State. To me it ſeems impoſſible,
'that a reaſonable Creature ſhould reſt ab-
'ſolutely ſatisfied in any Acquiſitions what-

'ever, without endeavouring farther; for 'after its higheſt Improvements, the Mind 'hath an Idea of an Infinity of things ſtill 'behind worth knowing, to the Knowledge 'of which therefore it cannot be indiffe-'rent; as by climbing up a Hill in the 'midſt of a wide Plain, a Man hath his 'Proſpect enlarged, and, together with 'that, the bounds of his Deſires. Upon 'this Account, I cannot think he detracts 'from the State of the Bleſſed, who con-'ceives them to be perpetually employed 'in freſh Searches into Nature, and to E-'ternity advancing into the fathomleſs 'Depths of the Divine Perfections. In this 'Thought there is nothing but what doth 'Honour to theſe glorified Spirits; pro-'vided ſtill it be remembered, that their 'Deſire of more proceeds not from their 'diſreliſhing what they poſſeſs; and the 'Pleaſure of a new Enjoyment is not with 'them meaſured by its Novelty (which is 'a thing meerly foreign and accidental) 'but by its real intrinſick Value. After 'an Acquaintance of many thouſand Years 'with the Works of God, the Beauty 'and Magnificence of the Creation fills 'them with the ſame pleaſing Wonder and 'profound Awe, which *Adam* felt himſelf 'ſeized with as he firſt opened his Eyes 'upon this glorious Scene. Truth capti-'vates with unborrow'd Charms, and 'whatever hath once given Satisfaction

'will

'will always do it: In all which they have 'manifeſtly the Advantage of us, who are ſo 'much governed by ſickly and changeable 'Appetites, that we can with the greateſt 'Coldneſs behold the ſtupendous Diſplays 'of Omnipotence, and be in Tranſports 'at the puny Eſſays of humane Skill; 'throw aſide Speculations of the ſublimeſt 'Nature and vaſteſt Importance into ſome 'obſcure Corner of the Mind, to make 'Room for new Notions of no Conſe-'quence at all; are even tired of Health, 'becauſe not enlivened with alternate 'Pain, and prefer the firſt Reading of an 'indifferent Author to the ſecond or third 'Peruſal of one whoſe Merit and Reputa-'tion are eſtabliſhed.

'OUR Being thus formed ſerves many 'uſeful Purpoſes in the preſent State. It 'contributes not a little to the Advance-'ment of Learning; for, as *Cicero* takes 'Notice, That which makes Men willing 'to undergo the Fatigues of Philoſophical 'Diſquiſitions, is not ſo much the Great-'neſs of Objects as their Novelty. It is 'not enough that there is Field and Game 'for the Chace, and that the Underſtand-'ing is prompted with a reſtleſs Thirſt 'of Knowledge, effectually to rouſe the 'Soul, ſunk into a State of Sloth and In-'dolence; it is alſo neceſſary that there 'be an uncommon Pleaſure annex'd to the 'firſt Appearance of Truth in the Mind.

'This Pleaſure being exquiſite for the Time 'it laſts, but tranſient, it hereby comes to 'paſs that the Mind grows into an Indiffe-'rence to its former Notions, and paſſes 'on after new Diſcoveries, in hope of re-'peating the Delight. It is with Know-'ledge as with Wealth, the Pleaſure of 'which lies more in making endleſs Addi-'tions, than in taking a Review of our old 'Store. There are ſome Inconveniences 'that follow this Temper, if not guarded 'againſt, particularly this, that through a 'too great Eagerneſs of ſomething new, 'we are many times impatient of ſtaying 'long enough upon a Queſtion that requires 'ſome time to reſolve it, or, which is 'worſe, perſwade our ſelves that we are 'Maſters of the Subject before we are ſo, 'only to be at the Liberty of going upon 'a freſh Scent; in Mr. *Lock*'s Words, *We 'ſee a little, preſume a great deal, and ſo 'jump to the Concluſion.*

'A farther Advantage of our Inclination 'for Novelty, as at preſent circumſtantia-'ted, is, that it annihilates all the boaſted 'Diſtinctions among Mankind. Look not 'up with Envy to thoſe above thee. Sound-'ing Titles, ſtately Buildings, fine Gar-'dens, gilded Chariots, rich Equipages, 'what are they? They dazle every one but 'the Poſſeſſor: To him that is accuſtomed 'to them they are cheap regardleſs Things: 'They ſupply him not with brighter Ima-

'ges,

'ges, or more ſublime Satisfactions than 'the plain Man may have, whoſe ſmall E-'ſtate will juſt enable him to ſupport the 'Charge of a ſimple unencumber'd Life. 'He enters heedleſs into his Rooms of State, 'as you or I do under our poor Sheds. The 'noble Paintings and coſtly Furniture are 'loſt on him; he ſees them not: As how 'can it be otherwiſe, when, by Cuſtom, 'a Fabrick infinitely more grand and fini-'ſhed, that of the Univerſe, ſtands unob-'ſerved by the Inhabitants, and the ever-'laſting Lamps of Heaven are lighted up 'in vain, for any Notice that Mortals take 'of them? Thanks to indulgent Nature, 'which not only placed her Children ori-'ginally upon a Level, but ſtill, by the 'Strength of this Principle, in a great 'meaſure preſerves it, in ſpite of all the 'Care of Man, to introduce artificial Di-'ſtinctions.

'TO add no more, Is not this Fondneſs 'for Novelty, which makes us out of Con-'ceit with all we already have, a convin-'ing Proof of a future State? Either Man 'was made in vain, or this is not the only 'World he was made for: For there can-'not be a greater Inſtance of Vanity, than 'that to which Man is liable, to be delu-'ded from the Cradle to the Grave with 'fleeting Shadows of Happineſs. His 'Pleaſures, and thoſe not conſiderable nei-'ther, die in the Poſſeſſion, and freſh En-

'joy-

'joyments do not riſe faſt enough to fill up 'half his Life with Satisfaction. When I 'ſee Perſons ſick of themſelves any longer 'than they are called away by ſomething 'that is of Force to chain down the pre- 'and Thought; when I ſee them hurry 'from Country to Town, and then from 'the Town back again into the Country, 'continually ſhifting Poſtures, and placing 'Life in all the different Lights they can 'think of; *Surely*, ſay I to my ſelf, *Life is* 'vain, *and the Man beyond Expreſſion ſtu-* 'pid or prejudic'd, *who from the Vanity* 'of Life *cannot gather, He is deſigned for* 'Immortality.

N° 627. *Wedneſday, December* 1.

Tantum inter denſas umbroſa cacumina fagos
Aſſidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita ſolus
Montibus et Sylvis ſtudio jactabat inani. Virg.

THE following Account, which came to my Hands ſome time ago, may be no diſagreeable Entertainment to ſuch of my Readers, as have tender Hearts and nothing to do.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'A Friend of mine died of a Fever laſt 'Week, which he caught by walking 'too late in a dewy Evening amongſt his 'Reapers. I muſt inform you that his 'greateſt

'greateſt Pleaſure was in Husbandry and 'Gardening. He had ſome Humours 'which ſeemed inconſiſtent with that good 'Senſe he was otherwiſe Maſter of. His 'Uneaſineſs in the Company of Women 'was very remarkable in a Man of 'ſuch perfect Good-breeding; and his a-'voiding one particular Walk in his Garden, 'where he had uſed to paſs the greateſt Part 'of his Time, raiſed abundance of idle 'Conjectures in the Village where he lived. 'Upon looking over his Papers we found 'out the Reaſon, which he never intima-'ted to his neareſt Friends. He was, it 'ſeems, a paſſionate Lover in his Youth, 'of which a large Parcel of Letters he left 'behind him are a Witneſs. I ſend you a 'Copy of the laſt he ever wrote upon that 'Subject, by which you will find that he 'concealed the true Name of his Miſtreſs 'under that of *Zelinda*.

A *Long Month's Abſence would be inſupportable to me, if the Buſineſs I am employed in were not for the Service of my* Zelinda, *and of ſuch a Nature as to place her every Moment in my Mind. I have furniſhed the Houſe exactly according to your Fancy, or, if you pleaſe, my own; for I have long ſince learned to like nothing but what you do. The Apartment deſigned for your Uſe is ſo exact a Copy of that which you live in, that I often think my ſelf in your Houſe when I ſtep into it, but ſigh when I find it without its proper In-*

habitant. You will have the moſt delicious Proſpect from your Cloſet-Window that England *affords; I am ſure I ſhould think it ſo, if the Landskip that ſhows ſuch Variety, did not at the ſame time ſuggeſt to me the Greatneſs of the Space that lies between us.*

THE Gardens are laid out very beautifully; I have dreſſed up every Hedge in Woodbines, ſprinkled Bowers and Arbours in every Corner, and made a little Paradiſe round me; yet I am ſtill like the firſt Man in his Solitude, but half bleſt without a Partner in my Happineſs. I have directed one Walk to be made for two Perſons, where I promiſe ten thouſand Satisfactions to my ſelf in your Converſation. I already take my Evening's Turn in it, and have worn a Path upon the Edge of this little Alley, while I ſoothed my ſelf with the Thought of your walking by my Side. I have held many imaginary Diſcourſes with you in this Retirement, and when I have been weary have ſat d wn with you in the midſt of a Row of Jeſſamines. The many Expreſſions of Joy and Rapture I uſe in theſe ſilent Converſations, have made me for ſome Time the Talk of the Pariſh; but a neighbouring young Fellow, who makes Love to the Farmer's Daughter, hath found me out, and made my Caſe known to the whole Neighbourhood.

IN planting of the Fruit-Trees I have not forgot the Peach you are ſo fond of. I have made a Walk of Elms along the River Side, and intend to ſow all the Place about

it with Cowſlips, which I hope you will like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your Father's Houſe in the Country.

OH! Zelinda, *What a Scheme of Delight have I drawn up in my Imagination! What Day-dreams do I indulge my ſelf in! When will the Six Weeks be at an End, that lye between me and my promiſed Happineſs?*

HOW could you break off ſo abruptly in your laſt, and tell me you muſt go and dreſs for the Play? If you loved as I do, you would find no more Company in a Crowd, than I have in my Solitude. I am, &c.

'ON the Back of this Letter is written, 'in the Hand of the Deceaſed, the fol-'lowing Piece of Hiſtory.

Mem. *HAVING waited a whole Week for an Anſwer to this Letter, I hurried to Town, where I found the perfidious Creature married to my Rival. I will bear it as becomes a Man, and endeavour to find out Happineſs for my ſelf in that Retirement, which I had prepared in vain for a falſe ungrateful Woman.* I am, &c.

N° 628. *Friday, December* 3.

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum. Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are none of your Specula-'tions which pleaſe me more than 'thoſe upon Infinitude and Eter-'nity.

'nity, you have already conſider'd that Part 'of Eternity which is paſt, and I wiſh you 'would give us your Thoughts upon that 'which is to come.

'YOUR Readers will perhaps receive 'greater Pleaſure from this View of Eter-'nity than the former, ſince we have eve-'ry one of us a Concern in that which is 'to come: whereas a Speculation on that 'which is paſt is rather curious than uſeful.

'BESIDES, we can eaſily conceive it 'poſſible for ſucceſſive Duration never to 'have an End; tho' as you have juſtly ob-'ſerved, that Eternity which never had a 'Beginning is altogether incomprehenſible: 'That is, we can conceive an Eternal Du-'ration which *may be*, though we cannot 'an Eternal Duration which *hath been*; or, 'if I may uſe the Philoſophical Terms, we 'may apprehend a *Potential* though not an '*Actual* Eternity.

'THIS Notion of a future Eternity, 'which is natural to the Mind of Man, is 'an unanſwerable Argument that he is a 'Being deſigned for it; eſpecially if we 'conſider that he is capable of being Vir-'tuous or Vicious here; that he hath Fa-'culties improvable to all Eternity; and 'by a proper or wrong Employment of 'them may be happy or miſerable through-'out that infinite Duration. Our Idea in-'deed of this Eternity is not of an ade-'quate or fixed Nature, but is perpetually

'grow-

'growing and enlarging it ſelf toward the 'Object, which is too big for human Com-'prehenſion. As we are now in the Be-'ginnings of Exiſtence, ſo ſhall we always 'appear to our ſelves as if we were for e-'ver entring upon it. After a Million or 'two of Centuries, ſome conſiderable 'Things, already paſt, may ſlip out of our 'Memory; which, if it be not ſtrengthen-'ed in a wonderful Manner, may poſſibly 'forget that ever there was a Sun or Pla-'nets. And yet, notwithſtanding the long 'Race that we ſhall then have run, we 'ſhall ſtill imagine our ſelves juſt ſtarting 'from the Goal, and find no Proportion 'between that Space which we know had 'a Beginning, and what we are ſure will 'never have an End.

'BUT I ſhall leave this Subject to 'your Management, and queſtion not 'but you will throw it into ſuch Lights 'as ſhall at once improve and entertain 'your Reader.

'I have enclos'd ſent you a Tranſlation 'of the Speech of *Cato* on this Occaſion, 'which hath accidentially fallen into my 'Hands, and which for Conciſeneſs, Pu-'rity, and Elegance of Phraſe cannot be 'ſufficiently admired.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

CATO *ſolus*, &c.

SIC, ſic ſe habere rem neceſſe prorſus eſt,
Ratione vincis, do lubens manus, Plato.
Quid enim dediſſet, Quæ dedit fruſtra nihil,
Æternitatis inſitam cupidinem
Natura? Quorſum hæc dulcis Expectatio;
Vitæque non explenda melioris ſitis?
Quid vult ſibi aliud iſte redeundi in nihil
Horror, ſub imis quemque agens precordiis?
Cur territa in ſe refugit anima, cur tremit
Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timet?
Particula nempe eſt cuique naſcenti indita
Divinior; quæ corpus incolens agit;
Hominique ſuccinit, Tua eſt Æternitas.
Æternitas! O lubricum nimis aſpici,
Mixtumque dulci Gaudium formidine!

Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?
Quæ Terra mox incognita? Quis orbis novus
Manet incolendus? Quanta erit mutatio?
Hæc intuenti ſpatia mihi quaquà patent
Immenſa: Sed caliginoſa nox premit;
Nec luce clarâ vult videri ſingula.
Figendus hìc pes; certa ſunt hæc hactenus:
Si quod gubernet Numen Humanum genus,
(At, quod gubernet, eſſe clamant omnia)
Virtute non gaudere certè non poteſt:
Nec eſſe non Beati, quâ gaudet, poteſt.
Sed quâ Beata ſede? Quove in tempore?
Hæc quanta quanta terra, tota eſt Cæſaris.
Quid dubius hæret animus uſque adeo? Brevi
Hic nodum hic omnem expediet. Arma en induor

[Enſi manum admovens.

In

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO alone, *&c.*

IT muſt be ſo--- *Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well---
Elſe whence this pleaſing Hope, this fond Deſire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this ſecret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why ſhrinks the Soul
Back on her ſelf, and ſtartles at Deſtruction?
'Tis the Divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itſelf, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, Thought!

Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes and Changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded Proſpect, lies before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkneſs reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He muſt delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.
But when! or where!---- This World was made for *Cæſar*.
I'm weary of Conjectures--- This muſt end 'em.
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

In utramque partem facta; quæque vim inferant,
Et quæ propulsent! Dextera intentat necem;
Vitam sinistra: Vulnus hæc dabit manus;
Altera medelam vulneris: Hic ad exitum
Deducet, ictu simplici; hæc vetant mori.
Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,
Ensesque strictos, interire nescia.
Extinguet ætas sidera diuturnior:
Ætate languens ipse Sol, obscurius
Emittet Orbi consenescenti jubar:
Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices
Ætatis, annis ipsa deficiet gravis:
At tibi juventus, at tibi immortalitas,
Tibi parta Divûm est vita. Periment mutuis
Elementa sese, et interibunt ictibus:
Tu permanebis sola semper integra,
Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,
Jam portu in ipso tuta, contemplabere.
Compage ruptâ, corruent in se invicem,
Orbesque fractis ingerentur orbibus;
Illæsa tu sedebis extra Fragmina.

Thus

Thus am I doubly arm'd; my Death and Life,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me:
This in a Moment brings me to an End;
But this informs me I ſhall never die.
The Soul, ſecur'd in her Exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.
The Stars ſhall fade away, the Sun himſelf
Grow dim with Age, and Nature ſink in Years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal Youth,
Unhurt amidſt the War of Elements,
The Wrecks of Matter and the Cruſh of Worlds.

N° 629. *Monday, December 6.*

——Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latinâ. Juv.

NEXT to the People who want a Place, there are none to be pitied more than thoſe who are ſolicited for one. A plain Anſwer, with a Denial in it, is looked upon as Pride, and a civil Anſwer as a Promiſe.

NOTHING is more ridiculous than the Pretenſions of People upon theſe Occaſions. Every thing a Man hath ſuffered, whilſt his Enemies were in play, was certainly brought about by the Malice of the oppoſite Party. A bad Cauſe would not have been loſt, if ſuch an one had not been upon the Bench; nor a profligate Youth diſinherited, if he had not got drunk every Night by toaſting an outed Miniſtry. I remember a Tory, who having been fined in a Court of Juſtice for a Prank that deſerved the Pillory, deſired upon the Merit of it to be made a Juſtice of Peace when his Friends came into Power; and ſhall never forget a Whig Criminal, who, upon being indicted for a Rape, told his Friends, *You ſee what a Man ſuffers for ſticking to his Principles.*

THE

THE Truth of it is, the Sufferings of a Man in a Party are of a very doubtful Nature. When they are ſuch as have promoted a good Cauſe, and fallen upon a Man undeſervedly, they have a Right to be heard and recompenſed beyond any other Pretenſions. But when they riſe out of Raſhneſs or Indiſcretion, and the Purſuit of ſuch Meaſures, as have rather ruined, than promoted the Intereſt they aim at, (which hath always been the Caſe of many great Sufferers) they only ſerve to recommend them to the Children of Violence or Folly.

I have by me a Bundle of Memorials preſented by ſeveral Cavaliers upon the Reſtauration of K. *Charles* II. which may ſerve, as ſo many Inſtances, to our preſent Purpoſe.

AMONG ſeveral Perſons and Pretenſions recorded by my Author, he mentions one of a very great Eſtate, who, for having roaſted an Ox whole, and diſtributed a Hogſhead upon K. *Charles*'s Birth Day, deſired to be provided for, as his Majeſty in his great Wiſdom ſhall think fit.

ANOTHER put in to be Prince *Henry*'s Governour, for having dared to drink his Health in the worſt of Times.

A Third petitioned for a Colonel's Commiſſion, for having Curſed *Oliver Cromwell*, the Day before his Death, on a publick Bowling-Green.

BUT the moſt whimſical Petition I have met with is that of *B. B.* Eſq; who deſired the Honour of Knighthood, for having Cuckolded Sir *T. W.* a notorious *Round-head.*

THERE is likewiſe the Petition of one, who, having let his Beard grow from the Martyrdom of K. *Charles* the Firſt, till the Reſtauration of K. *Charles* the Second, deſired, in Conſideration thereof, to be made a Privy-Counſellor.

I muſt not omit a Memorial ſetting forth, that the Memorialiſt had, with great diſpatch, carried a Letter from a certain Lord to a certain Lord, wherein, as it afterwards appeared, Meaſures were concerted for the Reſtauration, and without which he verily believes that happy Revolution had never been effected; who thereupon humbly prays to be made Poſt-Maſter-General.

A certain Gentleman, who ſeems to write with a great deal of Spirit, and uſes the Words *Gallantry* and *Gentleman-like* very often in his Petition, begs that (in Conſideration of his having worn his Hat for ten Years paſt in the Loyal Cavalier Cock, to his great Danger and Detriment) he may be made a Captain of the Guards.

I ſhall cloſe my Account of this Collection of Memorials, with the Copy of one Petition at Length, which I recommend to my Reader as a very valuable Piece.

The

The Petition of E. H. *Esq*; *humbly Sheweth*,

'THAT your Petitioner's Father's Bro-
'ther's Uncle, Colonel *W. H.* loſt
'the Third Finger of his Left Hand at
'*Edge-hill* Fight.

'THAT your Petitioner, notwith-
'ſtanding the ſmallneſs of his Fortune, (he
'being a younger Brother) always kept
'Hoſpitality, and drank Confuſion to the
'Roundheads in half a Score Bumpers e-
'very *Sunday* in the Year, as ſeveral honeſt
'Gentlemen (whoſe Names are under-writ-
'ten) are ready to teſtifie.

'THAT your Petitioner is remarkable
'in his Country for having dared to treat
'Sir *P. P.* a curſed Sequeſtrator, and
'three Members of the Aſſembly of Di-
'vines, with Brawn and Minced Pies upon
'*New-Year's* Day.

'THAT your ſaid humble Petitioner
'hath been five times impriſoned in five ſe-
'veral County-Goals, for having been a
'Ring-leader in five different Riots; into
'which his Zeal for the Royal Cauſe hurri-
'ed him, when Men of greater Eſtates had
'not the Courage to riſe.

'THAT he, the ſaid *E. H.* hath had
'ſix Duels and four and twenty Boxing-
'Matches in Defence of His Majeſty's Ti-
'tle; and that he received ſuch a Blow
'upon the Head at a Bonfire in *Stratford*

'upon *Avon*, as he hath been never the 'better for from that Day to this.

'THAT your Petitioner hath been 'ſo far from improving his Fortune, in the 'late damnable times, that he verily believes, 'and hath good Reaſon to imagine, that if 'he had been Maſter of an Eſtate, he had 'infallibly been plundered and ſequeſtred.

'YOUR Petitioner, in Conſideration 'of his ſaid Merits and Sufferings, hum-'bly requeſts that he may have the Place 'of Receiver of the Taxes, Collector of 'the Cuſtoms, Clerk of the Peace, Depu-'ty Lieutenant, or whatſoever elſe he 'ſhall be thought qualified for.

And your Petitioner ſhall ever Pray, &c.

N° 630. *Wedneſday, December* 8.

Favete linguis. ——— Hor.

HAVING no ſpare Time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is ſent me by others, I have thought fit to publiſh the following Letters.

SIR, *Oxford, Novemb.* 22.

'IF you would be ſo kind to me, as to 'ſuſpend that Satisfaction, which the 'Learned

'Learned World muſt receive in reading 'one of your Speculations, by publiſhing 'this Endeavour, you will very much ob- 'lige and improve one, who has the Bold- 'neſs to hope, that he may be admitted 'into the number of your Correſpondents.

'I have often wondered to hear Men of 'good Senſe and good Nature profeſs a 'Diſlike to Muſick, when, at the ſame time, 'they do not ſcruple to own, that it has 'the moſt agreeable and improving Influ- 'ences over their Minds: It ſeems to me 'an unhappy Contradiction, that thoſe 'Perſons ſhould have an Indifference for 'an Art, which raiſes in them ſuch a Va- 'riety of ſublime Pleaſures.

'HOWEVER, though ſome few, by 'their own or the unreaſonable Prejudices 'of others, may be led into a Diſtaſte 'for thoſe Muſical Societies which are e- 'rected meerly for Entertainment, yet ſure 'I may venture to ſay, that no one can 'have the leaſt Reaſon for Diſaffection to 'that ſolemn kind of Melody which con- 'ſiſts of the Praiſes of our Creator.

'YOU have, I preſume, already pre- 'vented me in an Argument upon this Oc- 'caſion, (which ſome Divines have ſucceſs- 'fully advanced upon a much greater) that 'Muſical Sacrifice and Adoration has claim- 'ed a Place in the Laws and Cuſtoms of 'the moſt different Nations: As the *Gre- 'cians* and *Romans* of the Prophane, the

Jews

'*Jews* and *Chriſtians* of the Sacred World 'did as unanimouſly agree in this, as they 'diſagreed in all other Parts of their OEco-'nomy.

'I know there are not wanting ſome who 'are of Opinion that the pompous kind of 'Muſick which is in Uſe in foreign Churches 'is the moſt excellent, as it moſt affects our 'Senſes. But I am ſwayed by my Judgment 'to the Modeſty which is obſerved in the 'muſical Part of our Devotions. Me-'thinks there is ſomething very laudable 'in the Cuſtom of a *Voluntary* before the 'Firſt Leſſon; by this we are ſuppoſed to 'be prepared for the Admiſſion of thoſe 'Divine Truths, which we are ſhortly to 'receive. We are then to caſt all worldly 'Regards from off our Hearts, all Tumults 'within are then becalmed, and there 'ſhould be nothing near the Soul but Peace 'and Tranquility. So that in this ſhort Of-'fice of Praiſe, the Man is raiſed above 'himſelf, and is almoſt loſt already amidſt 'the Joys of Futurity.

'I have heard ſome nice Obſervers fre-'quently commend the Policy of our 'Church in this Particular, that it leads 'us on by ſuch eaſie and regular Methods, 'that we are perfectly deceived into Piety. 'When the Spirits begin to languiſh (as 'they too often do) with a conſtant Series 'of Petitions, ſhe takes care to allow them 'a pious Reſpite, and relieves them with

'the

'the Raptures of an Anthem. Nor can 'we doubt that the ſublimeſt Poetry, ſoft-'ned in the moſt moving Strains of Muſick, 'can ever fail of humbling or exalting the 'Soul to any Pitch of Devotion. Who 'can hear the Terrors of the Lord of 'Hoſts deſcribed in the moſt expreſſive 'Melody without being awed into a Vene-'ration? or who can hear the kind and en-'dearing Attributes of a merciful Father, 'and not be ſoftned into Love towards 'him?

'AS the riſing and ſinking of the Paſſi-'ons, the caſting ſoft or noble Hints into 'the Soul, is the natural Privilege of Mu-'ſick in general, ſo more particularly of 'that kind which is employed at the Altar. 'Thoſe Impreſſions which it leaves upon 'the Spirits are more deep and laſting as 'the Grounds from which it receives its 'Authority are founded more upon Reaſon. 'It diffuſes a Calmneſs all around us, it 'makes us drop all thoſe vain or immodeſt 'Thoughts which would be an hindrance 'to us in the Performance of that great 'Duty of Thankſgiving, which, as we are 'informed by our Almighty Benefactor, 'is the moſt acceptable Return which can 'be made for thoſe infinite Stores of Bleſ-'ſings which he daily condeſcends to pour 'down upon his Creatures. When we 'make Uſe of this pathetical Method of 'addreſſing our ſelves to him, we can

'ſcarce

'ſcarce contain from Raptures! The Heart
'is warmed with a Sublimity of Goodneſs!
'We are all Piety and all Love!

'HOW do the Bleſſed Spirits rejoice
'and wonder to behold unthinking Man
'proſtrating his Soul to his dread Sove-
'reign in ſuch a Warmth of Piety as they
'themſelves might not be aſhamed of!

'I ſhall cloſe theſe Reflections with a
'Paſſage taken out of the Third Book of
'*Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*, where thoſe
'harmonious Beings are thus nobly de-
'ſcribed.

Then Crown'd again their Gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble ſweet
Of Charming Symphony they introduce
The Sacred Song, and waken Raptures high;
No one exempt, no Voice but well could join
Melodious part, ſuch Concord is in Heav'n.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Town cannot be unacquainted,
'that in divers Parts of it there are
'vociferous Setts of Men who are called
'*Rattling Clubs*; but what ſhocks me moſt
'is, they have now the Front to invade
'the Church and inſtitute theſe Societies
'there, as a Clan of them have in late
'times done, to ſuch a degree of Inſolence,
'as has given the Partition where they re-
'ſide in a Church near one of the City
'Gates, the Denomination of the *Rattling*
'*Pew.*

'*Pew.* Theſe gay Fellows, from humble 'Lay Profeſſions, ſet up for Criticks with-'out any Tincture of Letters or Reading, 'and have the Vanity to think they can 'lay hold of ſomething from the Parſon, 'which may be formed into Ridicule.

'IT is needleſs to obſerve, that the Gen-'tlemen who every *Sunday* have the hard 'Province of Inſtructing theſe Wretches 'in a way they are in no preſent Diſpoſiti-'on to take, have a fixt Character for Learn-'ing and Eloquence, not to be tainted by 'the weak Efforts of this Contemptible 'Part of their Audiences. Whether the 'Pulpit is taken by theſe Gentlemen, or 'any Strangers their Friends, the way of 'the Club is this: If any Sentiments are 'delivered too Sublime for their Concep-'tion; if any uncommon Topick is entred 'on, or one in uſe new modified with the 'fineſt Judgment and Dexterity; or any 'controverted Point be never ſo elegantly 'handled; in ſhort, whatever ſurpaſſes the 'narrow Limits of their Theology, or is 'not ſuited to their Taſte, they are all im-'mediately upon their Watch, fixing their 'Eyes upon each other, with as much 'Warmth as our Gladiators of *Hockley in* '*the Hole*, and waiting like them for a Hit; 'if one touches, all take Fire, and their 'Noddles inſtantly meet in the Centre of 'the Pew; then, as by beat of Drum, with 'exact Diſcipline, they rear up into a full

'length

'length of Stature, and with odd Looks 'and Geſticulations confer together in ſo 'loud and clamorous a manner, continued 'to the cloſe of the Diſcourſe, and during 'the After-Pſalm, as is not to be ſilenced but 'by the Bells. Nor does this ſuffice them, 'without aiming to propagate their Noiſe 'through all the Church, by Signals given 'to the adjoyning Seats, where others de-'ſigned for this Faternity are ſometimes 'placed upon Tryal to receive them.

'THE Folly as well as Rudeneſs of 'this Practice is in nothing more conſpicu-'ous than this, that all that follows in the 'Sermon is loſt; for whenever our Sparks 'take Alarm, they blaze out and grow ſo 'Tumultuous, that no After-Explanation 'can avail, it being impoſſible for them-'ſelves or any near them to give an Ac-'count thereof. If any thing really Novel 'is advanced, how averſe ſoever it may be 'to their way of thinking, to ſay nothing 'of Duty, Men of leſs Levity than theſe 'would be led by a natural Curioſity to 'hear the whole.

'LAUGHTER, where things Sacred 'are tranſacted, is far leſs pardonable than 'Whining at a Conventicle; the laſt has at 'leaſt a Semblance of Grace, and where 'the Affectation is unſeen may poſſibly im-'print wholſome Leſſons on the Sincere; 'but the firſt has no Excuſe, breaking 'through all the Rules of Order and De-

'cen-

'cency, and manifeſting a Remiſsneſs of 'Mind in thoſe important Matters, which 'require the ſtricteſt Compoſure and Stea-'dineſs of Thought: a Proof of the great-'eſt Folly in the World.

'I ſhall not here enter upon the Vene-'ration due to the Sanctity of the Place, 'the Reverence owing the Miniſter, or 'the Reſpect that ſo great an Aſſembly as a 'whole Pariſh may juſtly claim. I ſhall only 'tell them, that, as the *Spaniſh* Cobler, 'to reclaim a profligate Son, bid him *have 'ſome regard to the Dignity of his Family*; 'ſo they as Gentlemen (for we Citizens 'aſſume to be ſuch one Day in a Week,) 'are bound for the future to repent of, 'and abſtain from the groſs Abuſes here 'mentioned, whereof they have been 'Guilty in Contempt of Heaven and 'Earth, and contrary to the Laws in this 'Caſe made and provided.

I am, SIR,

Your very Humble Servant,

R. M.

Friday,

Nº 631. *Friday, December* 10.

Simplex Munditiis —— Hor.

I Had occaſion to go a few Miles out of Town, ſome Days ſince, in a Stage-Coach, where I had for my Fellow-Travellers a dirty Beau, and a pretty young Quaker Woman. Having no Inclination to Talk much at that time, I placed my ſelf backward, with a deſign to ſurvey them, and pick a Speculation out of my two Companions. Their different Figures were ſufficient of themſelves to draw my Attention. The Gentleman was dreſſed in a Suit, the Ground whereof had been Black, as I perceived from ſome few Spaces, that had eſcaped the Powder, which was Incorporated with the greateſt part of his Coat: His Periwig, which coſt no ſmall Sum, was after ſo Slovenly a manner caſt over his Shoulders, that it ſeemed not to have been combed ſince the Year 1712; his Linnen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain *Spaniſh* from the Chin to the loweſt Button, and the Diamond upon his Finger (which naturally dreaded the Water) put me in mind how it ſparkled amidſt the Rubbiſh of the Mine, where

where it was firſt diſcovered. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the Elegance of Cleanlineſs. Not a Speck was to be found upon her. A clear, clean, oval Face, juſt edged about with little thin Plaits of the pureſt Cambrick, received great Advantages from the Shade of her black Hood; as did the Whiteneſs of her Arms from that ſober coloured Stuff, in which ſhe had Cloathed her ſelf. The Plainneſs of her Dreſs was very well ſuited to the Simplicity of her Phraſes; all which, put together, though they could not give me a great Opinion of her Religion, they did of her Innocence.

THIS Adventure occaſioned my throwing together a few Hints upon *Cleanlineſs*, which I ſhall conſider as one of the *Half-Virtues*, as *Ariſtotle* calls them, and ſhall recommend it under the three following Heads. As it is a Mark of Politeneſs: As it produces Love; and as it bears Analogy to Purity of Mind.

Firſt, IT is a Mark of Politeneſs. It is univerſally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this Virtue, can go into Company without giving a manifeſt Offence. The eaſier or higher any one's Fortune is, this Duty riſes proportionably. The different Nations of the World are as much diſtinguiſhed by their Cleanlineſs, as by their Arts and Sciences. The more any Country is civilized, the more they conſult

this part of Politeneſs. We need but compare our Ideas of a Female *Hottentot* and an *Engliſh* Beauty, to be ſatisfied of the Truth of what hath been advanced.

IN the next Place Cleanlineſs, may be ſaid to be the Foſter-Mother of Love. Beauty indeed moſt commonly produces that Paſſion in the Mind, but Cleanlineſs preſerves it. An indifferent Face and Perſon, kept in perpetual Neatneſs, hath won many a Heart from a pretty Slattern. Age it ſelf is not unamiable, while it is preſerved clean and unſullied: Like a Piece of Metal conſtantly kept ſmooth and bright, we look on it with more Pleaſure than on a new Veſſel that is canker'd with Ruſt.

I might obſerve farther, that as Cleanlineſs renders us agreeable to others, ſo it makes us eaſy to our ſelves; that it is an excellent Preſervative of Health; and that ſeveral Vices, deſtructive both to Mind and Body, are inconſiſtent with the Habit of it. But theſe Reflections I ſhall leave to the Leiſure of my Readers, and ſhall obſerve in the Third Place, That it bears a great Analogy with Purity of Mind, and naturally inſpires refined Sentiments and Paſſions.

WE find from Experience, that through the Prevalence of Cuſtom, the moſt vicious Actions loſe their Horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, thoſe who live in the Neighbourhood of good

good Examples, fly from the firſt Appearances of what is ſhocking. It fares with us much after the ſame Manner, as to our Ideas. Our Senſes, which are the Inlets to all the Images conveyed to the Mind, can only tranſmit the Impreſſion of ſuch things as uſually ſurround them. So that pure and unſullied Thoughts are naturally ſuggeſted to the Mind, by thoſe Objects that perpetually encompaſs us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

IN the Eaſt, where the Warmth of the Climate make Cleanlineſs more immediately neceſſary than in colder Countries, it is made one Part of their Religion: The *Jewiſh* Law, (and the *Mahometan*, which in ſome Things copies after it) is filled with Bathings, Purifications, and other Rites of the like Nature. Though there is the above-named convenient Reaſon to be aſſigned for theſe Ceremonies, the chief Intention undoubtedly was to typifie inward Purity and Cleanneſs of Heart by thoſe outward Waſhings. We read ſeveral Injunctions of this Kind in the Book of *Deuteronomy*, which confirm this Truth; and which are but ill accounted for by ſaying, as ſome do, that they were only inſtituted for convenience in the Deſart, which otherwiſe could not have been habitable for ſo many Years.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay, with a Story which I have ſomewhere read in an Account of *Mahometan* Superſtitions.

A *Derviſe* of great Sanctity one Morning had the Misfortune as he took up a Chryſtal Cup, which was conſecrated to the Prophet, to let it fall upon the Ground, and daſh it in Pieces. His Son coming in, ſome time after, he ſtretched out his hands to bleſs him, as his manner was every Morning; but the Youth going out, ſtumbled over the Threſhold and broke his Arm. As the old Man wondered at theſe Events, a Caravan paſſed by in its way from *Mecca*. The *Derviſe* approached it to beg a Bleſſing; but as he ſtroaked one of the holy Camels, he received a Kick from the Beaſt, that ſorely bruiſed him. His Sorrow and Amazement increaſed upon him, till he recollected that through Hurry and Inadvertency he had that Morning come abroad, without waſhing his Hands.

N° 632. *Monday, December* 13.

——*Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.* Virg.

THE Love of Symmetry and Order, which is natural to the Mind of Man, betrays him ſometimes into very whimſical Fancies. *This noble Principle*, ſays a *French* Author, *loves to amuſe it ſelf on the moſt trifling Occaſions. You may ſee a profound Philoſopher*, ſays he, *walk*

walk for an Hour together in his Chamber, and induſtriouſly treading, at every Step, upon every other Board in the Flooring. Every Reader will recollect ſeveral Inſtances of this Nature without my Aſſiſtance. I think it was *Gregerio Leti* who had publiſhed as many Books as he was Years old; which was a Rule he had laid down and punctually obſerved, to the Year of his Death. It was, perhaps, a Thought of the like Nature which determined *Homer* himſelf to divide each of his Poems into as many Books, as there are Letters in the *Greek* Alphabet. *Herodotus* has in the ſame manner adapted his Books to the Number of the *Muſes*, for which Reaſon many a Learned Man hath wiſhed there had been more than Nine of that Siſterhood.

SEVERAL *Epic* Poets have religiouſly followed *Virgil* as to the Number of his Books; and even *Milton* is thought by many to have changed the Number of his Books from Ten to Twelve, for no other Reaſon; as *Cowley* tells us, it was His Deſign, had he finiſhed his *Davideis*, to have alſo imitated the *Æneid* in this Particular. I believe every one will agree with me, that a Perfection of this Nature hath no Foundation in Reaſon; and, with due Reſpect to theſe great Names, may be looked upon as ſomething whimſical.

I mention theſe great Examples in Defence of my Bookſeller, who occaſioned

this Eighth Volume of *Spectators*, becauſe, as he ſaid, he thought Seven a very Odd Number. On the other Side, ſeveral grave Reaſons were urged on this important Subject; as in particular, that Seven was the preciſe Number of the Wiſe Men, and that the moſt Beautiful Conſtellation in the Heavens was compoſed of Seven Stars. This he allowed to be true; but ſtill inſiſted, that Seven was an Odd Number; ſuggeſting at the ſame time, that if he were provided with a ſufficient Stock of leading Papers, he ſhould find Friends ready enough to carry on the Work. Having by this means got his Veſſel launched and ſet afloat, he hath committed the Steerage of it, from time to time, to ſuch as he thought capable of conducting it.

THE Cloſe of this Volume, which the Town may now expect in a little time, may poſſibly aſcribe each Sheet to its proper Author.

IT were no hard Task to continue this Paper a conſiderable Time longer, by the Help of large Contributions ſent from unknown Hands.

I cannot give the Town a better Opinion of the SPECTATOR's Correſpondents, than by publiſhing the following Letter, with a very fine Copy of Verſes upon a Subject perfectly new.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Dublin*, Nov. 30. 1714.

'YOU lately recommended to your Female Readers, the good old Cuſtom
'of their Grandmothers, who uſed to lay
'out a great Part of their Time in Needle-
'Work: I entirely agree with you in your
'Sentiments, and think it would not be
'of leſs Advantage to themſelves, and
'their Poſterity, than to the Reputation
'of many of their good Neighbours, if
'they paſt many of thoſe Hours in this
'innocent Entertainment, which are loſt
'at the Tea-Table. I would, however,
'humbly offer to your Conſideration, the
'Caſe of the Poetical Ladies; who, though
'they may be willing to take any Advice
'given them by the SPECTATOR, yet can't
'ſo eaſily quit their Pen and Ink, as you
'may imagine. Pray allow them, at leaſt
'now and then, to indulge themſelves in
'other Amuſements of Fancy, when they
'are tired with ſtooping to their Tapeſtry.
'There is a very particular kind of Work,
'which of late ſeveral Ladies here in our
'Kingdom are very fond of. which ſeems
'very well adapted to a Poetical Genius: It is the making of *Grotto's*. I know
'a Lady who has a very beautiful one,
'compoſed by her ſelf, nor is there one
'Shell in it not ſtuck up by her own hands.
'I here ſend you a Poem to the fair Architect, which I would not offer to her-

'self, till I knew whether this Method of 'a Lady's passing her Time, were ap-'prov'd of by the *British* SPECTATOR, 'which, with the Poem, I submit to your 'Censure, who am,

Your Constant Reader,
and Humble Servant,
A. B.

To Mrs.—— on her *Grotto.*

A Grotto *so compleat, with such Design,*
What Hands, Calypso, *cou'd have form'd but Thine?*
Each chequer'd Pebble, and each shining Shell
So well proportion'd, and dispos'd so well,
Surprizing Lustre from thy Thought receive,
Assuming Beauties more than Nature gave.
To Her their various Shapes, and glossy Hue,
Their curious Symmetry they owe to You.
Not fam'd Amphion's *Lute, whose powerful Call*
Made willing Stones dance to the Theban *Wall,*
In more harmonious Ranks cou'd make them fall.
Not Ev'ning Cloud a brighter Arch can shew,
Nor richer Colours paint the heav'nly Bow.

Where can unpolish'd Nature boast a Piece,
In all her Mossie Cells, exact as This?
At the gay parti-colour'd Scene we start,
For Chance too regular, too rude for Art.

Charm'd with the sight, my ravish'd Breast is fir'd
With Hints like those which ancient Bards inspir'd;
All the feign'd Tales by Superstition told,
All the bright Train of fabled Nymphs of Old,

Th' en

Th' enthuſiaſtick Muſe believes are true,
Thinks the Spot ſacred, and its Genius You.
Loſt in wild Rapture, wou'd ſhe fain diſcloſe,
How by degrees the pleaſing Wonder roſe:
Induſtrious in a faithful Verſe to trace
The various Beauties of the lovely Place:
And while ſhe keeps the glowing Work in view,
Thro' ev'ry Maze thy Artful Hand purſue.

Oh were I equal to the bold Deſign,
Or cou'd I boaſt ſuch happy Art as Thine!
That cou'd rude Shells in ſuch ſweet Order place,
Give common Objects ſuch uncommon Grace!
Like them my well-choſe Words in ev'ry Line,
As ſweetly temper'd, ſhou'd as ſweetly ſhine,
So juſt a Fancy ſhou'd my Numbers warm,
Like the gay Piece ſhou'd the Deſcription charm.
Then with ſuperior Strength my Voice I'd raiſe,
The echoing Grotto *ſhou'd approve my Lays,*
Pleas'd to reflect the well-ſung Founder's Praiſe.

N° 633. *Wedneſday, December* 15.

Omnia profecto, cum ſe à cœleſtibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelſius magnificentiuſque & dicet & ſentiet. Cicer.

THE following Diſcourſe is printed, as it came to my Hands, without Variation.

Cambridge, Dec. 12.

'IT was a very common Enquiry among 'the Ancients why the Number of 'excellent Orators, under all the Encouragements

'ragements the moſt flouriſhing States 'could give them, fell ſo far ſhort of the 'Number of thoſe who excelled in all o-'ther Sciences. A Friend of mine uſed 'merrily to apply to this Caſe an Obſer-'vation of *Herodotus*, who ſays, That the 'moſt uſeful Animals are the moſt fruitful 'in their Generation; whereas the Spe-'cies of thoſe Beaſts that are fierce and 'miſchievous to Mankind are but ſcarce-'ly continued. The Hiſtorian inſtances 'in a Hare, which always either breeds 'or brings forth; and a Lioneſs, which 'brings forth but once, and then loſes all 'Power of Conception. But, leaving my 'Friend to his Mirth, I am of Opinion, 'that in theſe latter Ages we have grea-'ter Cauſe of Complaint than the Anci-'ents had. And ſince that ſolemn Feſti-'val is approaching, which calls for all the 'Power of Oratory, and which affords 'as noble a Subject for the Pulpit as any, 'Revelation has taught us, the Deſign of 'this Paper ſhall be to ſhow, that our Mo-'derns have greater Advantages towards 'true and ſolid Eloquence, than any which 'the celebrated Speakers of Antiquity en-'joy'd.

'THE firſt great and ſubſtantial Diffe-'rence is, that their common Places, in 'which almoſt the whole Force of Ampli-'fication conſiſts, were drawn from the 'Profit or Honeſty of the Action, as they

'regarded

' regarded only this preſent State of Dura-
' tion. But Chriſtianity, as it exalts Mo-
' rality to a greater Perfection, as it brings
' the Conſideration of another Life into
' the Queſtion, as it propoſes Rewards and
' Puniſhments of a higher Nature, and a
' longer Continuance, is more adapted to
' affect the Minds of the Audience, natu-
' rally inclin'd to purſue what it imagines
' its greateſt Intereſt and Concern. If *Pe-*
' *ricles*, as Hiſtorians report, could ſhake
' the firmeſt Reſolutions of his Hearers,
' and ſet the Paſſions of all *Greece* in a
' Ferment, when the preſent Welfare of
' his Country, or the Fear of hoſtile Inva-
' ſions was the Subject: what may be ex-
' pected from that Orator, who warns his
' Audience againſt thoſe Evils which have
' no Remedy, when once undergone, ei-
' ther from Prudence or Time. As much
' greater as the Evils in a future State are
' than theſe at preſent, ſo much are the
' Motives to Perſuaſion under Chriſtianity
' greater than thoſe which meer moral Con-
' ſiderations could ſupply us with. But
' what I now mention relates only to the
' Power of moving the Affections. There
' is another Part of Eloquence, which is in-
' deed its Maſter-piece; I mean the Mar-
' vellous or Sublime. In this the Chriſtian
' Orator has the Advantage beyond Con-
' tradiction. Our Ideas are ſo infinitely
' enlarged by Revelation, the Eye of Rea-

' ſon

'ſon has ſo wide a Proſpect into Eternity,
'the Notions of a Deity are ſo worthy
'and refin'd, and the Accounts we have
'of a State of Happineſs or Miſery ſo
'clear and evident, that the Contemplati-
'on of ſuch Objects will give our Diſcourſe
'a noble Vigour, an invincible Force, beyond
'the Power of any human Conſideration.
'*Tully* requires in his Perfect Orator ſome
'Skill in the Nature of Heavenly Bodies,
'becauſe, ſays he, his Mind will become
'more extenſive and unconfin'd; and
'when he deſcends to treat of human Af-
'fairs, he will both think and write in a
'more exalted and magnificent manner.
'For the ſame Reaſon that excellent Ma-
'ſter would have recommended the Stu-
'dy of thoſe great and glorious Myſteries
'which Revelation has diſcovered to us;
'to which the nobleſt Parts of this Syſtem
'of the World are as much inferior, as the
'Creature is leſs excellent than its Crea-
'tor. The wiſeſt and moſt knowing a-
'mong the Heathens had very poor and
'imperfect Notions of a future State. They
'had indeed ſome uncertain Hopes, ei-
'ther received by Tradition, or gathered
'by Reaſon, that the Exiſtence of virtu-
'ous Men would not be determined by
'the Separation of Soul and Body: But
'they either disbelieved a future State of
'Puniſhment and Miſery, or, upon the
'ſame Account that *Apelles* painted *An-*

'*tigonus*

'*tigonus* with one Side only towards the 'Spectator, that the Loſs of his Eye might 'not caſt a Blemiſh upon the whole Piece; 'ſo theſe repreſented the Condition of 'Man in its faireſt View, and endeavour-'ed to conceal what they thought was a 'Deformity to human Nature. I have of-'ten obſerved, that whenever the above-'mention'd Orator in his Philoſophical 'Diſcourſes is led by his Argument to the 'Mention of Immortality, he ſeems like 'one awak'd out of Sleep, rous'd and a-'larm'd with the Dignity of the Subject, 'he ſtretches his Imagination to conceive 'ſomething uncommon, and with the 'Greatneſs of his Thoughts, caſts, as it 'were, a Glory round the Sentence: Un-'certain and unſettled as he was, he ſeems 'fired with the Contemplation of it: And 'nothing but ſuch a Glorious Proſpect 'could have forced ſo great a Lover of 'Truth, as he was, to declare his Reſolu-'tion never to part with his Perſuaſion of 'Immortality, though it ſhould be proved 'to be an erroneous one. But had he li-'ved to ſee all that Chriſtianity has brought 'to Light, how would he have laviſhed 'out all the Force of Eloquence in thoſe 'nobleſt Contemplations which humane 'Nature is capable of, the Reſurrection 'and the Judgment that follows it? How 'had his Breaſt glow'd with Pleaſure, when 'the whole Compaſs of Futurity lay open

'and

'and expoſed to his View? How would 'his Imagination have hurried him on in 'the Purſuit of the Myſteries of the In-'carnation? How would he have enter'd, 'with the Force of Lightning, into the Af-'fections of his Hearers, and fixed their 'Attention, in ſpite of all the Oppoſition 'of corrupt Nature, upon thoſe glorious 'Themes, which his Eloquence hath pain-'ted in ſuch lively and laſting Colours?

'THIS Advantage Chriſtians have; 'and it was with no ſmall Pleaſure I lately 'met with a Fragment of *Longinus*, which 'is preſerved, as a Teſtimony of that Cri-'tick's Judgment, at the Beginning of a 'Manuſcript of the New Teſtament in the '*Vatican* Library. After that Author has 'number'd up the moſt celebrated Ora-'tors among the *Grecians*, he ſays, *Add 'to theſe* Paul *of* Tarſus, *the Patron of an 'Opinion not yet fully proved.* As a Hea-'then, he condemns the Chriſtian Religi-'on; and, as an impartial Critick, he judg-'es in Favour of the Promoter and Prea-'cher of it. To me it ſeems, that the lat-'ter Part of his Judgment adds great 'Weight to his Opinion of St. *Paul*'s A-'bilities, ſince, under all the Prejudice of 'Opinions directly oppoſite, he is con-'ſtrained to acknowledge the Merit of that 'Apoſtle. And, no doubt, ſuch as *Lon-'ginus* deſcribes St. *Paul*, ſuch he appear-'ed to the Inhabitants of thoſe Countries

'which

'which he viſited and bleſſed with thoſe 'Doctrines he was divinely commiſſioned 'to preach. Sacred Story gives us, in one 'Circumſtance, a convincing Proof of his 'Eloquence, when the Men of *Lyſtra* cal-'led him *Mercury, becauſe he was the chief 'Speaker*, and would have paid Divine 'Worſhip to him, as to the God who in-'vented and preſided over Eloquence. 'This one Account of our Apoſtle ſets his 'Character, conſidered as an Orator only, 'above all the celebrated Relations of the 'Skill and Influence of *Demoſthenes* and 'his Contemporaries. Their Power in 'Speaking was admired, but ſtill it was 'thought human: Their Eloquence warm-'ed and raviſhed the Hearers, but ſtill it 'was thought the Voice of Man, not the 'Voice of God. What Advantage then 'had St. *Paul* above thoſe of *Greece* or '*Rome*? I confeſs I can aſcribe this Excel-'lence to nothing but the Power of the 'Doctrines he delivered, which may have 'ſtill the ſame Influence on the Hearers; 'which have ſtill the Power, when prea-'ched by a skilful Orator, to make us break 'out in the ſame Expreſſions as the Di-'ſciples, who met our Saviour in their Way 'to *Emmaus* made uſe of; *Did not our 'Hearts burn within us, when he talked 'to us by the Way, and while he opened to 'us the Scriptures*? I may be thought bold 'in my Judgment by ſome; but I muſt

'affirm,

affirm, That no one Orator has left us ſo viſible Marks and Footſteps of his Eloquence as our Apoſtle. It may perhaps be wondred at, that in his Reaſonings upon Idolatry at *Athens*, where Eloquence was born and flouriſhed, he confines himſelf to ſtrict Argument only; but my Reader may remember what many Authors of the beſt Credit have aſſured us, That all Attempts upon the Affections and Strokes of Oratory were expreſly forbidden, by the Laws of that Country, in Courts of Judicature. His want of Eloquence therefore here, was the Effect of his exact Conformity to the Laws: But his Diſcourſe on the Reſurrection to the *Corinthians*, his Harangue before *Agrippa* upon his own Converſion and the Neceſſity of that of others, are truly Great, and may ſerve as full Examples to thoſe excellent Rules for the Sublime, which the beſt of Criticks has left us. The Sum of all this Diſcourſe is, That our Clergy have no farther to look for an Example of the Perfection they may arrive at, than to St *Paul*'s Harangues; that when he, under the Want of ſeveral Advantages of Nature (as he himſelf tells us) was heard, admired, and made a Standard to ſucceeding Ages by the beſt Judge of a different Perſuaſion in Religion: I ſay, our Clergy may learn, That, however inſtructive their Sermons are, they are capable

'pable of receiving a great Addition; 'which St. *Paul* has given them a noble 'Example of, and the Chriſtian Religion 'has furniſhed them with certain Means of 'attaining to.

N° 634. *Friday, December* 17.

Ὁ ἐλαχίστων δεόμενος ἐγγίστα θεῶν. Soc. apud Xen.

IT was the common Boaſt of the Heathen Philoſophers, that by the Efficacy of their ſeveral Doctrines, they made Humane Nature reſemble the Divine. How much miſtaken ſoever they might be in the ſeveral Means they propoſed for this End, it muſt be owned that the Deſign was great and glorious. The fineſt Works of Invention and Imagination are of very little Weight, when put in the Balance with what refines and exalts the rational Mind. *Longinus* excuſes *Homer* very handſomely, when he ſays the Poet made his Gods like Men, that he might make his Men appear like the Gods: But it muſt be allowed that ſeveral of the ancient Philoſophers acted, as *Cicero* wiſhes *Homer* had done; they endeavoured rather to make Men like Gods, than Gods like Men.

ACCORDING to this general Maxim in Philoſophy, ſome of them have endeavoured to place Men in ſuch a State of Pleaſure, or Indolence at leaſt, as they vainly imagined the Happineſs of the Supreme Being to conſiſt in. On the other Hand, the moſt virtuous Sect of Philoſophers have created a chimerical Wiſe Man, whom they made exempt from Paſſion and Pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him All-ſufficient.

THIS laſt Character, when diveſted of the Glare of Humane Philoſophy that ſurrounds it, ſignifies no more, than that a Good and Wiſe Man ſhould ſo arm himſelf with Patience, as not to yield tamely to the Violence of Paſſion and Pain; that he ſhould learn ſo to ſuppreſs and contract his Deſires, as to have few Wants; and that he ſhould cheriſh ſo many Virtues in his Soul, as to have a perpetual Source of Pleaſure in Himſelf.

THE Chriſtian Religion requires, that, after having framed the beſt Idea, we are able, of the Divine Nature, it ſhould be our next Care to conform our ſelves to it, as far as our Imperfections will permit. I might mention ſeveral Paſſages in the Sacred Writings on this Head, to which I might add many Maxims and wiſe Sayings of Moral Authors among the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

I ſhall only inſtance a remarkable Paſſage, to this Purpoſe, out of *Julian*'s *Cæſars*. That Emperor having repreſented all the

Roman

Roman Emperors, with *Alexander* the Great, as paſſing in Review before the Gods, and ſtriving for the Superiority, lets them all drop, excepting *Alexander*, *Julius Cæſar*, *Auguſtus Cæſar*, *Trajan*, *Marcus Aurelius*, and *Conſtantine*. Each of theſe great Heroes of Antiquity lays in his Claim for the upper Place; and, in Order to it, ſets forth his Actions after the moſt advantageous Manner. But the Gods, inſtead of being dazzled with the Luſtre of their Actions, enquire, by *Mercury*, into the proper Motive and Governing Principle that influenced them throughout the whole Series of their Lives and Exploits. *Alexander* tells them, That his Aim was to conquer; *Julius Cæſar*, That his was to gain the higheſt Poſt in his Country; *Auguſtus*, To govern well; *Trajan*, That His was the ſame as that of *Alexander*, namely, To conquer. The Queſtion, at length, was put to *Marcus Aurelius*, who replied, with great Modeſty, That *it had always been his Care to imitate the Gods*. This Conduct ſeems to have gained him the moſt Votes and beſt Place in the whole Aſſembly. *Marcus Aurelius* being afterwards asked to explain himſelf, declares, That, by imitating the Gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the Uſe of his Underſtanding, and of all other Faculties; and, in particular, That it was always his Study to have as few Wants

as poſſible in himſelf, and to do all the Good he could to others.

AMONG the many Methods by which Revealed Religion has advanced Morality, this is one, That it has given us a more juſt and perfect Idea of that Being whom every reaſonable Creature ought to imitate. The Young Man, in a Heathen Comedy, might juſtify his Lewdneſs by the Example of *Jupiter*; as, indeed, there was ſcarce any Crime that might not be countenanced by thoſe Notions of the Deity which prevailed among the common People in the Heathen World. Revealed Religion ſets forth a proper Object for Imitation, in that Being who is the Pattern, as well as the Source, of all Spiritual Perfection.

WHILE we remain in this Life, we are ſubject to innumerable Temptations, which, if liſtened to, will make us deviate from Reaſon and Goodneſs, the only Things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next Life we meet with nothing to excite our Inclinations that doth not deſerve them. I ſhall therefore diſmiſs my Reader with this Maxim, *viz. Our Happineſs in this World proceeds from the Suppreſſion of our Deſires, but in the next World from the Gratification of them.*

Monday,

Nº 635. *Monday, December* 20.

Sentio Te ſedem Hominum ac Domum contemplariquæ ſi tibi parva (ut eſt) ita videtur, hæc cœleſtia ſemper Spectato; illa humana contemnito. Cicero Somn. Scip.

THE following Eſſay comes from the ingenious Author of the Letter upon *Novelty*, printed in a late *Spectator:* The Notions are drawn from the *Platonick* way of Thinking, but as they contribute to raiſe the Mind, and may inſpire noble Sentiments of our own future Grandeur and Happineſs, I think it well deſerves to be preſented to the Publick.

IF the Univerſe be the Creature of an intelligent Mind, this Mind could have no immediate Regard to himſelf in producing it. He needed not to make Trial of his Omnipotence, to be informed what Effects were within its Reach: The World as exiſting in his eternal Idea was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into Being; and in the Immenſe Abyſs of his Eſſence are contained far brighter Scenes than will be ever ſet forth to View; it being impoſſible that the great Author of Nature ſhould

bound his own Power by giving Exiſtence to a Syſtem of Creatures ſo perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other Exertions of his Almighty Will. Between Finite and Infinite there is an unmeaſured Interval, not to be filled up in endleſs Ages; for which Reaſon, the moſt excellent of all God's Works muſt be equally ſhort of what his Power is able to produce as the moſt imperfect, and may be exceeded with the ſame Eaſe.

THIS Thought hath made ſome imagine, (what, it muſt be confeſt, is not impoſſible) that the unfathomed Space is ever teeming with new Births, the younger ſtill inheriting a greater Perfection than the elder. But as this doth not fall within my preſent View, I ſhall content my ſelf with taking Notice, that the Conſideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the Ideal Worlds in the Divine Underſtanding yield a Proſpect incomparably more ample, various and delightful than any created World can do: And that therefore as it is not to be ſuppoſed that God ſhould make a World merely of inanimate Matter, however diverſified; or inhabited only by Creatures of no higher an Order than Brutes; ſo the End for which he deſigned his reaſonable Offspring is the Contemplation of his Works, the Enjoyment of himſelf, and in both to be happy; having, to this Purpoſe, endowed them with correſpondent Faculties and Deſires. He can have no greater Pleaſure from

2

a bare Review of his Works, than from the Survey of his own Ideas; but we may be aſſured that he is well pleaſed in the Satisfaction derived to Beings capable of it, and for whoſe Entertainment he hath erected this immenſe Theatre. Is not this more than an Intimation of our Immortality? Man, who when conſidered as on his Probation for a happy Exiſtence hereafter is the moſt remarkable Inſtance of Divine Wiſdom, if we cut him off from all Relation to Eternity, is the moſt wonderful and unaccountable Compoſition in the whole Creation. He hath Capacities to lodge a much greater Variety of Knowledge than he will be ever Maſter of, and an unſatisfied Curioſity to tread the ſecret Paths of Nature and Providence: But, with this, his Organs, in their preſent Structure, are rather fitted to ſerve the Neceſſities of a vile Body, than to miniſter to his Underſtanding; and from the little Spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering Gueſſes concerning the innumerable Worlds of Light that encompaſs him, which, tho' in themſelves of a prodigious Bigneſs, do but juſt glimmer in the remote Spaces of the Heavens; and, when with a great deal of Time and Pains he hath laboured a little way up the ſtep Aſcent of Truth, and beholds with Pity the groveling Multitude beneath, in a Moment his Foot ſlides, and he tumbles down headlong into the Grave.

THINKING on this, I am obliged to believe, in Juſtice to the Creator of the World, that there is another State when Man ſhall be better ſituated for Contemplation, or rather have it in his Power to remove from Object to Object, and from World to World; and be accommodated with Senſes, and other Helps, for making the quickeſt and moſt amazing Diſcoveries. How doth ſuch a Genius as Sir *Iſaac Newton*, from amidſt the Darkneſs that involves human Underſtanding, break forth, and appear like one of another Species! The vaſt Machine, we inhabit, lies open to him, he ſeems not unacquainted with the general Laws that govern it, and while with the Tranſport of a Philoſopher he beholds and admires the glorious Work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational Homage to his Maker. But alas! how narrow is the Proſpect even of ſuch a Mind? and how obſcure to the Compaſs that is taken in by the Ken of an Angel; or of a Soul but newly eſcaped from its Impriſonment in the Body! For my part, I freely indulge my Soul in the Confidence of its future Grandeur; it pleaſes me to think that I who know ſo ſmall a portion of the Works of the Creator, and with ſlow and painful Steps creep up and down on the Surface of this Globe, ſhall e'er long ſhoot away with the Swiftneſs of Imagination, trace out the hidden Springs of Nature's Operations, be able to keep

keep pace with the heavenly Bodies in the Rapidity of their Career, be a Spectator of the long Chain of Events in the natural and moral Worlds, viſit the ſeveral Apartments of the Creation, know how they are furniſhed and how inhabited, comprehend the Order and meaſure the Magnitudes and Diſtances of thoſe Orbs, which to us ſeem diſpoſed without any regular Deſign, and ſet all in the ſame Circle, obſerve the Dependance of the Parts of each Syſtem, and (if our Minds are big enough to graſp the Theory,) of the ſeveral Syſtems upon one another, from whence reſults the Harmony of the Univerſe. In Eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of uſe to cheriſh this generous Ambition; for beſides the ſecret Refreſhment it diffuſes through my Soul, it engages me in an Endeavour to improve my Faculties, as well as to exerciſe them conformably to the Rank I now hold among reaſonable Beings, and the Hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted Station.

THE other, and that the Ultimate end of Man is the Enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a Wiſh. Dim at beſt are the Conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his Creatures in Suſpence, neither diſcovering, nor hiding himſelf; by which means, the Libertine hath a Handle to diſpute his Exiſtence, while the moſt are content to ſpeak him

him fair, but in their Hearts prefer every trifling Satisfaction to the Favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good Man for the Singularity of his Choice. Will there not a time come, when the Free-Thinker ſhall ſee his impious Schemes overturned, and be made a Convert to the Truths he hates; when deluded Mortals ſhall be convinced of the Folly of their Purſuits, and the few Wiſe who followed the Guidance of Heaven, and, ſcorning the Blandiſhments of Senſe and the ſordid Bribery of the World, aſpired to a celeſtial Abode, ſhall ſtand poſſeſſed of their utmoſt Wiſh in the Viſion of the Creator? Here the Mind heaves a Thought now and then towards him, and hath ſome tranſient Glances of his Preſence; when, in the Inſtant it thinks it ſelf to have the faſteſt hold, the Object eludes its Expectations, and it falls back tir'd and baffled to the Ground. Doubtleſs there is ſome more perfect way of converſing with heavenly Beings. Are not Spirits capable of mutual Intelligence unleſs immerſed in Bodies, or by their Intervention? muſt ſuperior Natures depend on inferior for the main Privilege of ſociable Beings, that of converſing with, and knowing each other? What would they have done, had Matter never been created? I ſuppoſe, not have lived in eternal Solitude. As incorporeal Subſtances are of a nobler Order, ſo, be ſure, their manner of Intercourſe is anſwerably more expe-

expedite and intimate. This method of Communication, we call Intellectual Viſion, as ſomewhat Analogous to the Senſe of Seeing, which is the Medium of our Acquaintance with this viſible World. And in ſome ſuch way can God make himſelf the Object of immediate Intuition to the Bleſſed; and as he can, 'tis not improbable that he will, always condeſcending, in the Circumſtances of doing it, to the Weakneſs and Proportion of finite Minds. His Works but faintly reflect the Image of his Perfections, 'tis a Second-hand Knowledge: To have a juſt Idea of him, it may be neceſſary that we ſee him as he is. But what is that? 'Tis ſomething that never entered into the Heart of Man to conceive; yet, what we can eaſily conceive will be a Fountain of unſpeakable, of everlaſting Rapture. All created Glories will fade and die away in his Preſence. Perhaps it will be my Happineſs to compare the World with the fair Exemplar of it in the Divine Mind; perhaps, to view the original Plan of thoſe wiſe Deſigns that have been executing in a long Succeſſion of Ages. Thus employed in finding out his Works, and contemplating their Author! how ſhall I fall proſtrate and adoring, my Body ſwallowed up in the Immenſity of Matter, my Mind in the Infinitude of his Perfections!

THE

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